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Eus ma diuto
rum meum
intende
domine ad adiu

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

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THIS represents the hour of "Vespers" in the seven hours contained in the Book of Hours. This border is a combination of what was known as the "Ivy Leaf" and the "Floriated," composed as it is of delicate ivy leaves and flowers. The height of artistic excellence in illuminated manuscripts was reached during this century when a gradual improvement in the perspective was made, this being a product of the early part of the century the perspective is still quite deficient. Illuminated Missals are discussed in Part IX, page 499.

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a question of time when the frontier would be broken and when the empire would be at the mercy of barbarian invaders.

Even while the frontier was still guarded by the legions, the invasion of the Germans began. At first as slaves, as captives, as colonists, they were brought or let into the empire and settled in regions more or less depopulated, to revive the declining Roman agriculture. From time to time also large bodies of Germans broke into the empire, only to be vanquished, and then settled as colonists in some devastated province. As a result of this steady influx, a strong German element found its way into the Roman world and parts of it were largely Germanized when the invasions came.

With the latter fourth century the situation changed. Under pressure of the Huns, the Goths begged admission to the empire, and the emperor Valens permitted them to cross the Danube. In no long time the government quarreled with the new settlers and found itself at war with the rebellious Goths. To fight the Goths, the troops had to be called away from the frontiers, and, these being thus left unguarded, other German peoples hastened to exchange the ruder regions of the north for the rich and cultivated fields that stretched, unguarded, to the south. And these invaders came as nations, under their kings and leaders. Henceforth the presence in the empire of organized German peoples was the dominant fact in the situation.

Yet the Germans did not come with the deliberate purpose of destroying the empire. Rather, they sought to make terms with Rome, and gain a legal sanction for their settlement. They were willing, nay anxious, to be taken into the service of the emperor, and asked chiefly for lands whereon to live. Nor did they aim at the wanton destruction of Roman civilization or the provincial population. In general, the invading barbarians looked upon themselves as an army in the service of the Empire, and quartered themselves upon the people, according to established Roman usage. As their occupation of the provinces became permanent, a division of the land and slaves between themselves and the provincials was usually made.

Yet, whatever were the conscious aims of the barbarians, slowly but surely they destroyed the machinery of the imperial

government. As Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, Franks, poured into the Empire and marched here and there, seeking a settlement, the Roman emperor could no longer collect his revenues or recruit his army. Over Africa, Spain, and Gaul, his authority ceased to be effective, and various Gothic, Vandal, Frankish, or Burgundian kings, backed by the swords of their German followers, became supreme. Nominally they might rule as agents of the emperor, but in practice they were agents whom he could not control. Finally, with his territories confined to Italy, and his army recruited from the barbarians, the emperor in turn came under the control of the Germans, and in 476 Odoacer, a German soldier, deposed the last Roman emperor in the West, and ruled Italy, nominally as an agent of the Eastern emperor, but really as a German king.

Thus in the course of a century—from 376, when the Goths crossed the Danube, to 476, when the last Western Emperor was deposed—a great change was wrought in Western Europe. In 376 the West was still held in the grip of a great centralized Roman despotism. In 476 it was divided into a number of independent states, ruled by German kings. Yet the memory of the empire lived on through the weary struggles of the various German kings for the supremacy. From the midst of division and war, men looked back at the unity and splendor of the past, as to a sort of golden age.

At length, after many divisions and bloody wars, through much confusion and disorder, the Franks emerged victorious over the other German peoples. First under the leadership of the house of Clovis, then under that of the Carolingians, they united France, Germany, and Italy under the sway of one man—Charlemange. And, as in men's eyes he had renewed the unity of the West, it seemed but fitting that he should revive the imperial title which expressed that unity. After his death, however, his territories were divided among his grandsons, and the war and turmoil was renewed, with the Carolingian sovereigns constantly less and less able to control affairs within their normal kingdoms, where their officers and nobles more and more ignored or defied their authority. At length, amid wars, invasions, and anarchy, the Feudal system slowly shaped itself. Growing up out of both Roman and German institutions, and taking shape under the stress of the

practical necessities of the time, it gave a frame-work to European society and history for a millennium, and contributed much to shape the institutions of the modern world.

The Middle Ages are, therefore, in a sense, an Age of Feudalism. As is only natural in a system growing up gradually over Western Europe, it is impossible to describe the Feudal System in such a way that the description will be true for all times, or all places. One feature, however, found in greater or less degree everywhere, is the decline of the power of the central government and the close association between the powers of government and the ownership of land. In the days of confusion following the break-up of the Roman empire, land was well-nigh the only form of wealth. Under these circumstances, the rich man was necessarily a great land-holder, and as the central power grew weaker and weaker, these great land-holders by one means or another possessed themselves more or less completely of the powers of government within their neighborhood.

The result of this development was completely to transform the face of Europe. Instead of one great centralized despotism, such as had existed in the time of Rome, Europe was divided into several nominally independent states, which, in turn, were made up of a myriad of still smaller states, over which the king's authority was hardly more than nominal. Thus in France, after 987, when one of the great feudal nobles seized the throne (to the exclusion of the last of the descendants of Charlemagne), the king had real authority only around Paris and its vicinity, where lay the royal domain. Outside of this domain, the various great dukes and counts, though nominally holding their lands from the king, were practically independent. Nor was this the worst. Many of the dukes were in their duchies in much the same position that the king was in his kingdom. Their power was in turn limited, indeed oftentimes defined by *their* vassals, the lesser lords of various degree. Generally these states, great and small, and states within states, were subject to conflicting claims, and hence war was the normal condition of things. The feudal lords—great and small alike—fought with one another or their king, as the occasion or their interests dictated; and all—king and lords alike—sought, as opportunity offered, to extend their power.

In some countries the kings, being more advantageously situated than the feudal lords, began in the end to get the upper hand. Thus in France the king was able slowly to overcome the nobility. Taking advantage of the mistakes of his opponents and adroitly using for his purposes the feudal law he gradually added one territory after another to his royal domain until at last his power had so increased that he could impose his will upon all his subjects and organize an efficient government for his kingdom.

In Germany and Italy, however, this tendency toward the formation of a national monarchy out of the discordant atoms of Feudalism was checked and hindered by the conflict of two great institutions, each of which continued the traditions of universal sovereignty which had been characteristic of the Roman Empire. In 800, Charlemagne, then master of Western Europe, had revived the title of Emperor. After his time, the unity of his empire had indeed been broken up, but the title still lived on, borne now by one king and then by another, until at length Otto the Great, king of Germany, invaded Italy, and, in 962, was crowned emperor in Rome. Henceforth, the title remained associated with the German kingship, and in the end the universal dominion, which the imperial title implied, proved fatal to a national monarchy, both in Germany and in Italy. For this failure there were many reasons. For one thing, the geographical formation of the two countries rendered their union under one sovereign impracticable. It was physically impossible for one man to watch closely the course of events in both. Then, too, the emperor was often forced to make concessions to the nobles in Germany, in order that he might turn his attention to an invasion of Italy. The invasion undertaken it not infrequently happened that events in Germany recalled the monarch before his task in Italy was thoroughly accomplished. Thus each of the two countries served to distract the emperor's attention from the other and in the end he was unable to establish a firm control in either. Yet, undoubtedly, the greatest obstacle of all lay in the Papacy.

Varied, indeed, were the fortunes of the bishops of Rome during the Middle Ages. At one time at the mercy of the neighboring feudal lords, they had seemed to have reached the nadir of their fortunes. Yet they never renounced their

high claims to an universal authority and jurisdiction and at length a time arrived when they could effectively assert these claims. Rescued from the hands of the feudal lords by the emperors, the popes were for a time reduced in fact to a close dependency on the empire. Finally, however, under the powerful influence of Hildebrand—afterwards Gregory VII.—they succeeded in escaping from the imperial control, and in putting themselves at the head of a great movement for reform which was then agitating the church, and, indeed, all Europe. Over this question of reform the popes and the emperors came into violent collision, and a desperate struggle ensued between the two powers. Even after this had ended in a compromise, the war between them speedily broke out again. There was not room in Europe for two universal monarchies, and emperors and popes alike laid claim to that position. In the end the empire was defeated, and, though it continued to exist, with its high-sounding titles and pretensions, yet it was henceforward a mere name, justifying indeed the well known epigram of Voltaire, that the Holy Roman Empire (as it continued to be styled) was so called because it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire.

Yet the claims to universal sovereignty which the popes put forth were in the end no more successful than those of the empire. For a time, under Innocent III., the papacy was able to make itself the head of Europe, setting up and deposing monarchs, and laying down the law for nations. Yet, long before the Reformation, the rising spirit of nationality had proved fatal to these claims, and the kings, as they grew stronger, rejected the pope's temporal authority. Thus, in the end, both papacy and empire, representing, as they did, the universalism of Rome, failed to impose their control on Europe. The day of world monarchies had past. Henceforth the history of Europe was to develop along national, not universal, lines. The Middle Ages may then be said to be the period of transition, when Europe passed from the world empire of Rome, through feudal anarchy, to the nations of the modern world.

Although, in the long run, the papacy was unable to enforce its control upon the nations, yet in the Middle Ages the Church played a great and useful part. It was far, indeed, from con-

fining itself to religious functions, but entered into every phase of men's lives. Its courts administered justice in a large class of cases; it monopolized education and the arts. It was the indispensable aid on which kings and nobles alike relied, not merely for their soul's salvation, but, as well, for the conduct of their daily business. In the earlier Middle Ages only the clergy could read or write, and hence all business requiring these two arts had of necessity to be performed by them. Hence the Church sat at the king's council, kept his accounts and drew up his charters. In its performance of its innumerable tasks, the Church rendered an important service to the world. Arising in the Roman Empire, it had taken up into itself a large part of the Graeco-Roman civilization. Thus in its theology it embodied much of Greek philosophy; and in its law many of the principles of the Roman legal system. This civilization the Church not only preserved from destruction in the fierce rush of the invasions and the long disorder of feudal anarchy, but it definitely transmitted much of it to the future. Thus of the three chief elements that have gone to make up modern culture, the Christian Religion, the Graeco-Roman civilization, and the manners and institutions of the Germans, the two first were transmitted chiefly through the Church.

In yet another way and indirectly the Church aided Europe to recover the civilization of the past. When the barbarian invasions had submerged the Western Empire, the Eastern had survived. By hurling Europe against the East in the great movement of the crusades the Church brought the West into a fruitful contact with this Eastern or Greek Empire. That this contact had much to do with quickening the intellectual life of Europe there can be no doubt, although this was far from being the motive which led the Church to instigate the movement. But the crusades had other results as well. By opening a field attractive to the adventurous they gave an outlet to the energies of the feudal lords. They aided powerfully in promoting commerce and this in turn made possible the development of the towns. In many ways therefore they mark a turning point in Mediæval history.

But the Middle Ages were not only a period of transition: they were a period of beginnings as well. As out of the feudal anarchy the new nations were slowly built up, the foundations

were laid of many of the institutions that still exist. Thus feudalism not only affected us through chivalry, wherein its ideas reached their highest expression, but it impressed on men a new view of government. The feudal lord no longer looked upon his sovereign as a Roman had regarded the emperor, as a divine and sacred personage whose will was law. Rather, the king was looked on as subject to the law equally with his subjects. The vassal was bound to his lord only so long as the lord observed the terms of the contract. If the vassal failed to perform his duties the lord could deprive him of his land, but on the other hand, if the lord failed of *his* duties, the vassal might rebel against him.

Moreover, it was during the Middle Ages that representative government was first devised. The Ancient World knew little or nothing of the principle of representation. It was during the Middle Ages that this new device was first seriously applied to government. It came to be an accepted maxim that one of the duties of the vassal was to give to his lord advice and counsel, and that it was the duty of the lord, on his side, to seek such advice. It is on the basis of such principles that, in all the feudal monarchies of the Middle Ages, some form of *National Assembly* arose. As illustrations of these, we need only note the parliament in England, the states-general in France, and the cortes in Spain. However much they might differ in their forms and powers, yet these assemblies, by their existence, testified to the principle that the people must be to some extent consulted by the government, and that some things required their consent. It is true that the people were not viewed in any democratic sense, but rather signified the various *classes* which had made themselves sufficiently powerful to count in politics; that is to say, the nobles, the clergy, and the people of the towns. Still, when all reservations are made, it is none the less true that the foundations, of modern representative government were laid in the Middle Ages—that the very idea first conceived during that period.

There was indeed much war and barbarism in the Middle Ages, but they have played a decisive part in the making of the Modern World. During this long period, it was not all confusion or ignorance. It was a time when important work was done. In the turmoil of this period, three great elements

of our modern civilization were welded together. The classic culture, taken up and preserved in the vast organization of the Mediæval Church, Christianity, itself, and the Germanic ideas and customs all met and were, at length, more or less perfectly harmonized. Then, after a long period of feudal anarchy, built up out of feudalism itself, and using it as in part a means, arose the modern nations. The Europe of the Roman Empire is a Europe welded into one vast centralized despotism, having a single civilization. The Europe that emerged from the Middle Ages was a Europe divided into separate nations, each having its own culture, life and institutions.

Francis B March

THE MIDDLE AGES

CHAPTER VI.

CHIVALRY.

The feudal system gave opportunity for the rise and development of chivalry in mediaeval Europe. An organization of society which set a comparatively small class of men free from exacting duties, usually incumbent upon citizens, accounts for the existence of knighthood as we find it in the Middle Ages. From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries knighthood flourished, being more powerful during the first three hundred years.

Knights belonged to the upper or noble class and their activities were undertaken for the most part in behalf of that class. Nevertheless, their influence was felt throughout Europe and among all social classes. In some ways this influence was fortunate; viewed from other standpoints, it was less fortunate, and even at times pernicious. When all is said, the good it embodied probably outweighed the evil.

"Chivalry may be defined as the moral and social law and custom of the noble and gentle class in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and the results of that law and custom in action. It applies, strictly speaking, to gentlemen only. Its three principal factors are war, religion and love of ladies: its merits and faults spring from those three heads, and all the side influences which attend its growth and decay may be summed up under these."[1]

Boys belonging to the nobility were trained from childhood in the spirit of knight-errantry. At about the age of seven a boy would be sent to the castle of some noble to serve as page until fourteen. Here he came and went at the command of lords and ladies—carrying messages, and doing slight commissions. By the ladies he was taught courtesy and by the men he was trained in feats of arms, riding and tilting. He lived in an atmosphere of chivalry and the dignity and

[1] Chivalry, Cornish, 13.

worth of knighthood became firmly fixed in his mind. When about fourteen he became a squire. Now he carried the armour of his lord, bore his shield, aided him in every way. When twenty-one he was usually knighted, preferably upon the field of battle where he had distinguished himself by his bravery.

The knight served the Church, his lord and his lady. He showed respect to his superiors and gentleness to his inferiors. Truth, honor and fidelity were qualities he esteemed before all others, and he promised to defend the weak and oppressed. His principal occupation was war. During times of peace, the mock-battle—the *tournament*—was engaged in. The crusades gave ample opportunity for the knights to distinguish themselves in battle. Other occasions were given by wars between nobles, between kings, and in the rendering of assistance to the Pope. Many accounts remain to us of daring deeds upon the field of battle, notably during the Hundred Years' War. The complete armour worn by the mediaeval knight rendered him wellnigh invulnerable before the invention of gunpowder.

Between one campaign and another or in extended periods of peace, tournaments were held in lands where knighthood was well established. As a matter of fact, more were held in France and England than in kingdoms farther east. At such times knights from all over Christendom might enter the lists and contest with their fellow-knights in various feats of skill and strength. Such occasions were anticipated and eagerly hailed. Kings and queens sometimes graced the gatherings by their presence; each knight was stimulated to do well in the eyes of his mistress, or at least in her estimation. We may read various accounts of these tournaments, both in the literature of the English and the French. The Chronicles of Froissart are famous. He was a native of Flanders who spent quite a portion of his life at the courts of France and England. He had a wide acquaintance in both lands and was favored by royalty. He wrote down many incidents that he witnessed, and because he chronicled them so simply and so truthfully withal, his writings have become a repository for modern knowledge of chivalry and gallant deeds in the fourteenth century. Not only does Froissart lead us into the spirit of his age, but he brings men before us in so striking a manner that

they become as familiar as characters in a story. Two or three descriptions of military encounters, tournaments and tilting matches are appended at the close of this chapter, but he who would wander in the land of knight and lady, squire and page, gallant king and faithful vassal, should become acquainted with the Chronicles in their entirety.

Probably in the beginning the order of knights came into existence to support the king in the stand he took against the Saracens. Mounted horsemen who defended the borders after the battle of Tours seem to have merged into knights. However, it is difficult to tell how early the spirit of chivalry—honor of women and respect for them, accompanied with the attentions of courtesy—became allied with knight errantry. It must be granted that it was this spirit of chivalry, toward religion and women, that exalted knighthood and gave it dignity.

During their leisure the knights found plenty of time for dancing, feasting, singing, making love and writing love literature. With the songs of bravery—as, for example, the Song of Roland—were sung songs of love, for example, the story of Aucassin and Nicolete. Lovers addressed poems of praise to their ladies, and troubadours carried such songs from court to court, from castle to castle. In their relations with each other knights showed remarkable delicacy of feeling and respect. The law of gallantry, we are told, was equal, if not superior, to the law of military honor as a guide to conduct.

Gradually knight-errantry died out in Europe as a distinct estate and occupation of men, and yet it is safe to say that to this day, to whatever extent the spirit of chivalry still dominates men, to whatever extent they spring to the aid of the weak and espouse the cause of the oppressed, however proudly they prize their pledged word and their honor, next to the teachings of Christianity, this is the result of the teachings and ideals of mediaeval knighthood. Unworthy knights there certainly were—knights who were selfish, quarrelsome and false to their vows. Unchivalric men there certainly are today; but both in the Middle Ages and at the present time such men have existed, not because of knighthood and its ideals, but in

spite of them. In modern times there has been no such unity in religion as allowed men to be as one in espousing it, and during the past century society has undergone such social revolutions that bewilderment has resulted and no longer are the duties of the chivalrous clearly defined as they once were. Nevertheless, so widely has a chivalric spirit become diffused among the nations that we scarcely realize how different the world would be were it suddenly eliminated.

Another fortunate result of knight errantry was the dignity given to personal service. Among the ancients we find little that was exalted in service. It was rendered from necessity rather than choice. In the Middle Ages the monk who served humanity in serving God, and the knight who served his church, his king, and his lord, gave to personal service a feeling of pride and consecration.

"Chivalry taught the world the duty of noble service willingly rendered. It upheld courage and enterprise in obedience to rule, it consecrated military prowess to the service of the Church, glorified the virtues of liberality, good faith, unselfishness and courtesy, and above all, courtesy to women. Against these may be set the vices of pride, ostentation, love of bloodshed, contempt of inferiors, and loose manners. Chivalry was an imperfect discipline, but it was a discipline, and one fit for the times. It may have existed in the world too long: it did not come into existence too early, and with all its shortcomings it exercised a great and wholesome influence in raising the mediaeval world from barbarism to civilization."[2]

[2] Chivalry, Cornish, 27.

KNIGHTLY CONTESTS.

You know, or must have heard it mentioned, that the intercourse of young gentlemen with the fair sex encourages sentiments of honor and love of fame. I mention this because there were with the King of France three gentlemen of great valor and enterprise, which they were probably induced by that intercourse to display in the manner I shall relate. The names of the three were Sir Boucicaut, the younger; Sir Reginald de Roye, and the Lord de Saimpi. These knights were chamberlains to the king, and much esteemed by him; and being desirous of advancing themselves in the estimation of all present, and especially the ladies, they offered to hold a field of arms on the frontier of Calais in the course of the ensuing summer, against all foreign knights and squires, for the space of thirty days, and to tilt with blunt lances or others. The King of France was well pleased with the courageous challenge of his three knights, and declared his consent to it; moreover, he called them into his closet and said: "Boucicaut, Reginald and Saimpi, be attentive in this enterprise to guard your honor well, and that of our kingdom; let nothing be spared in the state you keep, for I will not fail to assist you as far as 10,000 francs." The king after this left Montpellier, following the road to Alipian, where he dined and lay that night at St. Thibery. . . .

The time was now come for the three French knights, who had undertaken to maintain the lists against all comers at St. Inglevere, near Calais, to make good their engagement. This tournament had been proclaimed in many countries, especially in England, where it caused much surprise, and several valiant knights and squires undertook to attend. Sir John Holland, half-brother to the King of England, was the first to cross the sea; and with him were more than sixty knights and squires, who took up their quarters in Calais. On the 21st of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed, and their horses ready saddled, according to the laws of the tournament; and on the same day all those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, as spectators or tilters, and being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the

tournament was smooth and green with grass. Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was the first who sent his squire to touch the war target of Sir Boucicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion, completely armed, and having mounted his horse and grasped his spear, the two combatants took their distances. They eyed each other for some time, and then spurred their horses and met full gallop, with such force indeed that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. This course was much praised. At the second course they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done, and their horses refused to complete the third. The Earl of Huntingdon, who was heated, and wished to continue the tilt, returned to his place, expecting that Sir Boucicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly that he did not wish to tilt more with the earl that day. Sir John seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion and took his lance and shield. When the earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse, as did the Lord de Saimpi. They couched their lances and pointed them at each other. At the onset their horses crossed, notwithstanding which they met, but by their crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and, having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such force in the middle of their shields that they would have been unhorsed had they not kept tight seats, by the pressure of their legs against the horses' sides. They went to their proper places when they refreshed themselves and took breath. Sir John, who had a great desire to shine in the tournament, had his helmet braced, and grasped his spear again, when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance in a gallop, did not decline meeting, but spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet, but the knights continued their career, and returned to their places.

The tilt was much praised, and both French and English said that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Boucicaut and the Lord de Saimpi had excellently well jousted. The earl wished to break another lance in honor of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides. After this various other combatants entered the lists and the tilting was continued till evening, when the English returned to Calais and the French to St. Inglevere.

On Tuesday after mass, and drinking a cup, all those who intended to tilt, and those who wished to see them, left Calais and rode to the same place where the lists had been held the preceding day. That day and the next the tilting continued until the tournament was at an end, by reason of no more tilters appearing on the part of the English. The English and French knights separated in a most friendly manner on the plain of St. Inglevere; the former took the road to Calais, where, however, they made no long stay, for on Saturday morning they went on board passage boats, and landed at Dover about midday.

From the time the English knights left Calais, I never heard that any others came from England to St. Inglevere to try their skill in arms. Three knights, however, remained there until the thirty days were fully accomplished, and then leisurely returned each to his own home. When they waited on the King of France, the Dukes of Touraine and the other lords at Paris, they were most handsomely received; indeed, they were entitled to such a reception, for they had behaved themselves gallantly, and well-supported the honor of the king, and of the realm of France.

TOURNAMENT.

News of the tournament was carried to Oporto, and the King of Portugal declared his intention of being present at it, with his queen and the ladies. "Many thanks," said the duchess, "for I shall thus, on my return, be accompanied by the king and queen." Not long after this the King of Portugal and his suite set out for Entenca, in grand array, and

as they approached the town they were met by the Duke of Lancaster and a numerous company.

Three days after the arrival of the King of Portugal came Reginald de Roye, handsomely attended by knights and squires to the amount of six-score horse, all of whom were properly lodged; for the duke had given the strictest orders that they should be taken care of. On the morrow Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye armed themselves and rode into a spacious close in Entenca, well sanded, where the tilts were to be performed. Scaffolds were to be erected for the ladies, the kings, the duke, and the many English lords who came to witness this combat. The two knights entered the lists so well armed and equipped that nothing was wanting. Their spears, battle-axes and swords were brought them; and each, being mounted on the best of horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distance from the other, and at times pranced about on their horses, for they knew that every eye was upon them.

All things were now arranged for the combat, which was to include everything except pushing it to extremity, though no one could foresee what mischief might happen, nor how it would end; for they were to tilt with pointed lances, then with swords, which were so sharp that a helmet would scarcely resist their strokes; and these were to be succeeded by battle-axes and daggers, each so well tempered that nothing could withstand them. It was indeed a perilous combat. Having braced their targets, and viewed each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight a line as if it had been drawn with a cord, and hit each other on their visors with such force that Sir Reginald's lance was shivered into four pieces, which flew to a greater height than they could have been thrown. All present allowed this to have been gallantly done. Sir John Holland's blow was not equally successful, and I will tell you why. Sir Reginald had but slightly laced on his helmet, so that it was held by one thong only, which broke at the blow, and the helmet flew over his head, leaving Sir Reginald bare-headed. Each passed the other, and Sir John bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out that it was a hand-

somer course. The knights returned to their stations, where Sir Reginald's helmet was fitted on again, and another lance given to him. Sir John grasped his own, which was not injured. When ready they set off at full gallop, for they held excellent horses under them, which they well know how to manage; again they struck each other on the helmets, so that sparks of fire came from them, but chiefly from Sir John Holland's, who received a very severe blow, for this time the lance did not break; neither did Sir John's, but it hit the visor of his adversary, though without much effect, passing through and leaving it on the crupper of the horse, and Sir Reginald was once more bareheaded. "Ah," cried the English, "he does not fight fair; why is his helmet not as well buckled on as Sir John Holland's? Tell him to put himself on an equal footing with his adversary." "Hold your tongues," said the duke; "let them alone: in arms every one takes what advantage he can. If there is any advantage in the fastening on the helmet, Sir John may do the same; but, for my part, were I in their situation I would lace my helmet as tight as possible." The English, on this, did not interfere further. The ladies declared that the combatants had nobly jousted; they were also very much praised by the King of Portugal. The third course now began: Sir John and Sir Reginald eyed each other to see if any advantage were to be gained, for their horses were so well trained that they could manage them as they pleased; and sticking spurs into them they hit their helmets so sharply that their eyes struck fire and the shafts of their lances were broken. Sir Reginald was again unhelmed, for he could never avoid this, and they passed each other without falling. All again declared that they had well tilted, though the English, with the exception of the Duke of Lancaster, greatly blamed Sir Reginald.

After the course of the lance the combatants fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French then carried off Sir Reginald to his lodgings, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland.

The Duke of Lancaster entertained all the French knights and squires at dinner. The duchess was seated beside him,

and next to her, Sir Reginald de Roye. After dinner all entered the presence chamber, and the duchess taking Sir Reginald by the hand, led him thither. They were followed by other knights, who conversed on arms and other subjects until wine was brought.

Campaign Between Christian Knights and Saracens in Africa.

The next morning the Christians entered the port of Africa and took up their quarters. The Duke of Bourbon, as commander-in-chief, lodged in the center of his army. The device of his banner, powdered over with flowers-de-luce, was a figure of the Virgin Mary in white, seated in the center, and an escutcheon of Bourbon at her feet; and all the great lords who accompanied him were quartered on the right and left. When the Christians were encamped it was necessary for them to be careful of the provisions they had brought, for they could not venture to forage in the country, nor even collect wood or boughs for huts; they therefore kept their provisions on board the vessels, and there were boats continually employed in bringing different articles for them as they were needed. Moreover, the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, such as Sicily and others, exerted themselves to supply them with all they wanted.

You must know that these infidels, the Saracens, had for a long time been menaced by the Genoese, and had made preparations accordingly. The better to resist them, they assembled on the present occasion the most experienced warriors from the kingdoms of Bugia, Morocco and Tunis. They took advantage of a large and thick wood in their rear, to avoid danger from ambuscades or skirmishers on that side. According to estimate they amounted to about 30,000 archers, and 10,000 horse, and they received continually supplies of fresh provisions which were brought on the backs of camels.

The second day after the Christians had landed the Saracens about dawn came to attack the camp; indeed, during the whole of this siege the Christians were never quiet, for every night and morning the camp was attacked by the enemy.

Among the Saracens was a young knight by name Agadin-

quor Oliferne, excellently mounted on a beautiful courser, which he managed as he willed, and which, when he galloped, seemed to fly with him. From his gallantry he showed he was a good man-at-arms, and when he rode abroad he had with him three javelins well feathered and pointed, which he dexterously flung according to the custom of his country. He was completely armed in black, and had a kind of white napkin wrapped round his head. His seat on horseback was graceful and from the vigor and gallantry of his actions the Christians judged he was excited thereto by his affection to a young lady of the country. True it is, he most sincerely loved the daughter of the King of Tunis, who, according to the report of some Genoese merchants who had seen her, was very handsome. During the siege this knight performed some handsome feats of arms to testify his love.

The Saracens within the town of Africa were anxious to know on what pretence the Christians had come with so large an army to make war upon them, and they resolved to send a person who could speak Genoese to ascertain. The Christians told the messenger that they were come to revenge the injuries which the Saracens had done to their God and faith; and that to effect this they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power. Shortly after this message the Saracens determined in council to remain quiet for seven or eight days, and when the Christians should think themselves in perfect security to fall upon their camp like a deluge. This plan was adopted, and the ninth evening, a little before midnight, they secretly armed their men and marched silently in a compact body towards the Christian camp. They had proposed making a severe attack on the opposite quarter to the main guard, and they would no doubt have succeeded in this mischievous endeavor if God had not watched over and preserved them by miracles.

As the Saracens were approaching they saw before them a company of ladies, dressed in white, one of whom, their leader, was incomparably more beautiful than the rest, and bore in front a white flag, having a vermilion cross in the center, and at this vision they were so greatly terrified that they lost all strength and inclination to proceed.

The Genoese crossbows, as I have heard, had brought with

them a dog from beyond sea, but whence no one could tell, nor did he belong to any person in particular. This dog had been very useful to them, for the Saracens never came to skirmish but by his noise he awakened the army; in consequence of which they called him "the dog of our Lady." This night the dog was not idle, but made a louder noise than usual, so that when the Saracens were approaching the Christians were prepared to receive them.

By an exact account the siege lasted sixty-one days, during which many were the skirmishes before the town and at the barriers. The Saracens, however, were well defended, for the flower of the infidel chivalry was in the town. Night and day the two parties studied how they could most effectually annoy each other. At length the Saracens resolved to send a challenge to the Christians, offering a combat, ten of their men against ten Christians. Most persons in the Christian army were loud in praise of this offer, except the Lord de Coucy, who said, "Hold your tongues, you youngsters; I see no advantage in this combat for many reasons: one is, that ten noble and distinguished gentlemen are about to fight with ten Saracens. How do we know whether the opponents are gentlemen; they may, if they choose, bring to the combat ten varlets or knaves, and if they are defeated what is the gain?" But notwithstanding this speech, the Lord de Coucy armed himself with the rest, and went in good array to meet the Saracens. The challenge was accepted and at the time the whole army was ordered to be drawn up in proper order, so that if the Saracens had formed any bad designs they might be prepared to meet them. The ten knights and squires appointed to engage were advanced on the plain waiting for their opponents, but they came not; for, when they saw the Christians so handsomely drawn out they were afraid to approach, though they were thrice their numbers. This was the hottest day they felt; it was so entirely oppressive that the most active among them were almost stifled in their armour, and yet they remained, expecting the ten Saracens, but in vain, for they never heard one word from them. The army was then ordered forward to attack the town, which it did, and gained by storm the first enclosure, but no one inhabited that part, and the Christians

paid dear for an inconsiderable advantage, for the heat of the sun and its reflections on the sands, added to the fatigue of fighting, which lasted until evening, caused the death of several valiant knights and squires. Thus was the siege of Africa continued. To say the truth, this was a very great enterprise, and those who engaged in it showed much courage and perseverance in continuing the siege in so unhealthy a climate, and after the great losses they had suffered, without assistance from any one. But we must now leave the affairs of Africa to speak of the handsome feasts which at this time were given in London.

—*From Froissart's Chronicles.*

UNHORSING A KNIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis was born in the latter part of the twelfth century in the little town of Assisi, Italy. His father was a cloth merchant and was away in France on business when his son was born. His mother had him christened Giovanni—John—but when Peter Bernardone returned he said the boy should be called Francis, because his father had been in France when he came into the world. Francis he was called and we hear no more of Giovanni.

Peter Bernardone was a prosperous merchant and he determined to give his son every advantage. Francis had inherited a sunny temperament and happy disposition from his mother. His rich apparel, sparkling fun, and ready means soon made him popular with his companions. His friends were chosen from the sons of nobles and Bernardone was proud to feel that his son was favorite among those of noble blood. Throughout his boyhood he lived a happy, care-free existence.

His mother had declared from the first that her son was destined to do great deeds, and she never lost faith in her early prediction. In the changes that came about later she often repeated her belief that Francis would do good in the world, little dreaming in what way this would be brought about.

When scarcely more than a youth Francis had a serious illness. For weeks his life was despaired of, and when at last he recovered he gained strength slowly. Having been face to face with death he felt that he had been spared for some particular purpose. A change came over his life; the old comrades no longer attracted him; he remained alone, not understanding his own moods. His old acquaintances tried in vain to rouse him out of the melancholy into which he sank. He knew only that their mirth no longer diverted, their pranks no

longer appealed to him. Among the poor rather than the rich he now found pleasure, and he often slipped quietly away to take food to the needy or shared his clothing with them. Occasionally he would join his friends in hope of forgetting his own thoughts, but even in the midst of their gayety he was serious. To tease him his companions would exclaim that he was about to take a wife and change his care-free existence for a settled mode of life. Finally he answered back that he was about to wed—Lady Poverty. Even yet his meaning did not dawn upon them.

During his absences from home Peter Bernardone entrusted his business to his son. While he had been entirely willing that Francis should spend money freely for his personal pleasures, he objected seriously when he found that he was using his substance for the poor, and especially for the restoration of the town church that had fallen in decay. When arguments and threats were unavailing to bring his son back to his former habits and to the abandonment of his new desires, Peter Bernardone appealed to the bishop, asking that the goods his son had used be returned to him. Then a dramatic scene occurred, when Francis cast his clothing from him and gave it to his father, saying that God was now his father and henceforth to God alone he would yield obedience. The bishop threw his cloak around the youth, while the crowd that had gathered gazed in wonder at one who would renounce all claim to wealth in this unusual way.

When Francis openly renounced the riches of the world—which had ceased to attract him—and pledged himself to a life of simplicity and service, his old happy ways returned. He went about singing, doing good to others and indifferent to the ridicule often made of him. One day at mass he heard the priest read the words: "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils; freely ye received, freely give. Get you no gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor staff: for the laborer is worthy of his food." They seemed to bring to him a new message, and after the conclusion of the service Francis cast aside his purse and all unnecessary articles. He procured a coarse tunic over which he wore a brown cloak.

Neither shoes nor hat did he deem longer necessary, and he trusted to the bounty of those he helped for food.

While many still laughed at what they called his folly, some were attracted by his sincerity and austere life. Surely, they thought, there must be something to hold one of his accustomed habits to this new path, barren of the slightest comfort. Gradually others joined him until he had several companions living as he did.

Now Francis thought it best to go to Rome and get the sanction of the Pope to the kind of life he and his followers were leading. Accordingly he set out at once. To understand the difficulty of obtaining the Pope's consent and blessing for such a purpose, it is essential that we recall the conditions prevailing among churchmen generally in this particular age. Great wealth had flowed into the coffers of the Church and monasteries had become immensely rich. Neither priests nor monks longer held to their earlier vows and the inconsistency of their teachings and their practices were flaunted every day in the faces of the people. Small hope was there that these simple men in their brown cloaks would win approval from bishops and cardinals whose very pomp and rich apparel put to scorn their country brothers.

Pope Leo III. received Francis and asked him many questions. The bishops and cardinals likewise questioned him, and he responded to all their queries with frank, straightforward replies. The Pope hesitated and the churchmen plainly disapproved of his methods. Francis was sent away to await a decision.

There is a legend that the Pope dreamed that night that his Church was tottering, and that a slight man clad in a brown cloak supported it. However that may have been, he sent for Francis on the following day and, despite the murmurings of his bishops, blessed the little company of spiritually-minded brothers and allowed them to go forth into the world to teach the principles of Christianity and brotherly love as they understood them.

Now that Francis and his followers had the Papal sanction they were no longer scorned as they had earlier been. On the contrary, they were respected—not only by those to whom they brought assistance and comfort, but by those who

did not personally sympathize with their methods. Francis went about preaching and large crowds gathered to hear him, for he spoke not like the priests, in Latin, but in the language which the people understood.

"If ever men have preached Christ these men did; Christ, nothing but Christ, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. They had no system, they had no views, they combatted no opinions, they took no side. . . . 'The pearl of great price—will you have it or not? Whether or not, there are millions sighing for it, crying for it, dying for it. To the poor at any rate the Gospel shall be preached now as of old.' "[1]

In the Middle Ages lepers were not isolated entirely as they are in the most progressive countries to-day. Instead, they lived in little groups outside the city walls. If strangers approached them they called out "Unclean, unclean," but they lived upon alms thrown to them by the compassionate. To such a group of lepers outside the city of Assisi, Francis and his followers often went. They bathed their sores and ministered unto them, bringing some relief to those so wasted by disease that even their own people had cast them out. To the poor and needy the little band of workers went—anywhere, everywhere, carrying messages of cheer and comfort.

Because of increasing numbers it was necessary to have some organization, and Francis founded the order called from his name—Franciscan. The three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were the ones on which he built. As might be expected, little time and thought was expended upon rules and regulations. A few principles were fundamental; the rest lay in the spirit of the noble founder and through him was transmitted to his followers.

"This is the rule and way of living of the minorite brothers: namely, to observe the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, living in obedience, without personal possessions, and in chastity. Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to our lord, Pope Honorius, and to his successors who canonically enter their office, and to the Roman Church. And

[1] The Coming of the Friars, Jessopp, 20.

the other brothers shall be bound to obey brother Francis and his successors."

Next follow directions as to the manner of gaining admission into the Order. The simple apparel to be worn by the "little brothers" is described, and then, with characteristic delicacy St. Francis cautions his brothers not to criticize other men for following another fashion. "And I warn and exhort them lest they despise or judge men whom they shall see clad in soft garments and in colors, using delicate food and drink; but each one shall the rather judge and despise himself."

The brothers are cautioned about entering into contentions with others; while their lives are not to be spent in the cloister, they are to go quietly and peaceably about, blessing mankind. Neither coin nor money could they receive, nor could property come into their possession. To be sure, after the death of the founder some of his precepts were neglected, but for years the Franciscan friars refused to have monasteries deeded to their order.

St. Francis was such a lovable being that when we attempt to analyze his teachings we lose sight of the personality of the man—by far the more important factor, for he was sweet and affectionate, with abundant love for every living thing.

A man of Francis' temperament was sorely needed in the Christian world at this time. Early Christianity had taught that this world was but a preparation for the one to come; whatever was beautiful and alluring here endangered man in his passage through this world to the one beyond. Life had become barren indeed. Those who wished to save their souls frequently withdrew from all possible attractions lest they might be led unawares to dwell a moment upon the wonderful beauty around them. St. Francis did much to restore Nature to her rightful place. He was so overflowing with love for every living thing that he even removed the worm from his path, calling it "little brother" and fearing lest a careless step might crush out its tiny existence.

Legends naturally grew up around such a man in an age when the strange and miraculous was still demanded. Even in our own day there remain plenty of people who value a personality greater if stories that cannot quite be explained

be clustered around it. The old cry: "Give us a sign, give us a sign," may yet be felt and sometimes heard. Beautiful legends shortly gathered around all favorite saints, and particularly around the personality of St. Francis. Best known probably is the one connected with the sermon he once preached to the little birds. That he actually preached such a sermon we need not doubt; it is wholly in accordance with his being.

"And as with great fervour he was going on the way, he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees hard by the road whereon sat a great company of birds well-nigh without number; whereat St. Francis marvelled, and said to his companions: 'Ye shall wait for me here upon the way and I will go to preach unto my little sisters, the birds.' And he went into the field and began to preach unto the birds that were on the ground; and immediately those that were on the trees flew down to him, and they all of them remained still and quiet together until St. Francis made an end of preaching; and not even then did they depart, until he had given them his blessing. And according to what Brother Masseo afterwards related unto Brother Jacques da Massa, St. Francis went among them, touching them with his cloak, howbeit none moved from out his place. The sermon that St. Francis preached unto them was after this fashion: 'My little sisters, the birds, much bounded are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere, and hath also given you double and triple raiment; moreover, He preserved your seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might not perish out of the world; still more are ye beholden to Him for the element of the air which He hath appointed for you; beyond all this, ye sow not, neither do ye reap; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink: the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the high trees whereon to make your nests; and because ye know not how to spin or sew, God clotheth you much, seeing that He hath bestowed on you so many benefits; and therefore, my little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to give praise unto God.' When as St. Francis spake these words to them, those birds began all of them to open their beaks, and stretch their necks, and spread their wings, and reverently bend their heads down

to the ground, and by their acts and by their songs to show that the holy Father gave them joy exceedingly great. And St. Francis rejoiced with them, and was glad, and marvelled much at so great a company of birds and their most beautiful diversity and their good heed and sweet friendliness, for which cause he devoutly praised their Creator in them. At the last, having ended the preaching, St. Francis made over them the sign of the cross, and gave them leave to go away; and thereby all the birds with wondrous singing rose up in the air; and then, in the fashion of the cross that St. Francis had made over them, divided themselves into four parts; and the one part flew toward the East, and the other toward the West, and the other toward the South, and the fourth toward the North, and each flight went on its way singing wondrous songs; signifying thereby that even as St. Francis, the standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, had preached unto them, and made over them the sign of the cross, after the pattern of which they separated themselves unto the four parts of the world: even so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, would be carried by him and the brothers throughout all the world; the which brothers, after the fashion of the birds, possessing nothing of their own in this world, commit their lives unto the providence of God."[2]

Filled with his inspiration and beautiful life, the brothers of St. Francis worked with him while he lived, and carried on his work after his death, and even unto our own generation the work of the Order continues. No longer do the brothers go about as they once did, but that is because the time has passed for their particular form of organization. During the Middle Ages the poor friars were the salt of the earth, and they did much to make the world a better place to live in. And the mission of St. Francis is not yet finished, and his influence is felt by many still who carry on his work in a somewhat different way. Wherever men and women put aside purely personal interests and go forth to comfort the sick, aid the fallen, cheer the weak and heal the broken-hearted, there the work of St. Francis of Assisi goes on, and the life of service, taught by Christ and renewed by him, is exemplified, even as it was by the Franciscan Friars of old.

[2] The Little Flowers of St. Francis.

CHAPTER VIII.

Art in the Middle Ages.

After the fall of Rome, as has been repeatedly noted, Teutonic tribes overran the wide area of Europe that had long been subject to Roman rule. For centuries following, in place of order we find disorder, in place of settled conditions, unsettled conditions, and in place of an old civilization and culture, we find the beginnings of a new civilization and, comparatively speaking, no culture at all. Owing to the dense ignorance of the invaders, the destruction was appalling. Just as a little child may dash to the floor a vase or bowl of cherished worth nor appreciate in any measure the destruction he has wrought, so these grown children from Germanic forests destroyed on every side, nor stayed to witness the havoc they had caused. The action of a German chief who gazed in wonderment at a beautiful mosaic floor in a Roman court was typical of the age. Not certain whether or not the graceful swan floating upon the surface of a lake was alive, he hurled his heavy battleax upon it, ruining the picture that but a moment before had caught his fancy.

Roman art reached its highest expression during the first and second centuries of the principate. It was executed by Greek artists who worked under the influence of Roman thought and ideas. The art they produced was not comparable with the highest expression of Greek art, for Greek art was already declining when it crept into Rome. Nevertheless, excellent pictures were made and still finer statuary produced. After the second century art declined in Italy, and continued still to decline until it almost slept, to waken at the call of the Renaissance masters.

We have found that the Christians were persecuted by the Romans intermittently until Constantine proclaimed Christianity the state religion in the fourth century. Traces of the earliest Christian art are to be found in the catacombs, whither the worshippers of the despised faith gathered in times of dan-

ger, and where they buried their dead. Although the catacomb paintings at first sight give evidence of much uniformity, upon closer examination it is found possible to trace several stages of development.

The earliest Christian paintings in the catacombs are hardly to be distinguished from Roman paintings of the same period. Christ was portrayed with the head of Apollo, or in the character of Orpheus, drawing men unto him as the great musician attracted stones and beasts. His mother was represented as a Roman matron; the apostles were attired in the Roman toga. The connection between the figures and the Christian association was so remote that only one well versed in the faith could have discerned it. There was no Christian art, properly so-called, before the times of Constantine, but in the homes of Christians the sensual pictures of Roman art were excluded, and in the catacombs, where many of the Christians were buried, paintings were executed, often hurriedly, on the bare rock, mingling earlier conceptions with certain Christian meanings.

In the catacombs a few subjects are portrayed over and over again. Christ, the Good Shepherd, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Noah and the Ark, Moses striking the rock, Jonah and the whale, and Orpheus charming wild beasts, may be most frequently found. For example, in the catacomb of St. Callixtus, the following paintings are near together:

"Orpheus sits between two trees on which birds are perched; he plays the lyre, charming two lions, camels, and a bull. Above a recess on the left the prophet Micah is standing, and Moses strikes a rock. Between them the Virgin Mary sits in front of the stable of Bethlehem, with the infant Christ on her lap, receiving—one may think—the Magi, whose figures are now obliterated.

"In a neighboring space, Daniel stands under an archway between two lions; above him, Job, seated to the left, and to the right Moses baring his foot, which he raises to a projection.

"Opposite to this subject Elijah drives in a car drawn by four horses, attended by two spectators, one of whom appears to be Elisha, who is about to receive the prophet's mantle.

"Above the niche to the left, a female orante raises her arms to heaven. Noah looks out of the window of the ark at the dove returning with the olive branch; Lazarus stands at the door of the sepulchre in his cere-clothes, at the bidding of Christ, who has ordered him to rise.

"A pagan might have thought that Elijah was racing in the circus. The Saviour might easily be confounded with a senator. Daniel looks like a Hercules."[1]

Having yet no distinctly Christian form, a tendency to use symbols in place of them was soon observable. Christ had called himself the *shepherd* and had said much of the care of the good shepherd for his sheep. Quite naturally, the figure of a man with a sheep on his shoulder or a lamb in his arms came to be a favorite way of picturing Christ—all the more desirable in an age of persecution because its significance was discernible to the believer alone. Christ had said: "I am the vine; ye are the branches." Vines had been used indefinitely, but now they assumed a new importance and meaning. The dragon symbolized sin; the ship, the Church of Christ; the dove, the Holy Ghost; the olive branch, peace; the pelican with breast torn open, man's redemption; the bursting pomegranate or the peacock, immortality. One fishing, represented Christ fishing for men. More and more these symbols were used and the forms of antiquity abandoned.

In the fourth and fifth centuries, art in general had reached such a decline that it survived mainly in mosaics. To be sure, mosaics had been long known, and during the Roman republic floors were made of the small bits of colored marbles arranged in attractive forms. However, as painting declined, mosaic work took its place for wall decoration. The poorer churches erected by Christians were still crudely decorated with painted frescoes, but the more prosperous ones soon were ornamented with pictures in mosaic. In addition to the colored cubes of marble, glass was shortly employed. Glass paste would be run into long strips and then cut into tiny cubes, or into pieces of various shapes. Rich effects were produced by covering cubes with gold-leaf, then running a thin film of glass over them to preserve them. This style of decoration became very

[1] Hist. of Painting in Italy, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, v. 1, 4.

popular. Geometrical designs were produced, patterns with birds or animals or beautiful flowers were conceived. Finally, human figures were made in the mosaic. The very nature of the material and the mechanical building of it necessitated a marked stiffness and unnatural aspect. With such materials it is impossible to give particular expression or lifelike appearance. Many of the mosaics were wonderful, and most intricate patterns of geometrical and floral design remain to us, but the figures were less successful, although for wall decoration and especially for ceilings and wall spaces where the spectator viewed them from some distance, they were very effective and rich.

Christianity was undergoing a change in its attitude toward the human body. While Christ had been previously shown as possessed of bodily beauty and strength, now there grew up a feeling that these qualities were incompatible with spiritual perfection. The human body must be humiliated. Physical beauty must give way to spiritual beauty. This feeling became the ruling passion in the Church. Now it was that men separated themselves from the world, lived in retirement and tortured their bodies, clothed themselves in hair-cloth and lashed themselves to mortify the flesh. In the paintings, too, the face became elongated, assumed a melancholy air, the robes became long, black and stiff, the figures awkward.

In the West, art survived scarcely at all aside from the mosaics. In the East, the forms controlled entirely by the Church prevailed, as has been described. In Byzantine art, the nimbus, or crown of glory, now came into constant use. The Madonnas have drooping heads, long, sad faces, often ugly and expressionless. The infant Christ is quite as wooden and motionless. The nimbus of gold crowns the head of mother, child, and saint. Art could not live in an age when the Church Councils were crushing its very existence. In 787 A. D. the Council of Nicaea decreed: "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers, who have to invent and dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition—to the painter only the execution." European art was reaching a stage comparable with that in

Egypt when the priests prescribed the scope of the artist nor permitted him to exceed it.

One field remained—untouched by the ruling or the spirit of the Church, undisturbed by controversy: that of illuminated letters and pages. The books produced in the monasteries in the earlier centuries of monastic life were almost wholly sacred: the Old Testament, or the Gospels, or later, the lives of the saints. In the making of these sacred books, skilled scribes were employed, and the artists who showed greatest originality and patience were set to work upon the initial letters. Books containing such treasures were fittingly dressed in covers of gold or silver plates, decorated with precious stones, and skilfully wrought clasps.[1]

As society became more settled, nobles of leisure in the castles throughout the land demanded books for amusement as well as spiritual admonition. This demand was filled by an increased number of scribes and artists. Chronicles, romances, tales of chivalry, and finally of romantic love, were written for this purpose. The stories were illustrated with scenes of the times, portraying persons in the costumes of the age, and naturally including other matters of contemporary note. Such illustrations supply a valuable source for the study of mediaeval costume and armour.

Illumination came into Europe from the East. Characteristics of Byzantine painting are discernible in the portrayal of figures of the apostles, and sacred personages. Even before the use of illumination in Asia, certain characters were ornamented similarly on Egyptian papyri.

From the eighth to the twelfth centuries illumination was most cleverly done by the European monks. Sometimes the initial letters filled the entire page. Sometimes the title would be illuminated; occasionally the first page of the book, and often the titles of chapters.

Human figures, animals, fish and flowers were very ingeniously intermingled. Dots, lines, knots and a variety of embellishments were woven in. The letter S was sometimes formed of a serpent, or one or two serpents were coiled around to form other letters. Medallions were not infrequently em-

[1] See Froissart's Book, p. 359.

ployed, adding by their intricate patterns to the happy and artistic confusion of the page. During the latter part of the Middle Ages, initial letters were often enclosed in square borders, admitting of manifold variation of color combinations and delicacy of form.

In late years, many of the old borders and initials have been revived. Gifted designers in our day make extended study of mediaeval illuminations and reproduce them with their own modifications. The Arts and Craft movement, so general in the past few years in America, has done much to draw the attention of artists and students to the work of the mediaeval monks, to whom we are indebted—as for so much besides—to the masterly perfection of this art.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
(From the Catacomb of St. Callisto at Rome.)

EARLY CHURCH MUSIC

CHAPTER IX.

Because music is not suggested by nature, but is a creation of man's mind, it has developed more slowly than the other arts. The painter and the sculptor look to nature for their models; even architecture is related to the natural in its utility, though not in its expression; and poetry is symbolic of human experiences. Music, alone of all the arts, has had no models from which to copy, and it is for this reason that she has so slowly found her modes of expression.

Many theories have been advanced as to the probable origin of music—none of them wholly satisfactory. The subject at best is one of conjecture, and, though of interest, is not of importance to the student of music. It may safely be assumed that music began in some mysterious impulse and dates back to prehistoric times, probably before the need of a language was felt.

With the Savage and the Ancient alike, music was but one phase of the religious and social life, and was so inseparably bound up with the dance, and later with poetry, that its individual development was rendered impossible. We are often led to suppose that the Hebrews had a highly developed music, but it was, in fact, very simple and noisy, and was entirely subordinate to the dance and poetic repetition. "There is no reason to suppose that music among the Oriental monarchies ever progressed much beyond its condition among barbarous peoples of the present day. Music was not a free art, but was held in almost complete dependence upon poetry, dancing and religious ceremony. It was rude, simple and unprogressive. Harmony was evidently unknown and musical rhythm conformed to that of verse and dance step. The effect of music upon the mind and its efficiency in education and worship were largely due to the association of certain melodies and instruments with moral, religious and patriotic ideas."[1]

[1] Dickinson's History of Music, chap. 2, p. 6.

Greek music alone attained any degree of refinement and delicacy. To the Greeks we owe a scale system which has descended to the present day, and they were the first to conceive of music as an independent art. "They developed a rational scale system based on a knowledge of acoustic laws; their philosophers subjected the aesthetics of music to a minute examination, they devised a tolerably accurate system of notation which has survived. The Greek musical system was the precursor of that of the early Christian church, and the line of descent is unbroken from Greece, through Rome, to the Middle Ages and modern times."[2] Rome made no contributions to the art. Her instruments and melodies were borrowed chiefly from the Greeks, and her music was a degenerate form used in the theatre and circus.

It is correct to call music a Christian art, for while it had been known to men before the beginning of the Christian era, it was not until that epoch that it began to find definite forms of expression.

With this as a starting point it is possible to trace the history and development of the many phases which make up our modern music, and to see how it has come to be regarded as an uplifting and necessary factor in the social world today.

The age of the apostles offers a most interesting field for study to the musical student. It is not to be supposed that there was any sharp distinction between the music of this period and that which had been used by the Ancients in their temples, for the change was gradual and the development slow. The study of the music of this period is so closely allied with that of the ritual of the early Roman church, that a knowledge of one necessitates a familiarity with the other. Interest is centered in the rise of liturgies and ceremonies, their alliance with music, and the origin of hymns and chants. In tracing the development of these forms, one notes an ever-increasing tendency on the part of the clergy to create an elaborate ritualistic system, and steady decrease in the part the laity took in the church service.

In the very nature of the case a new spirit was needed in the art of music when it came to be employed in the ministry

[2] Dickinson's History of Music, chap. 2, p. 9.

of the Christian religion, for a new motive had entered religious consciousness. The Christian lavished upon his new-found faith a devotion that far surpassed any loyalty to family or country. "This religion was emphatically one of joy—a joy so absorbing, so completely satisfying, so founded on the loftiest hopes that the human mind is able to entertain, that even the ecstatic worship of Apollo or Dionysus seems melancholy and hopeless in comparison. Yet it was not a joy that was prone to expand itself in noisy demonstrations. It was mingled with such a profound sense of personal unworthiness and the most solemn responsibilities, tempered with sentiments of awe and wonder in the presence of unfathomable mysteries, that the manifestations of it must be subdued to moderation, expressed in forms that could appropriately typify spiritual and eternal relationships. And so, as sculpture was the art which most adequately embodied the humanistic conceptions of Greek theology, poetry and music became the arts in which Christianity found a vehicle of expression most suited to her genius."[3]

New forms were needed to express the new emotions, but these could not be created at once to meet the novel demands. More than a motive is required to bring an art to its perfection, and the mastery of form is of slow and tedious growth.

There are to be found but few direct allusions to music in the New Testament. In his Epistles, St. Paul speaks of "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs,"[4] and again makes reference to a peculiar usage known as "glassolalia," or "speaking of tongues." This is described as an emotional, inarticulate warbling brought about by intense religious excitement, and must have been quite unintelligible to the hearer. However, out of this crude musical utterance grew the hymns, in which the deeds and powers of Christ were directly commemorated. We are told that the Christian folk-song began to appear in the first century, rude and primitive in melody and form, but embodying the religious spirit of the age.

Of the very few hymns and fragments of songs that have come down from this early period, the most perfect is a twi-

[3] Dickinson's Music in the History of the Western Church, p. 37.
[4] Eph., v. 19.

light hymn sung every evening in the ceremony of lighting the lamps. This has been made known to English readers through Longfellow's "Golden Legend":

"O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again thou hast brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!"

The period in which the laity were allowed to participate in any but the simplest offices of the church was brief, and their share in hymn singing seems to have been confined to responses at the end of the verse, which was sung by some one appointed to the office. Gradually, but surely, the growth of ritualism deprived the general body of believers of all initiative in the services and centralized the offices of worship in the hands of the clergy. The clergy came to be but a medium through which divine grace was transmitted, and were no longer the servants of the people.

Little by little a few chief men gained control of things, and out of this system grew the offices of Bishop, with his assistant priests, and over all the Pope. Certain forms became systematized and fixed by law, and music shared in this ritualistic movement.

By the fourth century congregational singing had almost disappeared, being supplanted by official choirs. The chief reason for this was the fear that heresy might creep into the

church if the people were allowed to sing the hymns, and so it was desired to keep the whole service in the hands of the clergy. It was feared that a relaxation in one part of the service might lead to a loosening of the whole.

The distinction between the liturgical and non-liturgical song must be kept clearly in mind, for it was only from the former that the laity were excluded. By liturgical hymns is meant those melodies that became a part of the fixed liturgy, while the songs, subject to change, which were interspersed throughout the service, were known as non-liturgical. Of the early Christian chants only a few have survived, and it is from these that we get our ideas of the music of the period. Among them are the well-known Gloria in Excelsis, Gloria Patria, Te Deum, Magnificat (Song of Mary), and the Benedictus (Song of Zacharias). It is probable that most of the melodies were taken from the old Greek service, but they were materially altered, for while the Greek and Roman poetry was metrical, that of the early Christians was most unmetrical. Then, too, the pagan melodies were sung to instrumental accompaniment, while the music of the Christians was largely vocal.

There has been some question in the minds of historians as to the place musical instruments occupied in the early Christian worship. Generally speaking, they were condemned because the pagans used them in their temples, and their use was connected with the corrupting and revolting scenes of the theatres. Probably they were used to a greater extent in the Greek churches than in Roman.

The separation of the Eastern and Western branches of the Churches was completed in the eighth century. The influence which the Eastern church has exercised over the onward course of religion has been so slight that it has almost dropped from the sight of church historians. It is in the Western branch alone that we find development of the liturgical and musical form.

As the Western church boasts of its title "Catholic," the Eastern glories in the title "Orthodox." "The Western theology is essentially logical in form, and based on law. The Eastern is rhetorical in form and is based on philosophy. . . . . Let any one enter an Oriental church and he will

at once be struck by the contrast which the architecture, the paintings, the very aspect of the ceremonial, present to the churches of the West. There is no aiming at effect, no dim religious light, no beauty of form or color beyond what is produced by the display of gorgeous and barbaric pomp."[5]

The fact that the literature of the Eastern church has no universal text, but has been written in several languages, is in a large measure responsible for this oblivion. Latin has been retained as the language of the liturgy of the Church of the West because it was the language found in the Roman empire when the Roman church was established. The very conception of the Catholic church involves the use of a "catholic," or universal, form of utterance. The expression of a liturgy in national languages can only lead to national differences in the churches themselves.

The Catholic liturgy is the established ritual of the Church, a collection of authorized prayers of divine worship, fixed and immovable. It must not be supposed that this is the work of any one man or of one age, or that its present form was even anticipated by its originators. At first it was very simple. Gradually new services were added, parts of the old cast aside, until finally from this germ grew the complex liturgy of the present day. The sixth century marked the completion of this wonderful religious poem, than which there is nothing more perfect in form and language in all the world of literature. It is a masterpiece of ecclesiastical art in which dogma, poetry and drama are welded into expressive unity.

"This great prayer of the Catholic church is mainly composed of contributions made by the Eastern church during the first four centuries. Its essential features were adopted and transferred to Latin by the Church of Rome, and after a process of sifting and rearranging, with some additions, its form was completed by the end of the sixth century essentially as it stands today. The liturgy is, therefore, the voice of the Church, weighted with tradition, resounding with the commanding tone of her apostolic authority, eloquent with the longing and the assurance of innumerable martyrs and confessors, the mystic testimony to the commission which the

[5] Stanley: Hist. of the Eastern Church.

Church believes to have been laid upon her by the Holy Spirit. It is not surprising, therefore, that devout Catholics have come to consider this liturgy as divinely inspired, raised above all mere human speech, the language of saints and angels, a truly celestial poem; and that Catholic writers have well-nigh exhausted the vocabulary of enthusiasm in expounding its spiritual significance."[6]

The doctrine of the Real Presence, the belief that the body and blood of Christ actually exist in the bread and wine of communion, is the central office of worship in the Catholic church. The orthodox Protestant still commemorates the sacrifice of Christ, in the partaking of communion; but he believes that the awful deed was performed once and for all time on the cross of Calvary. For the Catholic, this sacrifice is renewed each time communion is offered. This, he believes, is effected by means of the miracle of transsubstantiation, by which the bread and wine are changed into the real body and blood of Christ. "This is my body. Take ye and eat. Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood," is taken in its most literal sense. The Catholic faith never rejects a mystery even though it may be avowedly incomprehensible.

The word *mass* is derived by some from the Hebrew word "missah," which means an offering. Others trace it to the word "missa," which is used to announce the end of the service. We find it today in our words *Candle-mas* and *Christmas*. Cardinal Gibbons says of this office:

"The sacrifice of the Mass is the consecration of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and the oblation of this body and blood to God, by the ministry of the priest, for a perpetual memorial of Christ's sacrifice on the cross. The sacrifice of the Mass is identical with that of the cross, both having the same victim and High Priest—Jesus Christ. The only difference consists in the manner of the oblation. Christ was offered up on the cross in a bloody manner, and in the Mass He is offered up in an unbloody manner. On the cross He purchased our ransom, and in the Eucharistic sacrifice the price of that ransom is applied to our souls. Hence,

[6] Dickinson: Music in History of Western Church, p. 81.

all the efficacy of the Mass is derived from the sacrifice of Calvary."[7]

This conception is the very foundation of the whole ritual, and all the prayers, chants and collects are arranged to prepare the hearer for this mystic event. Those who are not familiar with the service in the Catholic church may find some assistance in the following outline of the High Mass, which is taken as a type.

The service opens with the recitation of the forty-second Psalm, which is followed by the Confession of Sin, after which is chanted the Introit—usually a single verse taken from a psalm. Then the choir sings the hymns, which never vary, Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, and Gloria in Excelsis. Then follow in succession the Collect (group of short prayers appropriate to the day), the reading of the Epistle, Gradual (psalm verse) and Gospel. If a sermon is given it is inserted at this point and is followed by the Credo (creed), sung by the choir.

After the Offertory comes the most impressive ceremony in the Mass, the Oblation of the Host and Chalice. It is in this ceremony that the bread and wine is prepared for its sacred use, by the offering of prayers and incense. Then follows the Preface, varying with the season, but always ending with the Sanctus and Benedictus, sung by the choir. The Commemoration of the Dead is succeeded by a series of prayers, after which the choir chants the Agnus Dei. Communion is then administered, and the service is concluded with the Post-communion (short prayer), the Dismissal and Benedictus, and fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. John.

Although all the liturgy is set to music, there is a distinction between the office of Mass and the musical composition known by that name. The five hymns, Kyrie Eleison, Gloria in Excelsis, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, which do not vary from day to day, compose the musical Mass. This is but a part of the office of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the two terms must not be confused.

There are several Masses, the High Mass being the standard. Solemn High Mass is essentially the same, but is given

[7] Faith of Our Fathers: Cardinal Gibbons.

with more pomp and ceremony. Low Mass is given in a speaking voice without the aid of the choir, and is less formal than the other Masses. It is used only in the early morning service. The Requiem Mass differs more widely from the usual form and many beautiful Requiems have been written by both Catholic and Protestant composers. It takes its name from the first word of the Retroit, and is given for the repose of souls after death. In it the Credo and Gloria are omitted, their place being taken by the great judgment hymn, Dies Irae.

The liturgy was completed during the rule of Gregory the Great (590-604) and by the last of the sixth century had been given a complete musical setting. The ideal of pure church music was established by the creators of the ritual, and that this ideal has been rigorously upheld is shown in the fact that today the Roman Catholic can justly lay claim to the purest church music in existence.

The text of the Mass is entirely musical in its theory and conception, and is admirably adapted to its rhythmical setting. From the earliest times the priest has used a chanting voice—partly that his tones might carry farther and partly because it appeals to the emotions. Some of the service is chanted all on one tone, with a slight inflex at the end, known as "intoning;" sometimes with the assistance of the organ and choir, but often unaccompanied. To the casual spectator this seems unmusical and even barbarous, but becomes most beautiful as the ear is trained to detect the music in the intonations.

The art of singing these melodies is far more difficult than might be imagined, and requires good vocal ability, as well as clear enunciation of the Latin text. Then, too, the rhythm is difficult, for the value of the notes is not fixed, but is determined by the length of the syllable. The manner of singing is affected by conditions of time and place, degree of solemnity required and the acoustic properties of the building used.

The melodies thus intoned are properly known as "Plainsongs." The term "Gregorian" chants, the one by which these hymns are more generally known, is based on a belief that they were composed by Pope Gregory, but this has been proved to be an error. They were not the work of any individual, but are the results of a gradual growth, an evolution.

We find that records of the chant date back to the year 400, and their compilation was the work of popes of the seventh and eighth centuries. It is true that Pope Gregory aided in this gigantic labor, but probably to no greater extent than many others. Some of the old melodies have undergone changes in the process of repeated copyings, and because their system of notation was so crude, but there has been no material alteration in either the chant or liturgy in the last fifteen hundred years.

The purest and most strictly ecclesiastical music in existence is the chant, because the melody in itself is capable of giving no definite impressions, but is entirely subordinate to the text. "The chant appears to be the natural and fundamental form of music employed in all liturgical systems the world over, ancient and modern. The sacrificial song of the Egyptians, the Hebrews, and the Greeks, was a chant, and this is the form of music adopted by the Eastern church, the Anglican, and every system in which worship is offered in common and prescribed forms. The chant form is chosen because it does not make an independent impression, but can be held in strict subordination to the sacred words; its sole function is to carry the text over with greater force upon the attention and the emotions. It is in this relationship of text and tone that the chant differs from true melody."

It is for this reason that the church fathers have labored to restore and retain the unison chant exclusively. The modern reaction against all modern harmonized forms can never be wholly successful, but is prompted by a truly reverential spirit, and a desire to maintain the ideals of the earliest church music.

The plain-song melodies may be divided into two general classes: (1) Simple chants, those in which one syllable of the text is sung to one note, and (2) Florid chants, those in which there are a number of words to one note. Another convenient classification would be according to the text. The group of melodies used in chanting the psalms is the most important. These "psalm tones" or "Gregorian" tones are eight in number and are exceedingly beautiful in melody. The study of the Gregorian chant and Gregorian modes (scales upon which the

chants are based), is most interesting and should receive the careful attention of every musical student.

Singing schools were established in nearly every monastery, for the purpose of instructing the priesthood in the proper rendering of the chant. Special orders of monks gave all their time and attention to this branch of ecclesiastical work, and a familiarity with the church hymns became a necessary part of the training of every clergyman. It was by means of these convent schools that the early music was fostered and preserved in written form, and the labor of these monks cannot be overestimated.

Protestants, as well as Catholics, have found and are constantly finding much of value in the rhythm and melody of the liturgic hymn. The lover of pure church music will not fail to justify the exalting of the Gregorian plain-song to the place it holds in the worship of the Roman Catholic church.

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BASIL THE GREAT.

BASILIUS was eminent as an opponent of the Arians, an improver of the Greek liturgy, and especially as the regulator of monastic discipline in the Eastern Church. Born at Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, about 330 A.D., he studied rhetoric at Constantinople and Athens. Attracted to asceticism, he became head of a convent, but was not ordained presbyter till 365. Five years later he was made bishop and exerted himself against the Arians who were supported by the civil rulers. Though severely threatened, he maintained his stand till his death in 379. He was a famous preacher and theologian, but his most interesting writings are his letters to his life-long friend, Gregory Nazianzen.

PAGAN LITERATURE.

(From Address to Young Men on reading Profane Authors.)

IT is sufficiently proved that this pagan learning is not without use to the soul. Consequently, we now say in what manner it is needful for you to share in it. First, to commence with the works of the poets, as they offer discourses of every kind, the mind is not to fix upon all things in their order. When they show you a good man, whether they recount his actions or his words, it is necessary to love him, to take him for a model, and to make all effort to resemble him. Do they offer the example of a bad man? It is necessary to shun the imitating of such, shutting your ears, as they say that Ulysses did, so as not to hear the songs of the sirens. For the habit of hearing words contrary to virtue leads to the practice of vice. It is necessary, then, to watch incessantly in guarding our souls, lest that, charmed by the attraction of the words, we receive in our ignorance some bad impressions, and with the honey introduce into our bosoms poisonous fluids.

Thus, we do not approve the poets when they put into the mouths of their characters revilings and sarcasm, when they depict love or drunkenness, or when they make happiness to consist in a table well served and effeminate songs. Still less should we listen to them discoursing of their gods. . . . I am able to say as much of the historians. As to the orators, we should keep ourselves from imitating their art of lying: for falsehood can never become us, neither in the tribunal nor in anything—us, who have chosen the true and right way of life. But we should collect carefully the recitals of these authors when we see there the praise of virtue or the condemnation of vice. We rejoice only in the perfume and the colors of flowers, while the bees know how to find in them honey: so those who are not content to seek for the agreeable and the seducing in the works of the pagans, are able even to find in them treasures for the soul.

THE MONASTIC LIFE.

(Basil, in a letter to Gregory Nazianzen, describes his manner of life.)

ALTHOUGH I have left behind me the diversions of the city as the cause of innumerable evils, I have not yet been able to leave myself. I am like those voyagers who are not accustomed to the sea; the motion of the vessel which bears them gives them an unendurable sickness; for, on quitting the land, they have not left upon shore the bile and the humors with which their stomachs are surcharged. That is precisely my case. So long as we bear about the germs of disease, we are everywhere subject to like disturbances. I have not found great fruits in my solitude. But what we are to do, and how we are to begin to be firm in the footsteps of Him who has pointed out the way of salvation—for He said, "If any one will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me"—is this: We must try to have a peaceful spirit. Our only escape is separation from worldly things.

What I call flying from the world is not merely to separate one's self from it in body, but to detach all one's affections; to be without country, home, business, society, property; to be poor, unoccupied, unsociable, untaught in human sciences,

prepared to receive in the heart the rules which spring from the divine teachings. Now, for this, it is necessary to begin by destroying in one's mind all anterior prejudice. You cannot impress upon wax new characters until after you have effaced the old: so divine instruction cannot have place in a heart preoccupied by all the ideas which come from one's habits. To this end the desert is of the greatest benefit to us, soothing our passions and giving the reason the calm necessary for altogether rooting them out from the soul. For as wild animals, being stroked down, are easily controlled, so the lusts and passions and fears and pains, the venomous evils of the soul, soothed by quietude, and not exaggerated by continual rousing, are easily restrained by the power of the mind. The place should be such as this, far from all intercourse with human beings, where the pious exercises of the religious life are not interrupted by anything without.

The exercise of piety feeds the soul with divine reflections. What, then, is more blessed than to imitate upon earth the life of the angels: to rise at dawn to prayer and to the praise of the Creator in hymns and songs; then as the sun shines clearly, and work is undertaken, prayer going side by side with it, to season the labors with hymns as with salt? For the consolation of hymns confers a cheerful and untroubled state of the soul. Quiet, then, is the beginning of the cleansing of the soul; the tongue not uttering the things of men, the eyes not beholding the fine complexions and symmetry of bodies, the hearing not breaking down the strength of the soul through melodious strains conducive to pleasure, nor through the words of facetious and jesting men, which especially have the effect of impairing the vigor of the soul. For, not dissipated by things without, and not called away by the visible things of the world, the soul turns back upon itself; it elevates itself by its own efforts to the thought of God. Enlightened by His beauty, it forgets its own nature; it is not anxious, then, about food, is not weighed down by care for dress. Disengaged from earthly anxieties, it gives over its entire being to the possession of immortal good, whereby it may continually maintain self-control, manly vigor, righteousness, prudence, and the other virtues of this sort—

everything which makes for life, and leads one into the right way.

To know well the path of duty, a most effectual way is to meditate upon our God-given Scripture. . . . After the lesson comes prayer, and occupies the soul filled with new strength and power, and stirred with a longing for God. Prayer is effectual to awaken in the soul a clear apprehension of God. And therein consists the dwelling of God in us, that we have God enthroned in us by thought. Thus we become a temple of God when constant reflection is not interrupted by worldly cares, and the spirit is not disturbed by sudden desires; but when he who loves God flies all, and devotes himself to God who drives away the bad inclinations which lead him to intemperance, and employs himself in works which lead to virtue.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

GREGORY of NAZIANZUS, though the son of a bishop, was not baptized till his thirtieth year. Born in Cappadocia in 329 A.D., he studied rhetoric and philosophy at Cæsarea, Alexandria and Athens. He was inclined to a contemplative life, but being ordained presbyter about 361, became assistant to his father. His reputation for eloquence induced the orthodox party at Constantinople to invoke his aid in 379. Such crowds flocked to hear him that a splendid church was built called Anastasia (the Resurrection). His defence of Christ's divinity won for him the title "Theologus." In 381 Gregory was made metropolitan of Constantinople, but soon, on account of the bitter opposition to his promotion, he retired to his native Nazianzus, where he died in 389. His fame rests on his sermons, but his letters are more attractive. As a relief from his serious occupations he wrote poems, many of which were directed against the destroyers of ancient monuments; some say he composed a tragedy on Christ's passion.

FAREWELL TO THE CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH these last words I salute you. Farewell, Anastasia, named for thy piety; for thou didst rescue to us the faith until then despised, thou seal of our common triumphs, thou new

Shiloh in which first we rested the ark which had wandered forty years in the desert. And thou, this great and glorious temple [the Church of St. Sophia], thou new inheritance, having thy present grandeur from the Word, which, once a Jebus, we have made a Jerusalem. And you sacred edifices which rank next after this in beauty, and which, scattered throughout the various parts of the city, bind them together as so many bands, you which beyond all hope we, not of ourselves but by God's grace, have filled.

Farewell apostles, glorious colony, my masters in the contest. If I have not often celebrated your feasts, perhaps it is because, like your Paul, I have for my good a messenger of Satan in my body, by which I am now separated from you. Farewell, O throne, enviable and perilous seat; assembly of pontiffs; priests, venerable in majesty as in years; and all these ministers before the altar who draw near to God, who draws near to us. Farewell, choir of Nazarenes, harmonies of the psalms, nocturnal stations, sanctity of virgins, modesty of women, companies of widows and orphans, eyes of the poor turned toward God and toward me. Farewell homes friendly to the stranger and to Christ, and helpers in my infirmity. Farewell you who have loved my words, gathering crowds and styles [for writing down his words], seen and unseen, and barriers forced by those eager for my words. Farewell, O sovereigns, palace, courtiers, faithful perhaps to the sovereign—I know not—but unfaithful chiefly to God. Clap your hands, cry aloud, raise aloft your orator. That tongue depraved and loquacious to you is silenced; but it will not be silent altogether, it will combat through hand and pen. As to the rest we are now silent.

Farewell great city, friendly to Christ—for I will heed the truth—but whose zeal is not according to knowledge; the separation makes us more friendly. Come to the truth; even thus late be converted; honor God more than in the past. Change brings no shame, but continuance in evil is fatal. Farewell, Orient and Occident, for whom and with whom I have contended. He is witness who makes you at peace, whether any will imitate my conduct. For those will not lose God who renounce their thrones, but will have a seat

above far more exalted and secure than these. Finally and before all I cry, Farewell, angel protectors of this church, and of my sojourn and my departure, so only as my affairs be in God's hands.

Farewell, O Trinity, my care and my glory. Be safe among them and keep them safe, my people—for they are mine, though I am directed in a different way—and announce to me that thou art in every way exalted and glorified by word and act. Children, keep that which I have confided to you; remember my strivings. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all!

Evening Hymn.

Christ, my Lord, I come to bless Thee,
  Now when day is veiled in night;
Thou who knowest no beginning,
  Light of the Eternal Light.

Thou the darkness hast dissolvèd,
And the outward light created,
  That all things in light might be;
Fixing the unfixéd chaos,
Moulding it to wondrous beauty,
  Into the fair world we see.

Thou enlightenest man with reason,
  Far beyond the creatures dumb,
That light in Thy light beholding,
  Wholly light he might become.

Thou hast set the radiant heavens
With Thy many lamps of brightness,
  Filling all the vaults above,
Day and night in turn subjecting
To a brotherhood of service
  And a mutual law of love.

By the night our wearied nature
  Resting from its toil and tears;
To the works, Lord, that Thou lovest,
  Waking us when day appears.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

MOST famous among the Greek Fathers is that John of Antioch whose splendid eloquence won for him the surname Chrysostom, "golden-mouthed." Born in 347 A.D., he was trained in rhetoric by the sophist Libanius, whom he might have succeeded as teacher had not the Christianity of the age swept him into asceticism. Six years he spent in study and religious duties in the desert, and then was called by his bishop to active work. He was ordained deacon and presbyter at Antioch, and during his sixteen years of labor there won high reputation by his sermons; but he used unworthy stratagem to avoid being made bishop. Yet he obeyed the call to become archbishop at Constantinople. In the luxurious capital he preserved his monastic simplicity and austerity, insisting on a reformation of the corrupt practices prevailing among both clergy and laity. At last his opponents, with the Empress Eudoxia at their head, obtained from a synod the condemnation of Chrysostom on a false charge. The archbishop was arrested and banished to Nicomedia, but the citizens, inflamed to fury, besieged the emperor's palace, and compelled the restoration of their metropolitan. His return was celebrated as a triumph, yet within two months the empress, again excited by calumny, procured his exile. In a desolate place among the Taurus Mountains Chrysostom renewed his labors with greater zeal, and stimulated his friends with frequent correspondence. The emperor ordered him to be carried to a desert among the Caucasus Mountains, but the victim of persecution died on the way at Comana in Pontus. He was sixty years old.

Chrysostom's works are numerous, consisting of commentaries, sermons, epistles and religious treatises of various kinds. They shed a flood of light on the condition of the Church in the fourth century. By example and precept he supported the view that the true Christian life consists in deadness to the world. He founded a school of commentators who avoided the allegorical style which had passed over from the Jewish Rabbins into the Christian Church.

THE REPENTANCE OF ANTIOCH.

THE people of Antioch in 386 A.D., provoked by excessive taxes, rose in revolt against the Emperor Theodosius, threw down the statues and committed other acts of violence. The emperor threatened to destroy the whole city. The aged Bishop Flavian went to Constantinople to intercede on behalf of the people. Meantime Chrysostom preached a series of sermons which are esteemed among his best.

THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

If fear were not a good thing, fathers would not have set schoolmasters over their children, nor lawgivers magistrates for cities. What can be more grievous than hell? Yet nothing is more profitable than the fear of it; for the fear of hell will bring us the crown of the kingdom. Where fear is, there is no envy; where fear is, the love of money does not disturb; where fear is, anger is quenched, evil concupiscence is repressed, and every unreasonable passion is exterminated. And even as in a house where there is always a soldier under arms, no robber, nor housebreaker, nor any such evil-doer will dare to make his appearance; so also, while fear holds possession of our minds, none of the unruly passions will readily attack us, but all fly off and are banished, being driven away in every direction by the power of fear. And not only this advantage do we gain from fear, but also another which is far greater. For not only, indeed, does it expel our evil passions, but it also introduces every kind of virtue with great facility. When fear exists, there is zeal in almsgiving and intensity of prayer, and tears warm and frequent, and groans fraught with compunction. For nothing so swallows up sin, and makes virtue to increase and flourish, as the nature of a perpetual dread. Therefore, it is impossible for him who does not live in fear to act aright; as, on the other

hand, it is impossible that the man who lives in fear can go wrong.

Let us not, then, grieve, beloved; let us not despond on account of the present tribulation, but let us admire the well-devised plan of God's wisdom. For by these very means through which the devil hoped to overturn our city, hath God restored and corrected it. The devil animated certain lawless men to treat the statues of the emperor contemptuously, in order that the very foundations of the city might be razed. But God employed this same circumstance for our greater correction, driving out all sloth by the dread of the expected wrath, and the thing has turned out directly opposite to what the devil wished, by the means which he had himself prepared. For our city every day becomes more purified, and the lanes, and crossings, and places of public concourse are freed from lewd and effeminate songs; and turn where we will there are supplications and thanksgivings and tears, instead of rude laughter; there are words of sound wisdom instead of obscene language, and our whole city has become a church, the workshops being closed, all being engaged throughout the day in these general prayers, and calling upon God with much earnestness, with one united voice. What preaching, what admonition, what counsel, what length of time had ever availed to accomplish these things?

EPHRAEM SYRUS.

EPHRAEM THE SYRIAN, renowned as a teacher and hymnologist in the Eastern Church, was born at Nisibis in Mesopotamia, and dwelt chiefly at Edessa, where he died in 373 A. D. His life was spent in combatting heresy and commending godliness. Once he made a long journey to visit Basil at Cæsarea. His sermons and writings were chiefly in Syriac, but were quickly translated into Greek and widely circulated. Such was his facility in metrical composition, that even his sermons took that form and are known as "Rhythms." Some of his pieces are acrostics; others are odes on events in contemporary history. Seven of his homilies form a complete work called "The Pearl."

CHILDREN IN PARADISE.

To Thee, O God, be praises
From lips of babes and sucklings,
As in the heavenly meadows
Like spotless lambs they feed.

'Mid leafy trees they pasture,
Thus saith the Blessed Spirit;
And Gabriel, prince of angels,
That happy flock doth lead.

The messengers of Heaven,
With sons of light united,
In purest regions dwelling,
No curse or woe they see.

And at the Resurrection,
With joy arise their bodies;
Their spirits knew no bondage,
Their bodies now are free.

Brief here below their sojourn,
Their dwelling is in Eden,
And one bright day their parents
Hope yet with them to be.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

THE following hymn was composed in the eighth century by Stephen the Sabaite, who belonged to the Monastery of St. Sabas, near the northwest corner of the Dead Sea. The English version is by the Rev. J. M. Neale, who did much to make the Eastern Church and its literature known in Western lands.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer 'Yes!'"

ROMAN WRITERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Boëtius was a Roman statesman and writer. He long remained the trusted counsellor of Theodoric, king of the Gothic kingdom in Italy. At last he was imprisoned upon the charges brought by his enemies.

Throughout the Middle Ages Boëtius' books were used as texts in the schools. His greatest undertaking was the "Consolation of Philosophy," which he wrote in prison.

The greatest Latin Father of the Church was St. Augustine of Hippo, who did much to formulate the Christian faith of the Middle Ages.

BOËTIUS.

To Boëtius (often but less correctly called Boethius) Europe is indebted for a new presentation of Greek philosophy. He was the pioneer of the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. He was born about 480 A.D. His father had held offices of trust under Odovocar (Odoacer), but died while his son was yet a boy. Anicius Manlius Torquatus Boëtius (to give him his full name) was well cared for and educated by his noble relations. When he was about twenty years of age, Theodoric, the king of the Ostrogoths, paid a visit to Rome, and was received by priests and people with shouts of welcome. The versatility and great learning of the young scholar made a favorable impression on the barbarian king. At the early age of thirty he entered the senate with the title of patrician, and some years later was elected sole consul. The leisure of his consular life was devoted to literature. In 522 he had the satisfaction of seeing his two sons raised to the consulate. But his greatness was short-lived. Theodoric had promised to the Romans the enjoyment of their ancient rights, but had not performed that promise.

Then Boëtius began to inquire and study by what means the kingdom might be taken from the king. When this was discovered, Boëtius was sent to Pavia, where he was kept in prison until he was, by the king's orders, beheaded in 526. He was a scholar, better fitted for quiet study and meditation than the intrigues of a court.

His chief literary aim seemed to be to bring the whole of Greek science into the power of Roman readers. He translated freely from Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Euclid, Archimedes and Aristotle; but the great work on which his fame rests is the "Consolation of Philosophy," which he wrote in prison. It is divided into five books, and each book consists of alternate chapters of prose and verse. The argument takes the form of a dialogue, in which Boëtius states his complaints, and Philosophy discusses his difficulties and replies to his objections. The lesson is manifestly the duty of fortitude and firmness in adversity, and the transient nature of human happiness. The conclusion is, that all fortune is good because it comes of God's good will.

Dame Philosophy Enters.

Whilst in silence I recounted these things, and with the aid of my pen did describe my griefs and complaints, a woman of a most reverend countenance seemed to stand over my head, with sparkling eyes, which were of an extraordinary force and quickness; her color was lively, and her strength seemed to be unexhausted, although she was so old, that she could by no means be thought one of our time. It was difficult to judge of her stature; for sometimes she appeared to be of the common height of men, then she would seem to touch the clouds with her head; again, when she raised it higher, she pierced the very heavens, and was not to be followed by the eyes of those who looked after her. Her garments were most artistically made, of the finest threads and most durable material; which (as she herself afterwards told me) she had woven with her own hands: they also were overshadowed with such a mist and duskiness as usually covers old images, arising from antiquity and the neglect of time.

On the extreme part of these vestments below, the Greek letter *Π* [indicating Practice] was to be read; and upon the highest border the *θ* [meaning Theory] was interwoven; and betwixt them certain steps were wrought in the form of a ladder, by which there was an ascent from the lowest to the highest letter. But this garment was defaced and torn by the hands of several violent persons, who had taken away what parts of it they could. In her right hand she carried books, and in her left she swayed a sceptre.

So soon as she saw the patronesses of poetry standing by my bed, and dictating to me words, in which I clothed my griefs; with a troubled countenance and inflamed eyes, she immediately broke out into these expressions: "What unwise person hath suffered these theatrical harlots to have access to this sick man; who are so far from abating his distemper with specific and natural remedies, that they only nourish and increase it by those sweet poisons which they infuse? These are they who, with the fruitless thorns of the passions, choke and destroy the hopeful crops of productive reason, and who only accustom the minds of men to bear and endure a disease, but never free them from it. If (continued she, directing herself to the Muses) your caresses had debauched and drawn aside, according to your custom, any profane or ignorant person, you should not have been blamed by me; nor could my labors, by such an attempt, have been eluded: but you have made an unhappy proselyte of him whom I have fed with my breasts, and brought up in Eleatic and Academic studies. Begone, therefore, ye Sirens, whose pleasures kill, whose embraces destroy, and leave this unhappy apostate to the care and skill of me and my muses."

This charming company, being thus rebuked, with dejected and blushing countenances left the room. But I, whose eyes were yet darkened with tears, not knowing who this imperious woman should be, was much astonished; and fixing my eyes upon the earth, I began silently to await what she would further do. She then approaching to me, sat down on the lower part of my bed, and seeing my face overspread with grief, and my eyes cast down, complained of the unsettled state of my mind.

PHILOSOPHY AS A PHYSICIAN.

WHILST my continued griefs forced me to breathe out these complaints, Philosophy, with a pleasant look, and not at all moved with my expression of them, addressed me thus: When I first saw thee, sad and weeping, I knew thee to be miserable and in banishment; yet at what distance from thy home I did not know, till I gathered it by thine own discourse: but indeed thou art not driven out of thy country, but hast wandered thus far from it; yet if thou hadst rather be thought to have been violently removed, thou hast done thyself this injury, for it was never in the power of any other person to have done it. For if thou dost call to mind of what country thou art, it is a country not governed by the fury and outbreaks of a giddy and passionate multitude, as that of the Athenians was heretofore; but where there is only one Lord, one King, the Almighty Governor of the universe, who wishes the increase and prosperity, and provides for the welfare of all his subjects and citizens, and loves not to lessen their number, by sending them into banishment: to obey whose laws, and to be governed by them, is the noblest liberty and greatest happiness. Knowest thou not that most ancient law of thy commonwealth, which does decree, that it shall not be lawful to banish any man from it, who had rather fix his abode there than in any other place? For whoever hath once attained to the happiness of being settled within the bounds of that territory, can never be presumed to deserve the punishment of exile; but whoever once leaves off to desire to be an inhabitant there, at the same time leaves off to deserve to be so. Therefore the appearance of this place, however dismal, does not move me so much as thine own looks. I do not here so much look for thy library, the walls of which were so well inlaid with ivory, and adorned with glasses, as that noble cabinet and curious repository of thy mind and thoughts. But I did deposit there that which makes even thy books valuable, these choice and observable sentences, which are the quintessence of my voluminous writings. Thou hast indeed spoken much truth upon the subject of thy great

merits from the public: but considering what, and how many they have been, all that thou hast said of them is but little. The particulars which thou hast recounted of thy integrity, and the falseness of thine accusation, are well known to all men: and thou hast done well in being short in the account of the frauds and villanies of thine accusers, because it will be found out better from the mouth of the people, who know all this. Thou hast also severely inveighed against the unjust decree of the senate. Thou hast been much concerned for the injury done to me, and thou hast bewailed the loss of the good esteem which men had of thee. Thy last complaint was against fortune, and that rewards and punishments were not equally distributed, according to the merits of men: and in the end, thy distempered muse wishes that the same peace which makes the felicity of the calm regions above, might also govern and reside upon earth. But because thy affections are yet tumultuous and disordered, and because the mutinous passions of grief, anger and sadness do variously and successively draw and distract thee: thy mind, I say, being in such a state, strong and vigorous medicines are not proper for thee; therefore, for the present, we will use more mild ones: so that those humors, which by frequent disturbances flowed in upon thee, being now gathered to a head, and come to a consistence, may, by gentle applications, be mollified, and be fitter to bear the more powerful workings of stronger remedies, which in time may dissipate them.

Philosophy. First then wilt thou suffer me to try the estate, and feel the pulse of thy mind, by a few questions; that so I may better understand thy malady, and prescribe the methods of thy cure?

Boëtius. Ask me what thou pleasest, and I will answer thee.

Phil. Thinkest thou that this world is managed by blind chance and fortune? or dost thou believe that reason hath any share in the government of it?

Boët. I do by no means believe or imagine that things, so certain in their methods, and so regular in their motions, should be moved and informed by so unsteady a cause: but I know that God, the master-workman, doth preside over his

work; nor shall any time or accident ever move me from the truth of this opinion.

Phil. So 'tis indeed; and of this, a little before, thy muse did sing, when thou didst also deplore the misfortune of man whom alone thou didst believe not to be under the care of Providence; though, that every other thing was governed by reason, thou didst not doubt. But it is marvelous to me, that thou, who hast so just notions of all things, shouldst be in so ill a state of health; I will therefore search further, for I believe thou yet laborest under some notable defect: but tell me, because thou dost not at all doubt that the world is governed by God, by what kind of government are its affairs managed?

Boët. I cannot well comprehend thy question, therefore I cannot readily answer it.

Phil. I was not then deceived when I thought there was something wanting, some vacuity or breach by which this whole train of perturbations found a way into thy mind. But tell me, dost thou remember what is the chief end of all things, and whither the whole mass and body of nature doth tend?

Boët. I have heard what it is, but my griefs have dulled my memory, and erased almost everything out of it.

Phil. But how then dost thou know from whence all things have their being?

Boët. That I remember well, and told thee it was from God.

Phil. And how then doth it come to pass, that thou, knowing the cause and beginning of all things, shouldst be ignorant of their end? It hath ever been of the nature of these perturbations, to have a power to unsettle men's minds, and to interrupt the regular course of thinking; but they never yet could wholly alienate them from the genuine sentiments of true reason: but I pray thee answer me this, Dost thou remember that thou art a man?

Boët. I am not so much distempered but I remember that.

Phil. Canst thou then tell me what man is?

Boët. If thou askest me, if I know myself to be a rational and a mortal creature, I answer, I do know and confess myself to be so.

Phil. And dost thou not know that thou art somewhat more than that?

Boët. No.

Phil. Now I know another, and the greatest cause of thy distemper ; which is, that thou hast lost the knowledge of thyself : so that I have plainly found the source of thy distemper, or rather the way of restoring thee to thy health : for because thou art confounded with the oblivion of thyself, thou complainest of thy banishment, and of the loss of thy estate. And because thou dost not know what is the end of things, thou dost believe wicked and lawless men to be powerful and happy. And because thou hast forgotten by what methods the world is governed, thou dost imagine that the many vicissitudes and changes of worldly affairs come to pass of themselves, and are not directed by any governor ; and dost believe there are no causes of so important effects. These may certainly not only be great occasions of a disease, but even of death itself. But thanks be to the author of health, who hath not suffered thee to be wholly deserted by reason, the true opinion which thou hast of the government of the world, which thou believest not subject to human, but to divine wisdom, makes me not doubt of thy recovery : for by this small spark, there is to me a great assurance of vital heat : but because the time is not yet come for stronger remedies, and because it is natural to us to embrace false opinions ; so soon as we have laid aside the true, from whence a mist of disturbances ariseth, which hinders us from a true perception of objects, I will endeavor, by lenitives and fomentations, to dissipate it ; so that that darkness being removed, thou mayest easily perceive the brightness and glories of their true light.

PRUDENTIUS.

DURING the Middle Ages the works of Prudentius were second only to the Bible in popularity. But the time came when, even among the educated, he was little more than a name. The great English critic, Bentley, went so far as to call Prudentius "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians ;" but he may more reasonably be called the Latin Dr. Watts. He was the first Christian poet, or rather the first Christian who

applied his poetry to religion. His contemporary, Ausonius, no mean poet, was undoubtedly a Christian by profession, but he did not, by his verses, recommend the doctrines of Christianity as Prudentius did. Taken as a whole, Prudentius exhibits that kind of failure, which seems to be the lot of all poets who attempt a religious theme. His language is easy, perspicuous, and often exquisitely charming by mere melody, but there is a fatal copiousness which overhangs whatever is graceful or spirited, and smothers it in prolixity and monotony. There is nothing in Prudentius which comes up to the great Latin mediæval hymns.

The life of Prudentius lies between 348 A.D. and 410. He was eight years younger than St. Ambrose and six years older than St. Augustine. He was an eye-witness of the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity. He testifies that when Theodosius put the question before a full senate, as to whether the worship of Jupiter or of Jesus Christ was to be the religion of Rome, Christianity was triumphant. He was a native of Spain, and early in life held a high position as an advocate and rhetorician, and subsequently received an important military appointment under Theodosius. At the age of fifty-seven he was filled with regret and shame over the follies of his youth and the worldliness of his later life, and henceforth resolved to devote himself to sacred poetry.

The two works on which his fame chiefly rests are the "Cathemerinon," the Christian's Day, and the "Peristephanon," the Martyrs' Garland. The latter is a sort of poetical martyrology in which some of the most noted legends of the saints are told in melodious verse. The martyrdom of St. Eulalia is remarkable for its beautiful simplicity and intense pathos. The "Cathemerinon" gives hymns for the daily hours of prayer. The hexameters of Prudentius are theological rather than poetical.

THE HYMN OF DAWN.

THE bird, the messenger of day,
  Cries the approaching light;
And thus doth Christ, who calleth us,
  Our minds to life excite.

"Bear off," He cries, "these beds of ease
Where lie the sick and dumb;
And let the chaste and pure and true
Watch, for I quickly come."

We haste to Jesus at His word,
Earnest to pray and weep,
Such fervent supplication still
Forbids pure hearts to sleep.

Disturb our dream, thou holy Christ,
Break off the night's dark chain;
Forgive us all our sin of old,
And grant us light again.

LATIN FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

In the fourth century, when Christianity became the religion of the empire, Church literature flourished, paying more regard to truth and right doctrine than to beauty of expression. The creed of the Church was definitely settled at the Council of Nice 325 A. D. Eminent as a leader among the Post-Nicene Fathers was Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, whose works became a mainstay of faith and discipline in the Catholic Church. After him lived Jerome, the great advocate of ascetic and monastic life, a voluminous writer, but especially famous as the reviser of the Latin version of the Bible called the Vulgate. But by far the most illustrious of the Latin Fathers was St. Augustine of Hippo. He surpasses all the others not only in liberality of views, candor and earnestness of character, but in his simple, clear and forcible style. Well endowed with imagination and reasoning faculty, he was eminently successful in adapting his genius to his work.

AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

St. Augustine has succeeded in commanding respect and admiration from parties hostile to each other. Both Protestants and Roman Catholics have regarded him as the most illustrious, learned and spiritually-minded representative of the early Church.

Aurelius Augustinus was born in 354 A.D. at Tagaste, in North Africa. His father, Patricius, was a pagan who embraced Christianity late in life; his mother, Monica, was a Christian noted for her piety and noble devotion to her son. At the age of sixteen the son removed to Carthage for the study of rhetoric and the sciences. After a brilliant educational course, marred by a vicious life, he returned to Tagaste. He displayed great ability as a teacher of rhetoric before he was twenty-three years of age. He admired greatly the eloquence of the pagan writers, and studied the doctrines of Manichæism. This dualistic, universal system seemed to have peculiar attractions for him. By his able advocacy, the Manichæan sect was strengthened, and multiplied in numbers for nine years. After a sojourn of three years in Carthage and a short stay in Rome, in both of which cities he taught rhetoric with much acceptance, he was appointed professor of rhetoric at Milan through the influence of some of his Manichæan friends. Here he came under the influence of the able Bishop Ambrose, and this was the turning point in his life. His mother's tears and prayers now at last prevailed. The decisive step, which he had long resisted, was now taken; he entered on a Christian life with hope not unmixed with fear. With his mother, who had followed him to Italy, he retired to a country house near Milan to decide his future course. In 387 he was baptized by Ambrose, and his illegitimate son Adeodatus and his bosom friend Alypius were baptized with him.

Having resolved to return to Africa, he had reached the seaport of Rome on the homeward journey when his mother died. On arriving at his native place he spent three years in retirement and wrote his book on "True Religion." In 395 he was made Bishop of Hippo. His ecclesiastical life was mostly spent in combating the various heresies of the time, the chief of which were those of the Manichæans, the Pelagians and the Donatists. Augustine's greatest work from a historical and philosophical point of view is "De Civitate Dei," "The City of God," in which he combats the charge that the acceptance of Christianity had brought about the downfall of the empire. He maintains that a new and higher

order of human society had been introduced by the Church. His work is probably the first attempt at a philosophy of history. But by far the most popular of Augustine's writings is the book of "Confessions," an autobiographical revelation which has been often compared with the "Confessions" of Rousseau, yet is far different. Pressensé has well observed that the one is characterized by reserve and delicacy, the other by arrogant defiance of God and man. Augustine's narrative is a candid record of the path by which a sinful soul was led from the seductions of paganism to the gospel of Christ. Another work which shows a love of truth is the "Retractions," written after years of experience and bravely acknowledging former errors. The vices and errors of Augustine's life, which he grieves over in his "Confessions," were the natural outgrowth of the pagan influences of his time. The good father had the mortification of seeing his country overrun with Vandals, but was removed by death, A.D. 430, before the fortress of Hippo fell into their hands.

STAGE-PLAYS.

IN confessing the sins of his youth at Carthage St. Augustine mentions his fondness for the theatre.

Stage-plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries, and of fuel to my fire. Why is it that man desires to be made sad, beholding doleful and tragical things, which yet himself would by no means suffer? yet he desires as a spectator to feel sorrow at them, and this very sorrow is his pleasure. What is this but a miserable madness? for a man is the more affected with these actions, the less free he is from such affections. However, when he suffers in his own person, people call it misery: when he feels for the suffering of others, then it is mercy. But what sort of compassion is this for feigned and scenical passions? for the auditor is not called on to relieve, but only to grieve: and he applauds the actor of these fictions the more, the more he grieves. And if the calamities of those persons (whether of old times, or mere fiction) be so acted, that the spectator is not moved to tears, he goes away disgusted and criticising; but if he be moved to passion, he stays intent and weeps for joy.

Are griefs then too loved? Verily, all desire joy. Or, since no man likes to be miserable, is he yet pleased to be merciful? which because it cannot be without passion, for this reason alone are passions loved? This also springs from that vein of friendship. But whither goes that vein? whither flows it? wherefore runs it into that torrent of pitch bubbling forth those monstrous tides of foul lustfulness, into which it is wilfully changed and transformed, being of its own will precipitated and corrupted from its heavenly clearness? Shall compassion then be put away? By no means. Let griefs then be sometimes loved. But beware of uncleanness, O my soul, under the guardianship of my God, the God of our fathers, who is to be praised and exalted above all forever, beware of uncleanness. For I have not now ceased to pity; but then in the theatres I rejoiced with lovers, when they wickedly enjoyed one another, although this was imaginary only in the play. And when they lost one another, as if very compassionate, I sorrowed with them, yet had my delight in both. But now I much more pity him that rejoiceth in his wickedness, than him who is thought to suffer hardship, by missing some pernicious pleasure, and the loss of some miserable felicity. This certainly is the truer mercy, but in it, grief delights not. For though he that grieves for the miserable, be commended for his office of charity; yet he, who is genuinely compassionate, would rather there were nothing for him to grieve for. For if good will be ill willed (which can never be), then may he, who truly and sincerely commiserates, wish there might be some miserable, that he might commiserate. Some sorrow may then be allowed, none loved. For thus dost Thou, O Lord God, who lovest souls far more purely than we, and hast more incorruptibly pity on them, yet art wounded with no sorrowfulness. And who is sufficient for these things?

But I, miserable, then loved to grieve, and sought out what to grieve at, when in another's misery, and that feigned and personated, that acting best pleased me, and attracted me the most vehemently, which drew tears from me. What marvel that an unhappy sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of Thy keeping, I became infected with a foul disease? And hence the love of griefs; not such as should sink deep

into me; for I loved not to suffer what I loved to look on; but such as, upon hearing their fictions, should lightly scratch the surface; upon which as from envenomed nails, followed inflamed swelling, impostumes, and a putrified sore. My life being such, was it life, O my God?

His Conversion.

This controversy in my heart was self against self only. But Alypius sitting close by my side, in silence waited the issue of my unwonted emotion. But when a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart; there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. That I might pour forth this wholly, in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping; so I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burthen to me. Thus was it then with me, and he perceived something of it; for something I suppose I had spoken, wherein the tones of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and so had risen up. He then remained where we were sitting, most extremely astonished. I cast myself down I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears, and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto Thee: And Thou, O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry, forever? Remember not our former iniquities, for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words: How long? how long, to-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now? why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?

So was I speaking, and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighboring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, "Take up and read; Take up and read." Instantly, my countenance altered, I began to think most intently, whether children were wont in any kind of play to sing such words: nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book, and

read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, that coming in during the reading of the Gospel, he received the admonition, as if what was being read, was spoken to him; Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me. And by such oracle he was forthwith converted unto Thee. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Apostle, when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell: Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, in concupiscence. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calm countenance made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I knew not, he thus showed me. He asked to see what I had read: I showed him; and he looked even further than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed, Him that is weak in the faith, receive; which he applied to himself, and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always very far differ from me, for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth, and blesseth Thee, Who art able to do above that which we ask or think; for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings. For Thou convertedst me unto Thyself, so that I sought neither wife, nor any hope of this world, standing in that rule of faith, where Thou hadst showed me unto her in a vision, so many years before. And Thou didst convert her mourning into joy, much more plentiful than she had desired, and in a much more precious and purer way than she had sought.

CONDEMNATION OF ERRORS.

"One important function of the University of Paris was to act as a body of expert witnesses as to what was heretical. They did not hesitate to condemn even the utterances of a Pope. Peter Lombard, their great master and authority, was harshly criticized and eighteen errors were found in his writings. The following heresies are printed here as examples of the kinds of problems on which the students were exercising their reason."

TEN ERRORS CONDEMNED AT PARIS, JANUARY 13, 1241.

These are the articles rejected as contrary to true theology and condemned by Odo, the Chancellor of Paris, and the masters ruling in theology at Paris, in the year of our Lord 1240, on the second Sunday after the octaves of Christmas.

The first (error) is, that the Divine essence in itself will not be seen by any man or angel.

We condemn this error, and by the authority of William, the bishop, we excommunicate those who assert and defend it. Moreover, we firmly believe and assert that God in His essence or substance will be seen by the angels and all saints and is seen by glorified spirits.

The second, that although the Divine essence is one in Father, Son and Holy Ghost, nevertheless that as far as regards form it is one in Father and Son, but not one in these with the Holy Ghost, and yet this form is the same as the Divine essence.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that the essence or substance is one in the Father and Son and Holy Ghost, and the essence is the same in regard to form.

The third, that the Holy Ghost, as it is a bond of affection or love, does not proceed from the Son, but only from the Father.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that as it is a bond of affection or love, it proceeds from both.

The fourth, that glorified spirits are not in the empyreal heaven with the angels, nor will the glorified bodies be there, but in the aqueous or crystalline heaven, which is above the

firmament; which they also presume to think concerning the Blessed Virgin.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that angels and sanctified souls and corporeal bodies will occupy the same corporeal place, namely, the empyreal heaven.

The fifth, that the bad angel was bad from his very creation, and never was anything but bad.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that he was created good, and afterward through sinning, he became bad.

The sixth, that an angel can at the same moment be in different places and can be omnipresent if he chooses.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that an angel is in one definite place; so that, if he is here, he is not elsewhere at the same moment; for it is impossible that he should be omnipresent, for this is peculiar to God alone.

The seventh, that many truths, which are not God, have existed eternally.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that one truth alone, which is God, has existed eternally.

The eighth, that the beginning, the present time, the creation and the passion may not have been created.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that each is both created and creature.

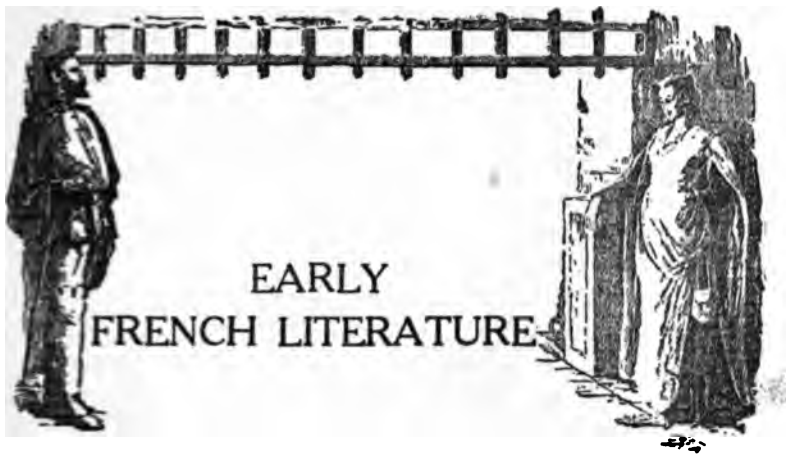
The ninth, that he who has greater talents will of necessity have greater grace and glory.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that God will give grace and glory to each one according to what he has decided and foreordained.

The tenth, that the bad angel never had ground whereon he was able to stand, nor even Adam in his state of innocence.

We condemn this error, for we firmly believe that each one had ground whereon he was able to stand, but not anything by which he was able to profit.

—*University Trans. and Reprints.*



IF the Iberians and Celts who settled in France before European history begins, imagined that they would be undisturbed, they failed to realize that France was the highway to Spain and Britain, besides being next door neighbor to tumultuous Germany, and exposed on the north to the all-devouring Scandinavians. Southern France, on the Mediterranean, afterwards to be Provence, was early occupied by Greek colonists; but it was Cæsar who first conquered "all Gaul," about fifty years before Christ. Latin then became the official language, and soon the prevailing speech; but, four hundred years later, in poured Goths, Franks and Burgundians, and the Merovingian monarchy under Clovis was set up in 486. Now the language was thrown into dire confusion; but the Southern Gauls (who claimed to be Romans) called their illiterate speech the Roman tongue. At the time of Charlemagne, German, spoken by his court, was added to the others; Latin was used by writers; the late Roman, now called Romance, was relegated to the common people. But it had a wide vogue, and has characterized the Italian, Spanish, and others, which became known collectively as the Romance languages. In the tenth century the Normans invaded what has since been called Normandy, adopted the speech of the people, and regulated it. This Norman French, the *langue d'oil* (from the manner in which the word for "yes" was pronounced), divided the country

with the Southern *langue d'oc*—that of the alternative pronunciation. In the twelfth century they appear as French and Provençal, respectively; and later, owing to the growing ascendancy of Paris and the king, the former grew to be the ruling form of speech. It was less soft and rhythmical than the other, but more vigorous; Francis I., and afterwards Richelieu (who founded the French Academy), perfected it, until finally it became the most accurate of modern tongues.

In the era of the Crusades the poetry of Provence won the ear of the world. Provençal song is a beautiful curiosity of literature. It rose to its height in the midst of almost childish ignorance. Not only did most of these poets not understand how to read or write, but they were destitute of knowledge of history, mythology and classical literature. Their sole resources were their delight in a new language, their high animal spirits, and their fantastic devotion to their mistresses; and the perfections of the latter and the singers' own love pangs formed the staple of their effusions. It was a movement led by and largely constituted of the aristocracy; it was strengthened by the enthusiasm of the Crusades, and by the concomitant chivalrous devotion to women. Morality, however, appears at its lowest ebb, in the songs of many troubadours, and in the conduct of their lives; it was an age of charming but exaggerated sentiment and sensuality; it produced no great poet or poem, and, after lasting two hundred years, the poetry ceased, and the language disappeared save as a dialect; largely owing to the fierce persecution of the Albigenses, who were finally stamped out in the thirteenth century.

Meanwhile, in the north, the trouvères arose, and achieved enduring fame. The name has the same significance as troubadour ("finder"), but that which the northern poets found was of a different stamp. The Normans, true to their Scandinavian origin were, first of all, warriors, and their love was ennobled by the masculine strain of battle. For more than a century after 1140, the subject of Arthurian romance was the leading theme, both of their poetry and their prose. In the year named, one Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welshman, and probably a monk of St. Benedict, obtained from Arch-

deacon Walter of Oxford (according to his own account) the materials for a history of the Kingdom of Britain. The foundation of the work may have been Nennius's "Historia Britonum," written in the ninth century, and some now lost collection of Breton legends. It was, like the Nibelungenlied, a mingling of historic traditions with imaginative developments or variations. Be that as it may, the imagination of Europe had found food to its taste, and in fifty years the original book had been manipulated and adapted by Germany, Italy and France. The central figure of the story is King Arthur, and the action is concerned with the founding of the Round Table, and the adventures therefrom arising. A few years after its appearance in England it was translated into Anglo-Norman by Geoffrey Gaimar and Wace. By some chroniclers of the time, it was accepted as genuine history. The exploits of the various knights of the Round Table afforded inexhaustible material for poetic and romantic conception, and an Arthurian literature arose on all sides. The first French production was the Breton romance of Tristan, by a Norman knight, Lucas de Gast, in 1170. Before the end of the century appeared the tale of Lancelot, by Walter Map, another Welshman, who studied in Paris. This was in prose, as was also the first printed version, by Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte Arthure," published in 1485. At this period languages were not so strictly confined within geographical limits as they are now, and it is difficult to apportion to one or another people the credit for productions of origin so indeterminate and popularity so wide.

A mediæval romance equally famous in this century, and of older lineage, but which is now almost forgotten, was that of Alexander. Its beginning goes back to the time of Alexander himself, whose companion, Callisthenes, wrote the chronicle of his victories in a book now lost. But in the third century a fabulous story of the hero's career was produced in Alexandria, and Callisthenes' name attached to it. Latin, Syriac, Armenian and Hebrew translations followed. As many as twenty French poets were inspired by the tale, and one of them—Lambert li Cort—in collaboration with Alexander de Paris, evolved, in 1184, what was accepted as

the standard version. It is from this that the Alexandrine verse, still used in French serious poetry, takes its name. Still another prose romance—that of Amadis of Gaul—is, in spite of its name, proved to be of Portuguese creation. Finally, there was the Charlemagne cycle of romance, which belonged to Germany as well as France. In those days of few books, each nation must have the general favorites in the costume of its country.

Besides their romances of chivalry, the trouvères were the inventors of mediæval allegories, of which the Romance of the Rose was the first and the most interminable. Tastes change. In our day allegories are so little appreciated that not even the genius of Spenser can render his "Faerie Queene" popular reading. But the Romance of the Rose, begun about 1260, by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished fifty years later by the satirical Jean de Meung, was devoured by entire populations. According to the English critic, Saintsbury, its vogue was due to the fact that it embodied the mental attitude of its period. It was a period in which free thought was beginning to oppose the dogmas of religion; in which dreams of social equality were gradually unsettling the foundations of caste; in which sensuality and asceticism were arraying themselves against each other, and the desire for wider horizons of knowledge was not yet directed by any recognized canons of criticism. All these matters are discussed or represented in the poem, which is a poem in name only, as being written in measured instead of unmeasured prose. We must also remember that it was the first book of its kind. The ostensible theme is the art of love; but many esoteric significances were read into it, and it was the subject of many learned mystical treatises. The fashion of naming characters according to their divers natures and dispositions was continued through the Elizabethan period, in the works of Spenser and Ben Jonson and others; appears in the Queen Anne dramatists, and is occasionally adopted even now. To the general reader the most familiar example of its use is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is a device which only genius can render tolerable, and which even genius finds a burden.

Of the Chansons de Geste, which began early in the

eleventh century, though the best of them bear a later date, more will be said in the next section. But the Fabliaux—the merry, comic and satirical tales and apologues, which, perhaps, had their first suggestion in Indian and Arabian tales, but which were soon acclimated in France and elsewhere in Europe—attract us more than anything else in the product of this time, for humor has no age, keeping, as perforce it must, so close to the commonplaces of human nature. In the contrasts and vicissitudes of life at that epoch suitable situations for the sharpening of wits were never lacking; and the best of the good stories were retold again and again, with local variations, by hundreds of wayside humorists. Many of them have been preserved in the collection of the Italian Boccaccio. Few are connected with the name of any particular writer; their author was the age. The most winning and sympathetic of them all is commonly conceded to be the love story of Aucassin and Nicolete, which belongs to the thirteenth century. It is nothing but a love-story, but it contains the elements which appeal to the heart now as strongly as six hundred years ago. It is brief, and is a medley of poetry and prose, as were many of the fabliaux; but it is a little masterpiece, and a permanent part of literature.

Of the dramatic representations known as the "Mysteries," and the "Moralities," little need be said here. The Passion Play of Oberammergau still exists, and is a type of them all. But it is of interest to remember that in Paris, which has ever since held the leading place as a dramatic centre, was first incorporated that society of the "Clerks of the Revels" whose function it was to provide dramatic entertainments for the Parisians. They alternated their "Moralities" with little comedies or farces, some of which, in modified form, still hold the stage. Thus early did the bent of French genius declare itself.

THE earliest form which French literature assumed is that of the "Chansons de Geste," Songs of Deeds; they are narrative or epic poems, relating to episodes of French history, arranged in stanzas of arbitrary length, each line containing ten or twelve syllables, ending with rhymes in which the vowel sounds, though not the consonants, must agree; these were called "assonant rhymes." Their composers were trouvères, of knightly or priestly rank. The best productions of this kind date from the twelfth century.

The "Chanson de Roland," the earliest of these, is supposed to have been written before the close of the eleventh century. The oldest manuscript of the poem is in the Oxford collection, and contains 4001 ten-syllable lines. The author is believed to have been a Norman trouvère named Théroulde. It tells the tale of the death of Roland at Roncesvalles, and Charlemagne's vengeance. It has been translated into English by John O'Hagan and by Leonce Rabillon.

Marsila, the pagan king of Saragossa, offers homage to Charlemagne if he will return to France. Roland opposes, Ganelon supports the proposal. Roland, denied the embassy to Saragossa, recommends Ganelon, who goes, though reluctantly. Marsila, discovering Ganelon's jealousy of Roland, seduces him to aid in an attack on the French rearguard in the pass of the Pyrenees. The false ambassador now returns with hostages and gifts. Roland guards the rear, against which Marsila gathers a vast host, including many recreant knights. At Roncesvalles they overtake and surround Roland and the peers. Oliver, valiant but wise, urges Roland to sound his horn and bring Charlemagne to the rescue. The hero refuses. Archbishop Turpin, after blessing the Christian host, plunges into the fight and is slain. Thousands are killed; and Roland, when it is too late, blows a blast upon his horn. Before Charlemagne can reach the field, Roland, last of his host, is dead. Charlemagne pursues the already fleeing pagan army, and exacts terrible vengeance. Ganelon is tried and is put to death with his kinsmen. In many subsequent romances Ganelon is

named as the typical traitor, from whom the breed of traitors is descended. Under the name of Orlando, Roland is celebrated by later poets as the typical Christian hero.

ROLAND'S PRIDE.

"IN mighty strength are the heathen crew,"
Oliver said, "and our Franks are few,
My comrade Roland, sound on your horn,
Karl will hear and his hosts return."
"I were mad," said Roland, "to do such deed;
Lost in France were my glory's meed;
My Durindana shall smite full hard,
And her hilt be red to the golden guard,
The heathen felons shall find their fate,
Their death, I swear, in the pass they wait."

"O Roland, sound on your ivory horn,
To the ear of Karl shall the blast be borne,
He shall bid his legions backward bend
And all his barons their aid shall lend."

"Nay, God forbid it for very shame,
That for me my kindred were stained with blame,
Or that gentle France to such vileness fell;
This good sword that hath served me well,
My Durindana such strokes shall deal,
That with blood encrimsoned shall be the steel;
By their evil star are the felons led,
They shall be numbered among the dead."
"Roland, Roland, yet sound one blast,
Karl shall hear ere the gorge be passed,
And the Franks return on their path full fast."
"I will not sound on my ivory horn,
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn,
That for heathen felons one blast I blew;
I may not dishonor my lineage true.
But I will strike ere this fight be o'er
A thousand strokes and seven hundred more,
And my Durindana shall drip with gore,
Our Franks shall bear them like vassals brave,
The Saracen flock but find a grave."

"I deem of neither reproach nor stain,
I have seen the Saracen host of Spain
Over plain and valley and mountains spread
And the regions hidden beneath their tread;
Countless the swarm of the foes, and we
A marvellous little company."
Roland answered him, "All the more,
My spirit within me burns therefore;
God and his angels of Heaven defend
That France through me from her glory bend;
Death were better than fame laid low,
Our emperor loveth a downright blow."

THE HORN OF ROLAND.

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer again:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on the field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Oliver answered, "I know not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn,
Karl, as he passes the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Oliver, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it, and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Now shall not mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done." . . .

"Ah, why on me doth thy anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied,—
Better discretion than daring pride.

All by thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor will render service to Karl again.
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The king had come, and the field were won;
Marsil captive or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more to Karl we pay,
That first of men, till the judgment day.
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
Ended our loyal company—
A woeful parting this eve shall see."

Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behoves you to wind its call;
Karl will come to avenge our fall." . . .
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede,"
Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound;
Karl hath heard it and all his band.
"Our men have battle," said he, "on hand." . . .
With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded a mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst from the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard, as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And save in battle he had not blown."

Death of Archbishop Turpin.

The archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.

Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining haubert from his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;
In Paradise, where the almoners live again,
There are our couches spread,—there shall we rest from
pain."
Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;—
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;—
No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The archbishop, then,—on whom God's benison rest!—
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,—

Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified,—
In Paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;—
God grant to him his holy benison!

—*Translated by* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DEATH OF ROLAND.

THAT death was on him he knew full well,
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid;
Beneath him placed his horn and sword
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
This hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle count a conqueror died.
"*Mea culpa*" full oft he cried,
And, for his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance he raised his glove.

Roland feeleth his hour at hand,
On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land;
With one hand beats he upon his breast:
"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed,
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent them all."
As his glove he raised to God on high,
Angels of Heaven descend him nigh.
. . . . . .
On his memory rose full many a thought,
Of the lands he won and the fields he fought,
Of his gentle France, of his kin and line,
And his nursing father, King Karl benign.
He may not the tear and sob control;
Nor yet forgets he his parting soul;
To God's compassion he makes his cry:
"O Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise into life again

And Daniel shield in the lion's den;
Shield my soul from its peril due,
For the sins I sinned my life-time through."
He did his right-hand glove uplift,
Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift.
Then drooped his head upon his breast,
And with clasped hands he went to rest.
God from on high sent down to him
One of his angel cherubim;
St. Michael of Peril of the Sea,
St. Gabriel in company.
From Heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bare it with them to Paradise.

THE ROMANCE OF ROLLO.

MASTER WACE, to whom the Christian name Robert has been improperly assigned, was a Norman cleric, born in the Isle of Jersey about 1124. He first used his poetic talent in versifying legends of the saints, and afterwards translated Geoffrey of Monmouth's half-fabulous History of England from Latin into French verse as the Romance of Brutus (*Li Romans de Brut*). This work he presented to Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., about 1155. Nearly fifty years later the English priest Layamon translated and enlarged this poem in the language of his countrymen. Wace likewise translated and enlarged the Latin narrative of the chaplain of William the Conqueror, calling his poetical version the Romance of Rollo (*Roman de Rou*). Though parts of it are undoubtedly fabulous, it has been used as an authority by the scrupulous historian Freeman. It contains nearly 17,000 lines, most of them octosyllabic, but about one-fourth are Alexandrines, which some critics ascribe to a different author. Wace died in England after 1174.

DUKE WILLIAM AT ROUEN.

THEN Duke William was right sorrowful, and strength and power had none,
For he thought that in the battle he should well-nigh stand alone;
He knew not who would fight for him, or who would prove a foe:
"Why should we linger here?" quoth he,—"I into France will go."
Then said Boten,—"Duke William, thou hast spoke a coward's word;—
What! fly away at once, ere thou hast wielded lance or sword?

Think'st thou I e'er will see thee fly? Thou talk'st quite childishly.
Summon thy men, prepare for fight, and have good heart in thee;
Perjured thy foemen are, and they shall surely vanquished be."
"Boten," said William, "how can I prepare me for the fight?
Rioulf can bring four well-armed men for every single wight
I can command;—I sure shall die, if I against him go."
"That thou 'rt a coward," said Boten, "Saint Fiacre well doth know;
But, by the faith which firm I hold to the Son of God, I say,
Whoe'er should do as thou deserves sound beating in the fray;
For thou wilt neither arm nor fight, but only run away."
"Mercie!" cried William, "see ye not how Rioulf me sieges here?
And my perjured knights are all with him; must it not cost me dear?
And they all hate me unto death, and round encompass me;
I never can, by my soul I swear, drive them from this countrie;
I must forsake it, and to France right speedily I'll flee."
Then spake Bernart,—"Duke, know this well, we will not follow thee.
Too much of ill these men have wrought, but a day will surely come
For payment, and we'll pay them well. When erst we left our home
In Denmark, and to this land came, we gained it by our might;
But thou to arm thee art afraid, and dar'st not wage the fight.
Go, then, to France, enjoy thyself, a wretched caitiff wight;
No love of honest praise hast thou, no prayer will e'er avail thee.
O wicked one! why shouldst thou fear that God will ever fail thee?
Rollo, like bold and hardy chief, this land by his good sword won;
And thou wouldst do even as he did, wert thou indeed his son!"
"Bernart," said William, "well, methinks, thou hast reviled me,
Offence enow to me hast given, enow of villainye;
But thou shalt see me bear myself even as a man right wode;
Whoe'er will come and fight with me shall see my will is good.
Boten, good friend," said he, "Bernart, now list to me, I pray;
No longer hold me evil one, nor coward, from this day;
Call my men unto the battle-field; I pledge my word, and know,
That, henceforth, for the strife of swords ye shall not find me slow."

Then all did rush to arms, and all with equal spirit came;
And, fully armed, thrice haughtily defiance did proclaim
To Rioulf and his vassals, who the challenge heard with glee,

And flung it back to William, who returned it joyfully.
Full harnessed was he now, and toward his foemen blithe he ran;
"God be our aid!" he shouted, and rushed on like a giant man.
Ye never saw such heavy blows as Duke William gave that day;
For when the sword was in his grasp, scant need of leech had they
Who felt its edge; and vain were lance and brand 'gainst him, I trow;
For when Duke William struck them down, joy had they never moe.
'T was blithe to see how he bore himself, like a wild bull, 'mid the fight,
And drove his foemen left and right, all flying with sore affright;
For truly he did pay them off, and with a right good will.

Now when Rioulf saw his vassals there, lying all cold and still
Upon the field, while William's men boldly maintained their ground,
He seized his good steed's bridle-rein, and madly turned him round,
And stayed not to prick and spur, till near a wood he drew;
Then, fearing that Duke William's men did even yet pursue,
His hauberk, lance, and trusty sword away he gladly threw,
That more swiftly he might speed along; but though he was not caught,
Scarce better fate that gallant fight unto bold Rioulf brought;
For there he died, heart-broke, I ween, with shame and mickle woe,
And his corpse was after in the Seine (do not all that story know?)
Found floating on the rising tide. So the victory was won,
And far and wide was the story spread of the deeds the duke had done.

TAILLEFER AND ODO AT SENLAC.

THE following is Wace's account of the beginning of the battle of Senlac, commonly called Hastings, by which William of Normandy won the crown of England, October 14, 1066.

THEN Taillefer, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse before the duke, singing of Karlemaine, and of Rollante, of Oliver and the vassals who died in Renchevals. And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire," cried Taillefer. "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service.

To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask, as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle." And the duke answered, "I grant it."

Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving the lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword and struck another, crying out, "Come on!—come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on!—lay on!" At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward and surounded him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion. The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold and cast aside fear.

And now behold! that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty. Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns, and the shock of the lances, the mighty strokes of clubs, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over sea charged onwards, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted *Dex aie*, the English people *Out*. Then came the cunning manœuvres, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the sword, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman. When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understood not their speech. Some wax strong, others weak. The brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks and cleave the shields; they receive and return mighty blows. Again some press forward, others yield; and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds.

In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them, till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, unable to rise. Many of the English also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many

Normans die, as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it, as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse, without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Odo, the good priest, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up and said to them, "Stand fast!—stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for, if God please, we shall conquer yet!" So they took courage and rested where they were; and Odo returned, galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of good service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube [alb], wide in the body, with the sleeves tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need, he led up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

THIBAUD, KING OF NAVARRE.

THIS royal Trouvère was by ancestry and possessions a connecting link between the north and the south of France. His father was Thibaud III., Count of Champagne; his mother Blanche, daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre. Born in 1201, after his father's death, Thibaud was educated at the court of Philip Augustus, King of France. His title to Champagne was disputed, but was protected by the king. As a courtier Thibaud was highly accomplished; he was surnamed the Song-maker. But the jealousy of others involved the poet in many difficulties. The stately Queen-regent, Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis, filled the gallant Count with awe and admiration. She was fifty years of age and showed him no favor, yet his devotion to her was made the subject of lampoons. According to one account, the king's brother, Robert of Artois, was instigated by the nobles to throw a soft cheese in the Count's face, and as the latter could not resent the insult from a child, he withdrew from the court. According to another story, the Queen, finding that his verses made his passion too apparent, ordered him to retire. In 1234 Thibaud succeeded his uncle on the throne of Navarre, and soon after set out on a crusade. Two years were spent on the expedition, but he got no further than Roumania. After his return he promoted the interests of his subjects, by whom he was greatly beloved. His later poetry took a religious turn. He died at Pampeluna in 1253. Dante calls him

"the good King Tebaldo" (*Inferno*, xxii.), but Bossuet speaks contemptuously of his verses.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

LADY, the fates command, and I must go—
  Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
  But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
  Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again from pain and sorrow free,
  Never again to meet, when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
  How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
  As now in leaving thee; and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
  Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,
Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
  And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God, to thee I bend my knee,
  For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And oh! how mighty must that influence be,
  That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering
  Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
  So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties,—my grief unspeakable!
  Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still the affections that impel
  My heart toward Him, the God whose love is mine.
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
  Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
  Men's darkest thoughts,—forever bright and fair.

SUMMONS TO THE CRUSADE.

LORD! Thou canst tell that he who turns away
  From that blest land where God was born and died,
Nor will in pagan realms the Cross display,
  In blissful Paradise shall ne'er abide.
Ye whose high souls remorse and pity know,
For God and vengeance rise and strike the blow.
  Redeem his country from the heathen's pride!

Yet let the unworthy linger still behind,
  Who loves not God no honor shall attain:
A wife, a friend, subdue his wav'ring mind,
  Bound by the idle world in passion's chain.
Away with those who friends or kindred name,
Before the Cross which beckons them to fame!

Arm! noble youth, pursue the bright career!
  'Tis glory's call, 't is mighty Heaven's command;
Let earth and all her frailties disappear;
  Rouse for the faith, uplift thy conquering hand!
  And leave thy ashes in the sacred land!

God died for us,—for us His Cross He bore,
  And these, His words, a happy promise tell:
"Ye who my Cross uphold for evermore,
  Shall find a place where glorious angels dwell:
There ye shall gaze upon my brow of light,
  There my celestial mother ye shall know;
But ye who turn ye from the happy sight,
  Descend to darkness and eternal woe!"

Those who, devoted to the joys of earth,
  Shun death and danger with a coward's care,
I hold as foes and sinners little worth,
  Senseless of good, and worthy of despair.
O bounteous Lord! our evil thoughts remove,
Let us behold Thy sacred land of love!
Pray for us, Queen and Virgin, heavenly bright,
And let no ill assail us, through thy might!

MARIE DE FRANCE.

LITTLE is known of this mediæval poetess, except that she was born in France and appears to have lived chiefly in England. Her fourteen Lays are narrative poems of Breton origin, which she says she had carefully treasured in memory. She dedicated the collection to the king, probably Henry III., of England. Marie also translated from English into French a collection of over one hundred fables, which she called *Le Dit d' Ysopet* (Æsop). The epilogue mentions as her patron a Count William, who may have been William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury (died 1227). Another curious poem by Marie is on "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," but the "Crowning of Reynard," formerly ascribed to her, belongs to a later time.

THE LAY OF THE EGLANTINE.

THIS is one of the many poems relating to the story of Tristan and Yseult (or Isolde). Marc, King of Cornwall, having chosen as his bride Yseult la Blonde, daughter of Argius, King of Ireland, sent his nephew Tristan thither to escort her across the sea. Unfortunately they fell in love on the voyage, and the king, discovering their attachment, banished Tristan to Wales. The exile consoled himself by marrying another Yseult, the white-handed daughter of Hoël, King of Little Britain.

AWAKE, my harp, and breathe a lay
  Which poets oft have loved to tell,
Of Tristan and his lady gay,
  The fortunes that to each befell;
Of all their fondness, all their care,
  Of Tristan's wanderings far away;
And lovely Yseult, called the Fair,
  Who died upon the self-same day.

How Mark, the aged, jealous king,
  Their fatal passion came to know,
And banished Tristan, sorrowing,
  Where Wales a while concealed his woe.
There, wandering like a restless shade,
  From weary night to cheerless morn,
He roamed o'er mountain, wood, and glade,
  Abandoned, hopeless, and forlorn!

Nor marvel, ye who hear the tale,
  For such their fate will ever prove,
Whose constant hearts in vain bewail
  The lot of early blighted love.
A weary year in sudden mood
  With anxious memory he strove,
But found at length that solitude
  But added deeper wounds to love.

"Alas!" he said, "why lingering stay,
  Why hover round this living tomb?
Where Yseult pines far, far away,
  'Twere meet I sought my final doom.
There to some forest haunt I'll go,
  And, hid from every human eye,
Some solace yet my soul may know,
  Near where she dwells at least to die!"

He went—and many a lonely night
  In Cornwall's deep retreats he lay,
Nor ventured forth to mortal sight,
  An exile from the face of day.
At length along the flowery plains
  He stole at eve with humble mien,
To ask the simple shepherd swains
  Some tidings of the hapless queen.

Then told they how the baron bold
  Was banished to his distant home,
And to Tintagel's mighty hold
  The king, with all his court, was come.
For Pentecost, with pride elate,
  The feast, the tourney they prepare,
And, mistress of the regal state,
  The lovely Yseult would be there.

Joy sprang in Tristan's eager heart:
  The queen must through the forest wend,
While he, unnoticed, there apart,
  Secure, her coming could attend.
But how to bid her understand,
  When close to him she loved she drew?—
He cut in haste a hazel wand,
  And clove the yielding wood in two.

Then on the bark his name he traced,
  To lure her for a while to stay;
Each branch with trembling hand he placed
  At distance in fair Yseult's way.
It was their sign of love before;
  And when she saw that name so dear,
The deepest shade she would explore,
  To find if he were wandering near.

"Oh! well thou know'st, dear love," he said,
  "No life has Tristan but in thee!
And all my fondness is repaid,
  My Yseult lives alone for me!
Thou know'st the tree around whose stem
  The eglantine so fondly clings,
And hangs her flowery diadem
  From bough to bough in perfumed rings.

"Clasped in each other's arms, they smile,
  And flourish long in bliss and joy,
As though nor time nor age the while
  Their tender union could destroy.
But if it chance by Fate's hard hest
  The tree is destined to decay,
The eglantine droops on his breast,
  And both together fade away.
Ah, even such, dear love, are we:
  How can we learn to live apart?
To pine in absence thus from thee
  Will break this too devoted heart!"

She came—she saw the dear-loved name,
  So long to deep regret consigned,
And rosy bright her cheek became,
  As thoughts flashed quick across her mind.
She bade her knights a space delay,
  While she reposed amidst the shade;
Obedient all at distance stay,
  Nor seek her slumber to invade.

The faithful Brangian alone
  Companion of her search she chose,
To whom their early hopes were known,
  Their tender love and after woes!

Nor long amidst the wood she sought,
  Ere she beheld, with wild delight,
Him whom she loved beyond all thought,
  Rush forth to bless her eager sight.

Oh, boundless joy unspeakable!
  After an age of absent pain,
How much to say—how much to tell—
  To vow, regret, and vow again!
She bade him hope the time was near
  When his sad exile would be o'er,
When the stern king her prayer would hear,
  And call him to his court once more.

She told of many a bitter tear,
  Of hopes, of wishes unsubdued:
Ah! why, 'midst scenes so brief, so dear,
  Will thoughts of parting still intrude?
Yes, they must part, so lately met,
  For envious steps are lurking round;
Delay can only bring regret,
  And danger wakes in every sound.

"Adieu, adieu!" and now 'tis past,
  And now each path far distant lies:
Fair Yseult gains her train in haste,
  And through the forest Tristan hies.
To Wales again his steps he bent,
  And there his life of care renewed,
Until, his uncle's fury spent,
  He called him from that solitude.

'T was then in mem'ry of the scene,
  To both with joy so richly fraught,
And to record how blest had been
  The signal Love himself had taught,
That Tristan waked the softest tone
  His lute had ever breathed before,
Though well to him, Love's slave, was known
  All the deep springs of minstrel lore.
His strain to future times shall last,
  For 't was a dream of joy divine;
And that sweet record of the past
  He called "The Lay of Eglantine."

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

In recent years the pretty song-story of the love and adventures of Aucassin and Nicolete has anew captivated the hearts of all lovers of literature. It has been done into English by Andrew Lang, and other excellent writers, who have all commended the skill and originality of the nameless author. While he reproduces the manners and tone of a distant age, he touches chords which vibrate in modern hearts. Stedman and other poets of to-day have paid tribute to the mediæval master of their art. Some critics object to the burlesque interlude of the country of Torelore, but this is merely the fantastic reverse of the fairy tale of the lovers.

Fair Nicolete was in prison in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had caused her to be slain. Whosoever had joy thereof, his son Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world! Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to do, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars,

and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to do. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing. Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare,
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete, how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the towns-folk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and spikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height,

the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest! Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms and go into the stour, on this covenant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad. Here one singeth:

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold,
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel;
Twofold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on;
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear,
Setteth spurs to the destrere,
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau * was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Saviour. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Nathless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he, being stunned, fell grovelling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo, here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all mischief. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

*** Young knight.**

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

Here one singeth:

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe,
Crying thus as ye shall know:

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood! . . .
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon under ground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die,
For thee, my love."

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm and long and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew where she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist

that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear,
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold;
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair, sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, know ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but

the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that lingerest here
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord
Of the cloaked men of the sword;
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolete, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah God," saith she, "sweet Saviour! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, to-morrow they will take me, and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that to-morrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and

the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping-place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two crossbow-shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts and serpents, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping-stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone
For his mercy and his grace.

"Father, King of Majesty,
Listen, for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell;
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away.
Jesus, Lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there,
Than within the town to go.
Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts and serpents. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their sheep between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest; thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolete wakened, with the sound of the singing birds and the shepherds.

[Then she endeavored to hire the shepherds to bid Aucassin hunt in the forest, but they promised little.]

Here singeth one:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.

So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis;
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen;
Swore by God who may not lie,
"If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest a while thereby,
If he love me loyally."
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
"Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and neatly, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. But the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and made a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin, his son. Now at the high time of the feast was Aucassin leaning from a gallery, all woful and discomforted.

[But a knight advised him to ride out in the forest and hear the birds sing.]

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He saddled and bridled him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest. He rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here one singeth:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,

And the maid with yellow hair,
Bright of brow and eyes of vair.
She that gave us gold to ware.
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also.
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

Here speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolete, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

[After some dallying, they tell him their message.]

"Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce,* and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, when a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and within three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let it be, for my promise have I kept with her."

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry."

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it.
Three words spake he of his sweet,
"Nicolete the fair, the dear,
'Tis for thee I follow here
Nor track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain.
So please God me to maintain,
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend!"

* The first and third canonical hours of the day.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolete, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms and flanks and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolete, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not.

The night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete, his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, nathless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star.
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair, sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair, sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair, sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father search this forest to-morrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will."

"Certes, fair, sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily but, an' if I may, never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"

"Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!"
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the seashore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he

such speech with them that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvellous and great, and drave them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore. Then asked they what this land might be, and men told them that it was the country of the King of Torelore. Then he asked what manner of man was he, and was there war afoot, and men said,

"Yea, and mighty!"

Therewith took he farewell of the merchants, and they commended him to God. Anon Aucassin mounted his horse, with his sword girt, and his lady before him, and rode at adventure till he was come to the castle. Then asked he where the King was, and they said that he was in childbed.

"Then where is his wife?"

And they told him she was with the host, and had led with her all the force of that country.

Now when Aucassin heard that saying, he made great marvel, and came into the castle, and lighted down, he and his lady, and his lady held his horse. Right so went he up into the castle, with his sword girt, and fared hither and thither till he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the courteous knight,
To the chamber went fortbright,
To the bed with linen dight
Even where the King was laid.
There he stood by him and said:
"Fool, what mak'st thou here abed?"
Quoth the King: "I am brought to bed
Of a fair son, and anon
When my month is over and gone,
And my healing fairly done,
To the Minster will I fare
And will do my churching there,
As my father did repair.
Then will sally forth to war,
Then will drive my foes afar
From my countrie!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the King speak on this wise, he took all the sheets that covered him, and threw them all abroad about the chamber. Then saw he behind him a cudgel, and caught it into his hand, and turned, and took the King, and beat him till he was well-nigh dead.

"Ha! fair sir," quoth the King, "what would you with me? Art thou beside thyself, that beatest me in mine own house?"

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"By God's heart," quoth Aucassin, "thou ill son of an ill wench, I will slay thee if thou swear not that never shall any man in all thy land lie in of child henceforth for ever."*

So he did that oath, and when he had done it, "Sir," said Aucassin, "bring me now where thy wife is with the host."

"Sir, with good will," quoth the King.

He mounted his horse, and Aucassin gat on his own, and Nicolete abode in the Queen's chamber. Anon rode Aucassin and the King even till they came to that place where the Queen was, and lo! men were warring with baked apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and Aucassin began to look on them, and made great marvel.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin his horse doth stay,
From the saddle watched the fray,
All the stour and fierce array;
Right fresh cheeses carried they,
Apples baked, and mushrooms grey,
Whoso splasheth most the ford
He is master called and lord.
Aucassin doth gaze a while,
Then began to laugh and smile
And made game.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin beheld these marvels, he came to the King, and said, "Sir, be these thine enemies?"

"Yea, Sir," quoth the King.

"And will ye that I should avenge you of them?"

"Yea," quoth he, "with all my heart."

Then Aucassin put hand to sword, and hurled among them, and began to smite to the right hand and the left, and slew many of them. And when the King saw that he slew them, he caught at his bridle and said,

"Ha! fair sir, slay them not in such wise."

"How," quoth Aucassin, "will ye not that I should avenge you of them?"

"Sir," quoth the King, "overmuch already hast thou avenged me. It is nowise our custom to slay each other."

Anon turned they and fled. Then the King and Aucassin betook them again to the castle of Torelore, and the folk of that land counselled the King to put Aucassin forth, and keep Nicolete

* This barbarous custom, called the *couvade*, lingered long in the mountains of Southern France.

for his son's wife, for that she seemed a lady of high lineage. And Nicolete heard them, and had no joy of it, so began to say:

Here singeth one:

Thus she spake, the bright of brow:
"Lord of Torelore and king,
Thy folk deem me a light thing,
When my love doth me embrace,
Fair he finds me, in good case,
Then am I in such derray,
Neither harp, nor lyre, nor lay,
Dance nor game, nor rebeck play,
Were so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete, his sweet love, whom he loved so well.

[The story runs on that three years later the Saracens invade the land and carry off Aucassin and Nicolete. The ships were scattered by a storm, and Aucassin was shipwrecked at Biaucaire, where he became ruler. Nicolete was carried to Carthage, where she recognized the home of her childhood, and was accepted as the King's daughter. But when they wished her to marry she stole away, disguised as a harper. Taken on a ship, she reached Provence, and passed to Biaucaire. Here she sang her own story and was reunited to Aucassin.]

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet:
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet,
Kissed her lips and brow and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

RUTEBŒUF.

In the twelfth century the roads of France were so crowded with traveling minstrels that King Philip Augustus limited their number by law. Many then went abroad, wandering in Italy, Spain, Germany and England. A noted member of this class was Rutebœuf, born in 1230, and educated at the University of Paris, though he took no degree. Up and down the country he wandered, playing his fiddle, singing his songs, and telling his story of alternate gayety and misery. He was robbed on the highway and dreaded a worse fate. Returning to the capital, he assured his hearers that he had traveled in foreign lands, and brought home many wonderful remedies. He settled down in Paris, however, without mending his fortune. He wrote songs to order, a miracle play, and satires on the vices of the times, especially of the monks. The thriftless, gambling poet married a wife as poor as himself, and found new troubles in providing for his large family. He sang for daily bread, all the while telling his story gaily and wittily. He grew old, lost the sight of one eye, yet sang merrily to the last. Paris had its Bohemians even in the thirteenth century.

The Quack Doctor.

Holà! lords and ladies all,
Gentles great, and villains small,
Hear what luck doth you befall
On this day.
There is no deceit or guile,
You will own it, if a while
You will stay.

Sit down all, 'twill please you well,
While my tale I sing and tell,
Strange and rare.
Sirs, I am a doctor wise,
Many lands have seen these eyes,
Here and there.

Cairo's city knows my face;
There I treated for a space
Man and maid.
Then I sailed across the seas,
Till my ship brought me to Greece,
Where I stayed.

Next to Italy I came,
Laden with my gold and fame,
Curing all.
There I found herbs strange to see,
Fit to heal all ills that be,
Great and small.

Thence I journeyed to the stream
Where the precious jewels gleam,
Day and night.
But, alas! I could not land,
Prester John was close at hand
With his might.

Yet they brought me from the port
Stones and gems of such a sort
(Magic art),
That at merest touch the dead
Come to life and lift their head,
Light of heart.

The Villain* that Gained Paradise.

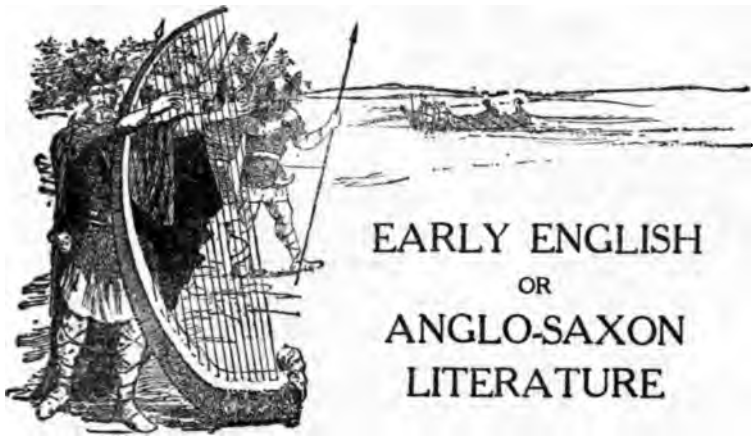
I tell a tale that once I read;
'Tis of a villain long since dead,
And of his soul. He passed away
One Friday at the close of day.
When it behooved the man to die,
Angel or devil, none was by;

*Villain is here used in its old sense—countryman, peasant.

And so the soul, from body reft,
Stood waiting there unheeded left,
None came to claim it; all in awe,
Yet half rejoiced, the poor soul saw
No devil instant flames command,
No angel's smiling face at hand;
Then, looking curious here and there,
Perceived a distant portal, where
Saint Michael's self was leading straight
A happy soul through Heaven's gate.
The villain followed, till at last
To Paradise itself he passed.
St. Peter, Heaven's porter, who
Had opened gates to let them through,
The soul received by Michael brought,
And then his eyes the villain caught.
"Who art thou?" asked he, when he saw
The soul come in against the law.
"Here is there entrance none, except
For those by judgment strict elect.
Besides, in truth, by Saint Gillain,
We want not here base-born villain."
To whom the villain made reply,
"No worse than you, fair saint, am I;
Harder are you than any stone;
Small honor have the churches won
From your apostleship. 'Twas you
Who did deny your Saviour true."
Ashamed and angry, Peter stayed,
And called Saint Thomas to his aid.
Said Thomas: "Leave the case to me,
Not long in Heaven his soul shall be."
Then to the villain goes, and, "Say
By what authority you stay,
False villain, where no soul may come
Without escort? This is no home
For such as you. From Paradise
Begone at once." The villain cries:
"Ah! Thomas, Thomas, is it well
For thee such measure rude to tell?
Art thou not he who, doubting still,
Would'st not confess thy Lord until,

False and of little faith, I ween,
His very wounds thine eyes had seen?"
  Saint Thomas grieved, with answer none,
Bent low his head, and next is gone
Straight to Saint Paul. "Now, by my head,"
Cried Paul, "this villain shall be sped."
"Villain," said he, "you enter here,
Regardless of all right—all fear;
Know, villain base, of low degree,
That Paradise is not for thee:
Therefore begone." "What!" cried the soul,
"Do I behold the apostle Paul?
That Paul who, cruel past compare,
Stoned Stephen, first of martyrs fair?
Full well I know thy life of old,
How many a man, betray'd and sold,
Was put to death by thee and thine,
Apostle fair, and saint divine.
Ha! have I not thy exploits heard?"
Saint Paul, abashed, with never a word
In answer, with confusion burned,
And to the other two returned.
  They laid the case before the Lord;
Peter it was who spoke the word.
Judgment he pleads against the clown
Who had so rudely cast him down,
That now he dared not take his place
Where one had shamed him to his face.
Then God says, "I must see this man."
Back to the gate the apostle ran.
God calls the clown and says, "Why now
Have you come here? And further, how
Can you expect to stay, if these
Apostles mine, you flout and tease?"
  "Sire, they first sought to drive me out.
But I told what I knew about
The faults of those that here I found.
My deeds and words on earth were sound.
I ne'er denied you, ne'er lost faith,
I ne'er stoned any one to death.
No one comes here till you decree;
Therefore judge me. A poor man see,

One who was born in poverty.
Hard work have I had all my life
Enduring all, I made no strife;
Whatever I was told to do
I did. I can appeal to you
If I am lying the least whit.
To poorer men I gave a bit
From bread I earned by my brow's sweat.
I sheltered them; by fire them set.
When I was ill I sent for priest,
Confessed my sins, and was released.
This was the way to heaven I learned,
And here I am. I can't be turned.
Whoso does this may come on high:
This was your word. You cannot lie."
Then said the Lord, "You plead so well,
That henceforth you in Heaven may dwell."



EARLY ENGLISH OR ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

ENGLAND and the English language take their name from the Angles, a tribe of Teutonic stock, which first emerged from the dense forests of Germany in the fourth century. They gave their name to Angeln, a small region in Schleswig-Holstein, before they crossed the North Sea to Britain. The Roman legions had departed from this land early in the fifth century, and in the latter half the Angles with their kindred tribes, the Saxons and Jutes, began to make settlements on the unprotected island. For a hundred and fifty years these Teutonic invaders continued to come and dispossess the Celtic population. Their first settlements were on the south and east coasts, and several independent kingdoms were set up.

In 597 Gregory the Great sent Augustine from Rome to Britain, and the Saxons in Kent accepted the Christian faith. In 828, Egbert of Wessex became the first "King of England." By the Treaty of Wedmore, fifty years later, the Danes were compelled by Alfred the Great to retire north of Watling Street,—the old Roman Road which divided the island diagonally from southeast to northwest. Under Edward and Athelstan, in the next century, the two kingdoms were consolidated; but the invasion of Sweyne, a Danish adventurer, in 1000, was followed by the rule of Canute and his successors. Finally, the Norman conquest,

under the leadership of William, in 1066, brings us to the close of the Anglo-Saxon period.

The name English, first applied to the language of the Angles, afterwards included the various Low German dialects mingling on the island. But the English of the post-Saxon and Norman times became practically another language. For the sake of clearness, therefore, we arbitrarily divide English into three stages:—the first, from 500 to 1200, we call Anglo-Saxon; the second, from 1200 to 1500, Middle English; and the third, from 1500 to the present day, English. For practical purposes, this arrangement is sufficiently accurate. Exact dates of the transition cannot be fixed. English is now the most composite of languages; it comprises words derived from Celtic, Scandinavian, Old French, later French, Latin, and many other tongues introduced through English explorations and conquests. But about three-fourths of the words used in the common speech are still Anglo-Saxon; only in literature and the learned professions does Latin preponderate.

English literature is commonly said to begin with the Epic of Beowulf, which was composed, and the scene of which is laid, on the Continent. The material on which it is based, legendary, mythical and historical, refers to the time of the Danish conquest of the Cimbrian peninsula, in the first part of the sixth century. The theory is that Danish poems embodying the epic were handed down from the Danes to Angles living in Angeln after the emigration of their countrymen to England had begun; and that when these in their turn emigrated, they brought it with them. The story was from time to time added to and modified, until after nearly three hundred years it attained the form in which we have it,—our copy being assigned to the eighth century. It is held to be the oldest epic not only in English, but in the whole Germanic group of languages. Beowulf, the hero (from *Baedo*, war, and *wulf*, wolf) was a thane, and later a king of the Swedish Goths (Geátas).

The connection of Gregory the Great with English history begins with the pun he made on the chubby-faced English children whom he saw exposed for sale in Rome; were they

but Christians, he said, angels, not Angles, would have been the right name for them. He bore them in mind, with an eye to the conversion of their countrymen; an undertaking which he was unable to carry out himself, but did entrust to so good and persuasive a man as Augustine. Gregory died in 604, Pope of Rome, at the age of sixty-six; he left behind him, among other manuscripts, a book of "Dialogues," which had the honor of finding a translator in another great man, Alfred of England (849–901).

Bæda, or Bede, surnamed The Venerable, was born in 673 and died 735. He was the most learned man of his time; at the age of nineteen he was made a deacon, and became a priest at thirty. He was familiar with Greek and Hebrew and "all learning," and was an eminent teacher. His chief work is "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum," which is considered an authority. It is from Bede that we derive our personal information concerning Cædmon, who flourished during Bede's boyhood. He was an unlearned man, Bede tells, and especially lacking in the poetic faculty, until in a dream or vision an angel bade him sing "The Beginning of Creatures." The unexpected success which attended his obedience to this command attracted to him the attention of Hilda, the princely abbess of Whitby, where the incident took place; and Cædmon was induced to enter the monastery and to devote his miraculous gift to the service of God. He made a number of remarkable metrical paraphrases of parts of Holy Writ, in which glows the fire of a rustic and rugged genius. His illumination did not come to him until he had passed the middle period of life; certainly, if Bede's tale of him be true, it is a strange case of delayed faculty. But, as always happens when anything a little passes the bounds of common experience, there are many who doubt whether Cædmon ever had any real existence. The poems attributed to him, however, are palpable and legible still.

A personage still more questionable is Cynewulf. This name was detected in an ancient Anglo-Saxon poem, "Elene," into which it had been worked by runes. The discovery was made in 1840 by two independent students, one of whom inferred that Cynewulf must have lived in the eighth century,

while the other was just as convinced that he must have lived in the tenth and eleventh. In this case color would be lent to the accompanying suggestion that the mysterious poet might have been an abbot of Peterborough who officiated there from 992 to 1006. Cynewulf concealed himself so well that one conjecture about him is as good as another. Various productions—Elene, Juliana, Crist, Riddles, The Wanderer, and others, are attributed to him. But his true identity is forever lost in the shadows of that uncertain age.

A fragment of an early English poem called Judith was found in a MS. copy of Beowulf, made in the eighth century, and this, from internal evidence, is supposed to have been the work of Cædmon. Finally, to make an end of these ambiguous relics, may be mentioned the Exeter Book, given to the library of Exeter Cathedral in 1061 by Bishop Leofric. It is a collection of Anglo-Saxon poems, one of which is ascribed to Cynewulf; Widsith is probably the most ancient of all; others are a paraphrase of the Song of Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah; the Sea-farer, a poem on Christian morality; the Legend of St. Guthlac; hymns, a short sermon in verse, and minor pieces.

The latter half of the ninth century belongs to Alfred the Great, under whom England begins to assume stronger outlines. He became king of the West Saxons in 871, but the first part of his reign was a doubtful struggle against the invading Danes. He overcame Guthrum in 878, and concluded a favorable peace, one condition of which was that the Norse robber should receive baptism. Other Danes came upon the coast in 894, but were finally worsted in a sea-fight in 897, the first time that the Vikings had been beaten in their ships. Alfred meanwhile did not allow himself to be distracted by war from the pursuits of peace. For a man so young, and with cares so various, his achievements in literature and statesmanship are extraordinary. He compiled a code of laws, rebuilt schools and monasteries, surrounded himself with the distinguished scholars of his time, and translated into the speech of his people a number of works which had hitherto been hidden from them in their Latin dress. Among these were the works of Bede, Paulus Orosi-

us's "Epitome of Universal History," the "Consolations of Philosophy" of Boethius, and, as has been already noticed, Gregory's "Dialogues." Having done so much, and so well, it presently came to be believed that there was nothing he could not do, and almost nothing that he had not done; he became the hero of legend. These anecdotes show the ideal man of the period; shrewd, brave, patient, fertile in expedients, equal to any fortune, however high or low; endowed with a quiet sense of humor, and always meeting or surpassing expectation in whatever crisis he might encounter. And though some of the anecdotes themselves may be apocryphal, it is likely that such a man as this Alfred really was.

Edward, surnamed the Elder, Alfred's son, succeeded him, and enlarged the kingdom; but his reign is not asssociated with any literary advance. Under the next king, Athelstan, Anlaf or Olaf of Ireland and Constantine of Scotland were leagued to overthrow him, but were themselves defeated at the battle of Brunanburh in Northumbria; and a ballad describing this victory is found in the Saxon Chronicle. This Chronicle is a relation of the principal events of the times, begun probably under Alfred, and continued for about three hundred years. It is the earliest history of any Teutonic people in its own language.

Another battle celebrated in contemporary verse is that of Maldon, in which Brihtnoth, an eaoldorman of the East Saxons, fell fighting against the Norwegians. This was in the year 991.

It will be seen that the literature before the Conquest is small in amount; but it is of high value. When the Normans had established themselves in the country, the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons were preserved only in the monasteries; and, the native language being repressed, they soon ceased to be regarded. In 1534 Henry VIII. quarreled with the pope, and severed the tie between the Roman church and English state. In his hot zeal against Catholicism, he dissolved the monasteries, and most of their archives were destroyed. A few books were saved by Matthew Parker, then a chaplain of the Court, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; and others were collected still later by Sir Robert Bruce

Cotton (1571–1631), an ardent antiquarian, founder of the Cottonian Library, now in the British Museum.

The Anglo-Saxons had the custom, which has not died out in our time, of celebrating all events and sealing compacts with strong drink. To these ceremonial revels, in court, mead-hall or green, flocked the scöps or bards, inspired "shapers," who sang death-songs, epics, and the exploits of heroes. Anglo-Saxon verse was formed of two half-lines, each having four or more syllables and two accents; three accented syllables of every pair of half-lines were alliterated with the same letter, and thus the two were made into one long line with four accents. This arrangement is well exemplified in a translation by Prof. Henry Morley:

"One shall *h*andle the *h*arp | at the feast of his *h*ero
Sit and *w*in *w*ealth | from the *w*ill of his lord;
Still *q*uickly *c*ontriving | the throb of the *ch*ords,
The *n*ail *n*imbly makes music | awakes a glad *n*oise,
While the *h*eart of the *h*arper | throbs, *h*urried by zeal."

The Anglo-Saxon genius is not romantic or florid; it deals sparingly in figures of speech and flights of rhetoric; though its tropes, when they do appear, are strong and memorable, as when the sea is termed "the whale-road," or a ship, "wave-traverser." But earnestness is always its leading characteristic, and, under Christianity, a strong religious sentiment. Generally speaking, they eschewed fancy, and in their poetry depended less on national legends than on ethics, religion and meditative themes. In these respects it is in contrast with the most of the contemporary verse of the Continent. They were a shrewd, serious, sensible people, and their literature reflects them.

WIDSITH, OR THE TRAVELER'S SONG.

In Exeter Cathedral is preserved one of the early Anglo-Saxon songs, revealing the character and the way of life of the old Teutonic minstrels. The manuscript was the gift of Bishop Leofric, about 1061, but the poem itself is of earlier date. Indeed, the English version is probably but a recast of a poem composed before the Saxon migration. Widsith means "Far Away," referring to the travels of the poet. He describes himself as born among the Myrgings, north of the Elbe; in his youth he visited the court of Hermanric, a warrior king of the Goths in the fourth century. The Exeter manuscript, however, contains a list of monarchs down to beyond the year 520. There is incidental mention of the Angles and Saxons, and the names of chiefs and tribes of remote countries are recited. He relates how mighty princes rewarded his songs, and how he in turn stimulates them with promises of fame.

Thus I traveled through strange lands and learnt
Of good and evil in the spacious world;
Parted from home-friends and dear kindred, far
The ways I followed. Therefore I can sing
And tell a tale, recount in the Mead Hall
How men of high race gave rich gifts to me.
I was with Huns and Hreth Goths, with the Swedes,
And Getás, and with the South Danes. I have seen
The Wenlas and the Wærnas, and have been
With the Vikings. And also I have been
Among the Gefthas and the Winedas,
And Gefflegas; with Angles, and with Swæfs,
And Ænenas; with Saxons and with Sycgs,
With Swordmen, with the Hrons, and with the Deans;
With Heathoreams and with Thuringians,
With Throwends, with Burgundians; there I had
A circlet given to me by Guthhere,
A welcome treasure for reward of song.
That was no tardy king! With Franks I was,
And Frisians, and Frumtings, with the Rugs,
And with the Gloms, and with the Rúmwealhs;
So was I with Albuin in Italy;
He of all men was readiest of hand
In shaping praise, most liberal of heart
In sharing rings, bright collars, Eádwin's son.

. . . . . And I was
With Eormanric, and all the while the king
Of Goths was good to me. Chief in his burgh,
A collar of six hundred sceats of gold
Counted in coin he gave me—beaten gold—
Which I, home coming, in requital gave
To Eádgil, my protector and my friend;
For he, Prince of the Myrgings, gave to me
The land I hold, my father's heritage.
Then Eálhhild, Eádwin's daughter, noble queen,
Gave me another. Over many lands
I have prolonged her praise, when my task was
To say in song where under Heaven I knew
The gold-wreathed Queen most happy in her gifts.

When I and Skilling for our conquering lord
With clear voice raised the song loud to the harp,
The sound was music; many a stately man,
Who well knew what was right, then said in words
That never had they heard a happier song.
. . . . . .
So have I ever found in journeying
That he is to the dwellers in a land
The dearest, to whom God gives, while he lives
Here upon earth, to hold rule over men.
Thus wandering, they who shape songs for men
Pass over many lands, and tell their need,
And speak their thanks, and ever, south or north,
Meet some one skilled in songs and free in gifts,
Who would be raised among his friends to fame
And do brave deeds till light and life are gone.
He who has thus wrought himself praise shall have
A settled glory underneath the stars.

BEOWULF.

THIS remarkable epic poem, long buried in manuscript in England, was first published by the Danish scholar Thorkelin in 1815, and was translated into Danish by Dr. Grundtvig in 1820. In 1833 J. M. Kemble issued the first English edition of *Beowulf.* Since that time there has been a large number of editions and interpretations in German and English. The

poem appears fairly to belong to Denmark; it contains no mention of England, and hardly anything Christian; in its original form, therefore, it probably antedated the Anglo-Saxon settlement in Britain. Though the scene of Beowulf is as distinctly laid in Denmark as that of Hamlet, some critics have found in England places from which the description of the scenery might have been taken.

The outline of the poem is as follows: After a pedigree of Danish kings, in which the name Beowulf occurs, King Hrothgar is declared to have built a grand mead-hall, called Heorot. Here his warriors gather to enjoy festivity until their noise rouses a gigantic invulnerable fiend, Grendel, whose home is in a marshy lake not far off. The fiend, issuing by night, approaches the hall, seizes one of the men asleep on benches, and carries him off to be devoured. From time to time for twelve years the fiend thus rages until the mead-hall is deserted, and its fate is made known far and near in songs. Then another Beowulf, of Gothic descent, kinsman of Hygelac, King of Sweden, sailed from that country with fourteen warriors to help the distressed king. The Danish guards at first challenged them as pirates, but King Hrothgar gave friendly welcome, and learning Beowulf's errand, resigned to him charge of the hall. The fiend Grendel, renewing the attack, seizes one of Beowulf's men, yet loses an arm in that hero's mighty grasp. Next day the festivity is renewed, but at night Grendel's mother, the Eheswulf, rushes in and carries off Æschere, Hrothgar's dearest thane. The king urges Beowulf to attack the monsters in their dreadful haunts. The hero, donning his armor, plunges into the gloomy, blood-stained stream, and encounters Grendel's mother at the bottom of the lake. A desperate fight ensues, but Beowulf destroys both monsters and discovers rich treasure in a cave. Neglecting this, he carries off as trophies the heads of the fiends, and swimming through a sea of blood, reaches the land, where his friends await him. In the mead-hall he relates his exploits to Hrothgar, who rewards him magnificently, while the gleeman celebrates his deeds in a new song. The warriors renew their revelry, shouting "Heorot is ransomed." When morning came, Beowulf and his followers resolved to return home. The Danish king gave them a splendidly-equipped vessel, and Beowulf presents Hrothgar with a jeweled sword.

Fifty years later Beowulf has another adventure. A dragon, guardian of a hidden treasure, ravages his country and burns his palace. The king sets out with a few comrades to meet it. Believing that he will fall in the conflict, he rehearses his past life. Then he advances against the dragon, whose scaly hide his sword cannot penetrate, and whose fiery breath consumes the shield of his comrade Wiglaf. Beo-

wulf's sword is broken and the dragon seizes him, but Wiglaf stabs it, and then Beowulf cuts it in two. Wiglaf brings out the treasure, and receives the king's last commands. Beowulf dies, and the poem closes with his funeral.

Beowulf's Fight with the Fiend.

Then from the moor, under the shroud of mist,
Came Grendel striding. Wrath of God he bare.
Scather of men, he thought in the high hall
To snare one of man's race. Shrouded he went
Till he saw clearly the gold-hall of men,
The wine-house, gay with cups; nor then first sought
The home of Hrothgar. But in his life-days
Never before or since a bolder man
He found, or hall-thanes. Journeying to the house
Came then the man divided from all joys;
Quickly he rushed upon the door made fast
With bands fire-hardened; with his hands broke through,
For he was swollen with rage, the house's mouth.
Then soon upon the many-colored floor
The foe trod; on he went with ireful mood,
Came from his eyes a fierce light likest fire.
He saw within the hall a kindred band
Of many men asleep, a company
Of comrades, all together; then he laughed:
For the dire monster thought before day came
To part life from the body of each one.
Hope of a glut of food had grown in him,
Yet it was not his fate that he should eat
After that night more of the race of men.
Hygelac's strong kinsman saw how the foul foe
Would make his sudden grasps; nor meant the wretch
Delay, for at the first he swiftly seized
A sleeper, slit him unaware, bit through
His bone-case, from his veins drank blood, and soon,
Swallowing in large lumps, had eaten all
The dead man, feet and hands. Then nearer, forth
He stepped, laid hands on the stout-hearted chief
Upon his couch. But he against the foe
Stretched out a hand, soon knew his foul intent,
And fastened on his arm. Herdsman of mischiefs,
Soon he found that on earth in all its parts

A stronger hand-grip never had he felt.
Fearful in mind and soul, he sought escape,
But not for that came he the sooner thence.
He to his lurking-place would fly, would seek
The wild throng of the devils; his life-days
Had known before no tug so sharp as this.
Then Hygelac's good kinsman bore in mind
His evening speech, stood upright, grasped him hard;
His fingers burst, and free the eoten [fiend] was.
The earl advanced more. The bold champion thought
Whether he might not so get room to escape,
Fly to his fen pool, but his fingers' strength,
In the fierce grip, he knew. The harmful spoiler
Found that his path to Heorot led to grief.
The great hall thundered, for all Danes who dwelt
There fortified, for all the brave men, earls,
The ale was spilt; that the wine-hall withstood,
The fair house of the world, the shock of war,
That it fell not in ruin, was great wonder.
But it was strengthened against that with bands,
Within, without, of iron, cunning work
Of smiths. There many a mead-bench, gold-adorned,
Was tilted from its sill, as I've heard tell;
Old counsellors of the Scyldings never thought
That any man in hate and slaughter stained
Could break it or unclose it by his craft,
But only by the hot embrace of fire.

Uprose a cry, new, urgent; a dire fear
Fell on the North Danes, on each one of those
Who from the wall heard the wild whoop, the chant
Of horror sung by God's antagonist,
Song of no victory, the thrall of hell
Wailing in pain; too tightly he was held
By him then strongest of all living men.
The help of earls would not for anything
Let go that deadly guest while living, thought
His life-days of no use to any man.
Then many an earl of Beowulf's drew his sword,
His ancient heritage, and would defend,
If so he might, the prince's life. They knew not,
These eager sons of battle, when they joined

The strife, and sought to hew on every side,
To seek his soul, that no sword upon earth,
Choicest of blades, could touch the wicked fiend.
But he all martial weapons had forsworn,
Every edged blade. And he was wretchedly
On that day of this life of men to die,
His ghost far journeying to serve the fiends.
Then he who erst against the race of man
In mirthful mood had wrought out many crimes,
He was God's foe, found that his body failed
To serve him, because Hygela's bold kinsman
Had him in hand. The other's life to each
Was hateful; the fell wretch endured sore pain,
A wide wound on his shoulder could be seen;
The sinews snapped, the bone enclosures burst,
Glory of battle was to Beowulf given;
To his fen shades, death-struck, must Grendel flee,
Seek a sad home, well knowing that life's end
Was come, the number of his days was past.

So he who had come from afar fulfilled
In deadly fight the will of all the Danes;
Wise and stout-hearted, had cleansed Hrothgar's hall,
Saved it from malice. Glad in his night's work,
His fame for strength, the chieftain of the Goths
Had served the Danes according to his boast,
Healing the deep-set griefs they had endured,
No slight affliction, borne through hardest need.
Clear was the token of this, when the stout chief
Laid down hand, arm, and shoulder, there was all
The grip of Grendel under that great roof.

THE SEAFARER.

THE "Seafarer," another song found in the Exeter book, is probably of Christian origin, and hence later than the "Traveler's Song." It is one of the many allegories of human life. Here man's soul is represented as leaving its earthly abode to cross the seas in quest of a heavenly home. Prof. Henry Morley gives the following modernized version, preserving much of the original alliteration and metrical form.

I may sing of myself now a song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel, the toil of hard days;

How oft through long seasons I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast bitterest care;
How I sailed among sorrows in many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves, the close watch of the night
At the dark prow in danger of dashing on rock,
Folded in by the frost, my feet bound by the cold
In chill bands, in the breast the heart burning with care.
The soul of the sea-weary hunger assailed.
Knows not he who finds happiest home upon earth
How I lived through long winter in labor and care,
On the icy-cold ocean, an exile from joy,
Cut off from dear kindred, encompassed with ice.
Hail flew in hard showers, and nothing I heard
But the wrath of the waters, the icy-cold way;
At times the swan's song; in the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy, in the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men, in the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead. Starlings answered the storm
Beating stones on the cliff, icy-feathered, and often
The eagle would shriek, wet of wing.
Not one home-friend could feel with the desolate soul;
For he little believes to whom life's joy belongs
In the town, lightly troubled with dangerous tracks,
Vain with high spirit and wanton with wine,
How often I wearily held my sea-way.

The night shadows darkened, it snowed from the north;
The rime bound the rocks; the hail rolled upon earth
Coldest of corn: therefore now is high heaving
In thoughts of my heart, that my lot is, to learn
The wide joy of waters, the whirl of salt spray.
Often desire drives my soul to depart,
That the home of the strangers far hence I may seek.
. . . . . .
Let us look to the home where in truth we can live,
And then let us be thinking how thither to come;
For then we too shall toil that our travel may reach
To delight never ending, when life is made free
In the love of the Lord, in the height of the heavens!
May we thank the All-Holy who gave us this grace,—
The Wielder of glory, the Lord everlasting,—
In time without end! Amen.

CÆDMON.

At Whitby, in Yorkshire, a famous abbey was founded in 657 A.D., by Hilda, a lady of the royal family and a convert from Paganism. Her memory was so precious to her countrymen that, though the abbey was dedicated to St. Peter, it was popularly called St. Hilda's. Here was held in 664 the synod in which the North British Christians, who had been instructed by the Culdees, or Celtic missionaries, accepted the Roman time of celebrating Easter. Here also, in Hilda's lifetime, arose a poet who attempted to diffuse among the people a knowledge of Scripture history by means of Anglo-Saxon verse. The historian Bede, some fifty years later, thus sketched his career:

"Cædmon was a brother in her monastery, specially distinguished by divine grace, for he used to make songs apt to religion and piety; so that, whatever he learnt through interpreters of Holy Writ, this he, after a little while, composed in poetical words, and, with the utmost sweetness and feeling, would produce in his own English tongue. By his songs often the minds of many were made to glow with contempt of earthly and desire for heavenly things. He was a layman until of mature age, and had never learnt any poem. Sometimes, therefore, at a feast when, for the sake of pleasure, all should sing in their turn, he, seeing the harp coming near him, rose from the table and went home. Once, having left the house of festivity, he went out to the stables of the beasts, care of which on that night was entrusted to him, and there, when at the usual hour he had yielded to sleep, one stood by him, saluting him and calling him by name: 'Cædmon, sing me something.' 'I cannot sing,' said he, 'I have come hither out of the feast because I could not sing.' Again spoke the other, 'But you shall sing to me.' 'What ought I to sing?' said he, and the other answered, 'Sing the origin of creatures.' Having received this answer he immediately began to sing to the praise of God the Creator verses meaning thus:

"'Now ought we to praise the Author of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all marvels; the Almighty Guardian, who created for the sons of men first heaven for their roof, and then the earth.'

"Cædmon, awakening, remembered some of the lines, and made others similar. These he related to the steward, and by him was led

to the abbess who ordered him to tell his dream, and repeat his poem. A portion of sacred history was read to him, and he was directed to put it in verse. This he did by the next day, and the abbess then advised him to become a monk. Having done so, he was taught the sacred history, and by remembering and ruminating, like a clean animal, he turned it into sweetest verse, making his teachers in turn his hearers."

Such is Bede's account of this Saxon Christian poet, and the fragments ascribed to him correspond in the main with this description of his work. Many critics consider that the works of two or more authors have been brought together under his name. The first part, *Genesis*, departs further from the Biblical narrative, and is more sublime than the later parts. In its story of the fall of Satan from heaven it anticipates Milton's Paradise Lost. This idea is found, however, in other authors and is traced to Pope Gregory the Great in his exposition of Isaiah XIV. 12–15. A closer parallel is found in a Latin poem on sacred history by Avitus, bishop of Vienne in Gaul, A.D. 500. The sublimity and poetic merit of Cædmon, even as translator, cannot be gainsaid. In some passages his grand simplicity is superior to the elaborate ingenuity of Milton. The whole subject has been carefully discussed by S. Humphreys Gurteen in his work, The Epic of the Fall of Man.

EVE.

THE Heavenly Guardian then saw Adam lone,
And friend or comforter was by him none:
Therefore for him, in this his lonely state,
The Lord a woman made—a fair helpmate.
Softly he slept, and fast he lay at rest,
No soreness wist, nor any suffering guessed;
Nor whilst the Lord of Angels from his side
A jointed rib took out to form his bride,
Did any blood the place with crimson stain—
Ere Adam woke the wound was healed again.
In their glad hearts no sinful passions move—
Their bosoms glow with pure and ardent love;
With youth and beauty clad, they shone so fair,
Well might they with th' angel host compare.

The Lord Himself the pair with joy surveyed,
And while He blest, these were the words He said:—
"Teem now and multiply; fill with your happy kin
The all-green earth; your reign forthwith begin;
To you the salt sea-waves shall service owe,
And all creation shall in reverence bow.
To you be subject all the hornéd band,
And the wild beasts submit to your command—
All living things that seek on earth their prey,
And all that swim along the huge whales' way—
These all shall you with humble fear obey."

—*Modernized by* R. T. GASKIN.

SATAN, THE ANGEL OF PRESUMPTION.

THE Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
The Holy Father by his strength of hand,
That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
And work His will. For that the holy God
Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
In happiness He placed them, and to one
He added prevalence and might of thought,
Sway over much, next highest to Himself
In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
That pure as starlight was in heaven the form
Which God, the Lord of hosts, had given him.
Praise to the Lord His work, and cherishing
Of heavenly joy and thankfulness of God
For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in his sanctuary.
Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
From him that in his Angel pride arose.
He raised himself against his Maker, sought
Speech full of hate and bold, presuming boast.
Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
And in his mind he found not service due
To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
In force and skill greater than all God's host.
Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought

Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
That north and south he should begin to work,
Found buildings; said he questioned whether he
Would serve God. "Wherefore," he said, "shall I toil?
No need have I of master. I can work
With my own hands great marvels, and have power
To build a throne more worthy of a God
Higher in Heaven. Why shall I for His smile
Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
I may be God as He.
Stand by me, strong supporters firm in strife.
Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,
Have chosen me for chief; one may take thought
With such for counsel, and with such secure
Large following. My friends in earnest they,
Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
I am their master and may rule this realm.
Therefore it seems not right that I should cringe
To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant."

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His Angel raised himself
Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favor lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains;
He strove against Heaven's highest Lord,
Who shook him from his favor, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, Angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all

To Devils, because they his Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light
Under the earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights;
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness
Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light, and was full of flame,
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear, beloved
Of God, until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God
Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
A name, said that the highest should be called
Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
Bade him have rule, and strife with God avoid.

JUDITH.

It is related in the Apocrypha that Bethulia, a city of Judea, was closely besieged by Holofernes, a captain of the host of Nebuchadnezzar. To avert its threatened doom, the patriotic maiden Judith ventured into the enemy's camp, hoping to beguile the general with her beauty, and thus secure an opportunity to slay him. Such blending of treachery and daring devotion had special attraction for war-loving barbarians half redeemed from Paganism. This sacred legend was the theme of a spirited Anglo-Saxon poem which has been attributed to Cædmon, as having certain characteristics of style found in his other works. It varies in several features from the original story, adapting it to Anglo-Saxon hearers. All that remains formed probably a fourth of the whole. The fragment was found in the same manuscript with "Beowulf." The following extract is from Prof. Henry Morley's modernized version.

She doubted not the glorious Maker's gifts
In this wide earth; from the great Lord to find
Ready protection when she needed most
Grace from the highest Judge; that He, whose power
Is over all beginnings, with His peace
Would strengthen her against the highest terror.
Therefore the Heavenly Father, bright of mood,
Gave her her wish, because she ever had
Firm faith in the Almighty.
Then heard I Holofernes bade prepare
Wine quickly, with all wonders gloriously
Prepare a feast, to which the chief of men
Bade all his foremost thanes, and with great haste,
Shield-warriors obeyed, came journeying
To the rich lord, the leader of the people.
That was the fourth day after Judith, shrewd
Of thought, with elfin beauty, sought him first.

Then Holofernes, the gold friend of man,
Joyed in the pouring out, laughed, talked aloud,
Roared and uproared, that men from far might hear
How the stern-minded stormed and yelled in mirth,
Much bidding the bench-sitters bear their part
Well in the feasting. So the wicked one
Through the day drenched his followers with wine,

The haughty gift-lord, till they lay in swoon;
His nobles all o'er drenched as they were struck
To death, and every good poured out of them.
So bade the lord of men serve those in hall
Till the dark night drew near the sons of men.
Then they brought quickly to his place of rest
The woman wise of wit; went rugged men
To make known to their lord that there was brought
The holy woman to his bower tent.
Then was the famed one blithe of mood, the chief
Of cities thought the bright maid to defile
With filth and stain, but that the glorious Judge
Would not allow, who kept the flock of fame;
The Lord, who guides the good, stayed him in that.
Then went the devilish one, with crowd of men,
Baleful, to seek his bed, where he should lose
His prosperous life, at once, within a night;
There had he to await his end, on earth
A bitter one, such as he in old time
Wrought for himself, while he, bold chief of men,
Dwelt on this earth under the roof of clouds.
So drunken then with wine the king fell down
In the midst of his bed, that counsel he knew none
Within the chamber of his thought.

Then she of braided locks, the Maker's maid,
Took a sharp sword, hard from the grinding, drew it
With strong palm from the sheath, and then by name
Began to name Heaven's Warden, Saviour
Of all who dwell on earth, and spake these words:
"God, first Creator, Spirit of Comfort, Son
Of the Almighty, glorious Trinity,
I will pray for Thy mercy upon me
Who need it. Strongly is my heart now stirred,
Distressed the mind sorely disturbed with care:
Give to me, Lord of Heaven, victory
And true belief, that with this sword I may
Hew at this giver of death. Grant me success,
Strong Lord of men, never had I more need
Of Thy compassion; now, O mighty Lord,
Bright-minded Giver of renown, avenge
What stirs my mood to anger, mind to hate."

He then, the highest Judge, encouraged her
At once with strength. So doth He to each one
Of those here dwelling who seek Him for help
With reason and with true belief. Her mood
Then became unoppressed and renovate
With holy hope; she took the heathen then
Fast by his hair, and drew him with her hands
Shamefully towards her, and laid with skill
The hateful man where she most easily
Might have the wicked one within her power.
She, braided-locked, then struck the scather-foe
With glittering sword, him in whose thought was hate,
That she cut half his neck through, and he lay
In swoon, drunk, with a death wound, but not yet
Was dead, his soul all fled; the woman then,
Famous for strength, with vigor struck again
The heathen dog, so that his head went forth
Upon the floor. Then the foul carcase lay
Empty behind, while the soul went elsewere
Under the abyss, and there it was condemned,
Tied down to torment ever after, wound
About with serpents, fixed to punishment,
Chained in hell's burning after it went hence.

Great glory Judith then had gained in strife,
As God, the Lord of Heaven, granted her,
Who gave her victory. The clear-witted maid
Then quickly brought the leader's bleeding head
Into the bag that her attendant maid,
A pale-faced woman, trained to noble ways,
Had carried thither with the food of both,
And Judith, thoughtful-minded, gave it then,
So gory, to her maid to carry home.
Then both the women went directly thence
Bold in their strength, exulting in success,
Out from that host, till they might clearly see
The glittering walls of fair Bethulia.

CYNEWULF.

IN 1823 there was discovered in a monastery at Vercelli, in northern Italy, a manuscript of Anglo-Saxon poetry. The last and longest poem, *Elene*, related the legend of the finding of the true Cross by Helena, the mother of Constantine. In the closing verses the poet had curiously inserted his own name in runes, the early alphabetic characters of northern Europe. These runes were read in 1840 by Jacob Grimm and J. M. Kemble, working independently. The name Cynewulf, thus found, was discovered similarly in two poems of the Exeter Book, one on the Coming of Christ, the other relating the legend of St. Juliana. Smaller poems in these books, including ninety riddles, have been attributed to this poet, previously unknown. The following passage is the end of the poem on the Coming of Christ.

Now it is likest to that as if on liquid flood
Over cold water in keels we went forward
Through the vast sea with ocean-horses,
Ferried the floating wood. Frightful that stream is
Of waves unmeasured, that here we toss upon,
Over a deep passage. It was strong effort,
Ere we to land had reached hardly,
Over the rough swell. Then help to us came,
So that us into safety to the port guided
God's heavenly Son; and He gave us the gift
That we may espy over the ship's side
Where we shall fasten the steeds of the sea,
Old mares of the water, with anchors fast.
Let us in that port our confidence plant,
Which for us laid open the Lord of the skies,
Holy on high, where He to heaven ascended.

Here also is his Call to Christ:

Come now, thou Lord of Victory, Creator of Mankind,
  Make manifest Thy tenderness in mercy to us here!
Need is there for us all in Thee Thy Mother's kin to find,
  Though to Thy Father's mystery we cannot yet come near.
Christ, Saviour, by thy coming bless this earth of ours with love;
  The golden gates, so long fast barred, do Thou, O Heavenly King,
Bid now unclose, that humbly Thou, descending from above,
  Seek us on earth, for we have need of blessing Thou canst bring.

THE surname "Great" was first bestowed on Alfred in the sixteenth century; by his contemporaries he was called in such affectionate titles as "England's Darling," "England's Comfort," "England's Shepherd." Born 849, he twice visited Rome, was anointed by the pope, fought beside the king his brother against the Danes, and was himself crowned in 871. The Danes occupied all his attention till by his exertions as warrior in the field and statesman in the cabinet he finally subdued them. The rival English factions were meanwhile united by their common cause against the invaders.

Alfred was a fighter, an administrator, a scholar, and a good man. His main service to literature consisted in rendering into the vernacular, and adding to, the useful books of the time, "so that," as he said, "all the youth of England, more especially those who are of gentle kind and at ease in their circumstances, may be grounded in letters; for they can profit in no pursuit until they are well able to read English." He himself kept school in his Court for the sons of his nobles. In his translations, which were in fact free paraphrases, he was helped by Werferth, Bishop of Worcester, Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Asser, of Wales, and the priests John and Grimbald from Saxony and St. Omer. His own knowledge of Latin was acquired late in life: but he knew the popular traditions and urged the teaching of them to the younger generation. It is told of him that he was wont to sing the old folk-songs in the homes of the people, accompanying himself on the harp.

He translated the History of Orosius, a Spanish priest of the fifth century; condensing the seven books into six and interpolating new matter. This consists in the narratives of two Scandinavian voyagers, taken down by him from their own lips. He followed this by a rendering of Bede's History, which became under his hands the first English history of the English people. Next came the translation of the "Consolations of Philosophy" of the Roman scholar Boethius, written in prison in the fifth century. It was the last work of genius of old Rome, and marks the transition from Paganism to Christianity. Alfred occasionally substitutes his own conclusions for those of the Roman Philosopher.

In his version of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," presented by Alfred to Bishop Werferth, he gives his reasons for undertaking the translation in these words:

DEOS BOC SCEAL TO WIOGORACEASTRE.

ÆLFRED kyning gretan Wœrferth biscep his wordum luflice and freondlice: and the cythan hate thaet me com swithe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan in woeran gyond Angelcynn, ægthe ge godeundra hada ge woruldcundra; and hu gesaeliglica tida tha woeron giond Angelcynn, and hu tha kyningas the thone onwald haefdon thaes folces on them dagum Gode and his ærendwrecum hersumedon; etc.

(Translation:—THIS BOOK SHALL (GO) TO WORCESTER.—Alfred, King, commandeth to greet Werferth, bishop, with his words in loving and friendly wise; and I would have you informed that it has often come into my remembrance what wise men there formerly were among the Angle race, both of the sacred orders and the secular, and how happy times those were throughout the Angle race; and how the kings who had government of the folk in those days obeyed God and his messengers.—(*Here the above passage ends; we continue:*)

—And they on the one hand maintained their peace and their customs and their authority within their borders, while at the same time they spread their territory outwards; and how it then went well with them both in war and in wisdom; and likewise the sacred orders, how earnest they were, as well about teaching as about learning, and about all the services they owed God; and how people from abroad came to this land for wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were going to have them. So clean was it fallen away in the Angle race that there were very few on this side Humber who would know how to render their services in English, or so much as translate an epistle out of Latin into English; I ween that not many would be on the other side Humber. So few of them were

there that I cannot think of so much as a single one south of Thames when I took to the realm. God Almighty be thanked that we have now any teachers in office.

Alfred's Code of Laws gives him legislative as well as literary honor. And to him England owes it that, alone among nations, she possesses a history of her own people in their own tongue from the beginning of their national existence. He lived but fifty-two years, and in his arduous life there could have been small room for leisure. In one of his notebooks occurs this passage:—"Desirest thou peace? But thou shalt never get it without sorrows, both from strange folk, and yet keener from thine own kin.—Hardship and sorrow! Not a king but would fain lack them; but I know he cannot." Again, before his death in 901, he wrote,—"So long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily. I desire to leave to the men who come after me a remembrance of me in good works." The historian Freeman says of him, "No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of ruler and private man."

THE PEACE OF WEDMORE.

(This Treaty between Alfred and Guthrum the Dane, in 878, may in a sense be considered the starting-point of English History.)

THIS is the peace that King ALFRED and King GUTHRUM and the counselors of all the Anglecynn (English nation) and all the people that are in East Anglia have all decreed and with oaths confirmed for themselves and for their children, both for the born and for the unborn, all who value God's favor or ours.

CAP. I.—First about our Land-boundaries.—Up the Thames, then up the Lea, and along the Lea to her source, then straight to Bedford, then up the Ouse to Watling Street.

CAP. II.—Then there is this:—if a man be slain we reckon all of equal value, the Englishman and the Dane, at eight half-marks of pure gold, except the churl who dwells on gravel land, and the Danish leisings, those also are equally dear, either at 200 shillings.

CAP. III.—And if a king's thane be charged with killing a man, if he dare to clear himself, let him do it before twelve kings' thanes. If the accused man be of less degree than the king's thane, let him clear himself with eleven of his equals and one king's thane. And so in every suit that may be of more than

four mancuses. [A mancus was 150 cents.] And if he dare not, let him pay threefold, according as it may be valued.

CAP. IV.--And that every man may know his warrantor for men and for horses and for oxen.

CAP. V.—And we all said on that day when the oaths were sworn, that neither bond nor free should be at liberty to go to the host [the Danish camp] without leave, nor of them any one, by the same rule, to us. If, however, it happen that for business any one of them desires to have dealings with us or we with them, about cattle and about goods, that is to be granted on this wise, that hostages be given for a pledge of peace, and for evidence whereby it may be known that the party has a clean back [meaning a back unladen with stolen goods].

ALFRED'S PREFACE TO GREGORY'S DIALOGUES.

I, ALFRED, by the grace of Christ dignified with the honor of royalty, have distinctly understood, and through the reading of holy books have often heard, that from us to whom God hath given so much eminence of worldly distinction, it is specially required that we from time to time should subdue and bend our minds to the divine and spiritual Law, in the midst of this earthly anxiety; and I accordingly sought and requested of my trusty friends they should transcribe for me out of pious books about the conversation and miracles of holy men the instruction that hereafter followeth; so that I, being strengthened in my mind through the admonition and love, may now and then contemplate heavenly things in the midst of earthly troubles. Now we can plainly hear how the blessed and apostolic man, St. Gregory, spake to his deacon, whose name was Peter, about the manners and life of holy men for instruction and for example to all who are working the will of God.

THE NUN AND THE LETTUCE.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

A NUN walking in the convent garden took a fancy to eat a leaf of lettuce, and she ate, without first making the sign of the cross over it. Presently she was found to be possessed with an evil spirit. The abbot was called and questioned the fiend. But the fiend protested that what had happened was not his fault. He said, "I was harmlessly sitting on a lettuce, and then came she and ate me."

St. Benedict's Vision.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

It happened that there came to visit the venerable Benedict, as his custom was, Servandus, the deacon and abbot of the monastery that Liberius the patrician had built in South Lombardy. Indeed, he used to visit Benedict's monastery frequently that in each other's company they might be mutually refreshed with the sweet words of life and the delectable food of the heavenly country, which they could not as yet with perfect bliss enjoy, but did at least in aspiration taste it, insomuch that the said Servandus was likewise abounding in the lore of the heavenly grace. When at length the time was come for their rest and repose, the venerable Benedict was lodged in the upper floor of a tower, and Servandus, the deacon, rested on the lower floor of the same tower. There was a solid staircase with plain steps from the nether floor to the upper floor. There was also in front of the tower a spacious house in which slept the disciples of them both.

When now Benedict, the man of God, was keeping the time of his nightly prayer during his brethren's rest, then stood he all vigilant at a window praying to the Almighty Lord. Then suddenly in that time of nightly stillness, as he looked out, he saw a light sent from on high disperse all the darkness of the night, and shine with a brightness so great that the light which then gleamed in the midst of the darkness was brighter than the light of day. Lo, then in this sight a wonderful thing followed next, as he himself afterwards related;—that even all the world, as if placed under one ray of the sun, was displayed before his eyes. When now the venerable father had fastened his attention on the brightness of that shining light, he saw angels conveying in a fiery group into heaven the soul of Germanus, who was bishop of the city of Capua. He desired then to secure to himself a witness of so great a wonder, and called Servandus the deacon twice and thrice, and repeatedly named his name with loud exclamation. Servandus was disturbed at the unusual outcry of the honored man, and he mounted the stairs and looked as directed, and saw verily a small portion of that light. As the deacon was then amazed for so great a wonder, the man of God related to him in order the things that there had happened; and forthwith he sent orders to the faithful man Theoprobus in Casinum, the chief house, that he in the same night should send a man to the city of Capua,

and should ascertain and report to him what had happened about Germanus the bishop. Then it came to pass that he who was sent thither found that the venerable Bishop Germanus had indeed died; and carefully inquiring, he found that his departure was at that very time that the man of God had witnessed his ascent to Heaven.

THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

ONE of the chief authorities for the early history of England is the Saxon Chronicle, a record written by various authors, who commenced this work by the order of King Alfred. Copies were prepared for the principal monasteries, and seven of these have been preserved, varying in several respects. The history extends from Cæsar's invasion to the year 855 in the earliest copy, and to the year 1154 in the latest. In some places the prose narrative gives way to verse, as in the account of the battle of Brunanburh. The following passage is the modest relation of the critical turn in the fortunes of Alfred.

A.D. 878.—This year, during midwinter, after Twelfth night, the [Danish] army stole away to Chippenham, and overran the land of the West Saxons and sat there; and many of the people they drove beyond sea, and of the remainder the greater part they subdued and forced to obey them, except King Alfred; and he, with a small band, with difficulty retreated to the woods and to the fastnesses of the moors. And the same winter the brother of Hingwar and of Halfdene came with twenty-three ships to Devonshire in Wessex; and he was there slain, and with him eight hundred and forty men of his army; and there was taken the war-flag which they called the Raven. After this, at Easter, King Alfred, with a small band, constructed a fortress at Athelney; and from this fortress, with that part of the men of Somerset which was nearest to it, from time to time they fought against the army. Then, in the seventh week after Easter, he rode to Brixton, on the east side of Selwood; and there came to meet him all the men of Somerset, and the men of Wiltshire, and that portion of the men of Hampshire which was on this side of the sea; and they were joyful at his presence. On the following day he went from that station to Iglea [Iley], and on the day after this to Heddington, and there fought against the whole army, put them to flight, and pursued them as far as their fortress; and there he sat down fourteen days. And then the army delivered to him hostages, with many oaths, that they would leave his kingdom, and also promised him that their king should receive

baptism; and this they accordingly fulfilled. And about three weeks after this King Guthrum came to him, with some thirty men, who were of the most distinguished in the army, at Aller, which is near Athelney; and the king was his god-father at baptism, and his chrism-loosing was at Wedmore: and he was twelve days with the king; and he greatly honored him and his companions with gifts.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

THIS account of the battle of Brunanburh, A. D. 937, is modernized from one of the poetical passages of the Saxon Chronicle by Lord Tennyson. The Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan had driven Anlaf or Olaf the Red from possession of his father Sitric's Danish kingdom of Northumbria. Olaf took refuge in his Irish kingdom, and returned thence with 615 vessels into the Humber. He was aided by his father-in-law Constantine II., of Scotland, by Owen, king of Strathclyde, and some British princes. But these allies were completely defeated at Brunanburh, and the victory was celebrated in this spirited ballad.

Athelstan King, Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons,
He with his brother, Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge, there by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall, hew'd the linden-wood,
Hack'd the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

Theirs was a greatness got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bow'd the spoiler, bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews doom'd to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the great sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God, Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sunk to his setting.

There lay many a man marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman weary of war.

We, the West Saxons, long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.

Mighty the Mercian, hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom, drew to this island,
Doom'd to the death.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader, dire was his need of it,
Few were his following, fled to his war-ships:
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one, Constantinus,
Crept to his north again, hoar-headed hero!
Slender reason had he to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—he that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too, lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels, a youngster in war!

Slender reason had he to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
Traitor and trickster and spurner of treaties—
He nor had Anlaf with armies so broken
A reason for bragging that they had the better
In perils of battle on places of slaughter—
The struggle of standards, the rush of the javelins,
The crash of the chargers, the wielding of weapons—
The play that they play'd with the children of Edward.

Then with their nail'd prows parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-redden'd relic of javelins, over

The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyefin again,
Shamed in their souls.

Also the brethren, king and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

Never had huger slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

THE DEATH OF BRIHTNOTH.

ONE of the finest fragments of old English literature is the ballad on the battle of Maldon, fought A.D. 991. It is considered by most critics to have been written immediately after the battle. The historian Freeman declares that it "ranks among the noblest efforts of Teutonic poetry." Though the original manuscript is now lost, a copy was published by the antiquarian, Thomas Hearne, in 1726. According to the Chronicle of Ely, Brihtnoth (or Byrhtnoth) was a Northumbrian earl or ealdorman, brave, wise and pious, who having once defeated the Vikings at Maldon in Essex, was called to repel them when they returned. Olaf, their leader, being unable to force the wooden bridge guarded by Wulfstan, marched further up to a ford. There Brihtnoth, with too generous chivalry, allowed him to cross without molestation. Then followed the fierce conflict in which Brihtnoth fell, while some of his associates fled. Yet others, as the poet goes on to relate, fought to revenge their lord's death. The lamented Brihtnoth was buried at the Abbey of Ely, but his bones were removed in the eighteenth century to the Cathedral, where a

tablet records his benefactions to the Church, and a window bears his effigy. The following poetical rendering of the ballad is by H. W. Lumsdeu.

The herald of the Vikings stood beside the river shore,
And the sea-rover's haughty words before the Earl he bore:
"From seamen bold I come: they bid that thou shalt straightway send
Treasure for ransom: better 'twill be for you in the end
To buy with gifts our onslaught off than with us war to hold;
No need to fight if ye agree—we'll make a peace for gold:
If so thou orderest it, who here among the rest are chief,
That thou wilt set thy people free, then bid for their relief,
That they shall to the seamen give as seamen shall decree,
Treasure for peace: then take ye peace, and we will put to sea
With booty-laden ships, and peace henceforth between us be!"
Then Brihtnoth lifted up his voice—his shield he brandished high,
And shook his slender ashen shaft—and thus he made reply:
Wrathful and resolute he spake: "O thou sea-robber, hear
What saith this folk! To you they give no tribute but the spear,
The venomed point, the old keen edge, and all the battle-gear
That works no good for you in fight! Go, seamen's herald, say
This message of yet deeper hate: that here, an Earl I stay
Undaunted, with my men to guard the kingdom, folk and land
Of Æthelred my lord. In war the heathen shall not stand!
That ye should with our spoil go hence unfought, since thus ye came
So far into this land of ours, too great meseems the shame:
Nor think ye to win gold with ease—rather shall grim war play,
And sword and spear our compact make ere we will tribute pay!"
With that he bade his men go forth: their bucklers then they bore
Till at the landing-place they stood, beside the river shore.
Neither could reach the other there, between them flowed the tide;
For after all the flood rolled up, it filled the channel wide.
And till their spears together clashed too long the time did seem
To Vikings and East Saxon ranks arrayed by Panta's stream,
For neither could the other hurt, save by the arrow's flight,
Till ebb of tide. Then ready there and burning for the fight
The Vikings stood, the seamen host. But Wulfstan—warrior old,
The son of Ceola—with his kin by Brihtnoth sent to hold
The bridge against them, with the lance the foremost Viking slew,

Who stepped foolhardy on the bridge. With Wulfstan heroes two,
Ælphere and Maccus, firmly stood, no passage would they yield,
But bravely fought against the foe while they could weapons wield.
Now when the hated strangers saw the bridge-wards there so stout,
They changed their ground, and to the ford they led their forces out.
Then for the heathen host the Earl made way, and over-bold
Men heard the son of Brihthelm shout across the waters cold:
"Lo! here is room for you! Come on, come, warriors, to the fray!
God only knows which of us twain shall hold the field to-day."
Then onward came the wolves of war, they recked not of the flood:
Westward o'er Panta's gleaming waves they bore their shields and stood
Upon the bank. There 'gainst their foes were Brihtnoth's men arrayed,
And at his word they held their ground, and buckler wall they made.
Now drew the time of glorious deeds, the tide of battle, nigh;
And now the fatal hour was come when death-doomed men must die!
Now loud uprose the battle-cry, and greedy for their prey,
The ravens wheeled, the eagles screamed. On earth was noise of fray!
From hand was hurled the sharp-filed spear, the whetted arrow flew,
The bow was busy, shield met spear, and fierce the combat grew.
On either side brave soldiers fell. There Brihtnoth's kinsman died,
Wulfmær, his sister's son, all hewn with sword-wounds deep and wide.
But to the Vikings recompense was fully paid: I know
That Eadward smote one with his sword, nor did the stroke forego
Till at his feet the doomed foe lay. For this his lord gave thanks
To his bower-thane in season due. Thus stoutly in the ranks
The warriors fought with weapons sharp, and each one strove to be
The first whose spear might reach the life of death-doomed enemy.
On earth was slaughter! Firm they stood; and Brihtnoth's words of flame
Stirred every heart to bide the brunt and win a glorious name.
Forth went the hero old in war, he raised his sheltering shield
And shook his spear, and onward went into the battle-field.
Thus of one mind went earl and churl—alike their fell intent.

A southern lance the warrior's lord now pierced, by Viking sent;
But with his shield he thrust at it, the shaft to splinters broke
And bent the head till out it sprang: then fierce his wrath awoke,
And at the foe who dealt the wound he hurled his deadly spear.
Skilled was the leader of the host—he sent the javelin sheer
Through the youth's neck: his guiding hand the Viking sought to slay;
And then another swift he shot, through corselet it made way,
And in the heart through rings of mail the venomed lance-head stood.
The blither was the Earl for that—he laughed, the bold of mood,
And for the day's work rendered thanks that God to him had given.
But from a warrior's clenched hand a dart was fiercely driven:
Too sure it went, and pierced the noble thane of Æthelred.
Beside him stood a beardless youth—a boy in battle dread—
Young Wulfmær, son of Wulfstan: he swift from the hero drew
The bloody dart and hurled it back: the hardened spear-head flew,
And on the earth the Viking lay who thus had reached his lord.
Then rushed a warrior armed to seize the goodly graven sword,
Bracelets and corselet of the Earl, but Brihtnoth drew his blade,
Brown-edged and broad, and fierce the strokes he on his corselet laid.
Too soon another smote his arm and hindered him. Then rolled
On earth the yellow-hilted sword, nor longer could he hold
Keen blade, nor weapon wield; but still the grey-haired leader bade
His men keep heart and onward press, good comrades undismayed.
No longer could he stand upright, his eyes to heaven he bent:
"Ruler of nations! I give thanks for all that Thou hast lent
Of joys in this world. Now have I, gracious Lord! most need
That Thou show favor to my soul, that it to Thee may speed,
And to Thy kingdom, Lord of Angels! pass in peace. I pray
That hell-foes do me no despite." They hewed him as he lay—
The heathen dogs!—and two with him, Ælfnoth and Wulfmær; there
Beside their lord they gave their lives. . . . .
Thus fell the leader of the host, the Earl of Æthelred,
And all his hearth-companions saw that there their lord lay dead.
But hotly thither came proud thanes and dauntless men drew nigh:
One thing alone they all desired—to take revenge or die!

LAYAMON'S BRUT.

FOR more than a century after the Norman Conquest there was no evidence of Anglo-Saxon literature. Driven from court, it was concealed in scattered monasteries and villages. Gleemen and story-tellers may have entertained the country folk on holidays and at village ales, but no fresh songs or tales were written. The only manuscripts of the period were in Latin for the church and in Norman-French for the court. But about 1200 A.D., Layamon, a village priest on the banks of the Severn near Wales, rehearsed in the speech of the people the story of Britain, as he gathered it from a few books in English, French, and Latin. His poem, called "Brut," is an Anglo-Saxon expression of the French "*Roman de Brut*," versified by the Norman Wace about 1155. It was drawn from the Latin History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who introduced much romance into his account of Britain. Layamon's poem, containing altogether 56,000 lines in the Old English alliterative verse, is remarkably free from admixture of Latin or French words. It has the simple, straightforward style of Cædmon and Beowulf, and was evidently adapted to the entertainment of the common people. It mingles in a curious arbitrary way stories derived from Roman poetry, history, and mythology, with others as purely unhistorical relating to Britain. Among these are not only the legends of King Arthur and Merlin, but also the outlines of the stories of Cymbeline and Lear, which have been immortalized by Shakespeare. A thoroughly patriotic spirit pervades the whole. It renewed among the people the traditions of their ancient glory and gave fresh spirit to those who were recovering from the effect of the Conquest. From Prof. H. Morley's outline of the story, the following further abridgment of the tale of Brutus till his arrival in Britain is made.

THE STORY OF BRUTUS.

ASCANIUS, the son of Eneas, was king of Alba Longa in Italy. He had a son named Silvius, who secretly loved Lavine's niece; and when the lady was with child, Ascanius called all who knew

songs of magic art, the Devil was among them, to tell what that was. And they found by their sorrowful spells that it was a son, who should slay both his father and his mother, and be through their death driven from the land. And his mother died through him in his birth, but the child lived, and was named Brutus, throve, and loved virtue. When fifteen years old, he went to the wood with his father. They found a herd of harts. The father drove them towards his son; Brutus set on his arrow, he thought to shoot the tall deer, but hit his own father through the breast. Woe was Brutus therefore! Woe was it to live when his father was dead!

When his kindred heard that he had slain his father, they banished him from the land, and he went sorrowful to Greece, where he found his kindred of the Troy folk, but they were all slaves. The men were become numerous; the women had thriven; the cattle were abundant. Brutus had been but a little while in the land when he became dear to all; for he was a man most good to please the people; bountiful, which is great honour; beloved by all who looked on him. They gave him gifts and greeted him courteously; they said to him secretly that if he were bold and durst do it, he would lead them out of slavery to freedom, and he should be their duke. Brutus was made Duke, war was prepared, and a letter was sent by Brutus to Pandrasus, the Greek king, telling him that he had seven thousand men in castles, and in the mountains many thousands, who would rather live on roots like swine of the forest than endure more slavery, and that they prayed him in friendship to set them free. The king raised a great army, but Brutus, disposing his men in a forest pass, smote the king's army, so that many fell by sword and spear; many were drowned in the river Achalon. Then the king's brother, Antigonus, marched against Brutus, was defeated and taken prisoner. The king besieged the castle of Sparatin, in which were six hundred Trojan knights; Brutus, dividing his army, crept by stealth on the king's camp; and when he was at the door of the king's tent, he leaped from his horse and blew a loud blast on his horn. The Trojans heard that and advanced; they awakened the Greeks with their terrible slaughter. Heads flew on the field. The fated fell; many lost a hand, many a foot, worse hap. Brutus with his knights captured the king. All whole and sound, loudly he called, "I have the king of this folk! Strike down his people. Let none escape alive to the woods, and I will lead this king with myself." So Brutus took all and delivered

Sparatin. On the morrow they buried the slain and divided the spoil.

Then it was agreed that the Trojans should depart over the seas to a country pleasant to them, where they would make Brutus king. They righted their ropes, they reared their masts, they wound up sails, the wind stood at their will; sixteen times twenty ships went from the haven, and four great ships that were full laden with the best weapons that Brutus had.

First they landed at the island of Leogice, that had been ravaged by outlaws, and bereft of inhabitants. There the men killed as many wild deer as they would, and found a ruined castle with a temple made of marble stone, lofty and spacious, "the Worse had it to wield." Therein was an image of woman's form, fair and very noble, called by her heathen name Diana. The Devil loved her. She worked wondercraft with the Fiend's help. She was queen of all the woods that were on earth. Brutus took his twelve wisest men and a priest, bare a gold vessel of wine mixed with the milk of a hind shot by his own hand, lighted a fire on the altar, and went nine times around it. He entreated the beloved lady, often kissed the altar, poured milk on the fire, with mild words, "Lady Diana! loved Diana! high Diana, help in need. Teach me, counsel me by thy wise craft, whither to lead my people to a winsome land, where they may dwell. And if I may get the land and my people spread over it, I will make a spacious dwelling in thy name, and honor thee with high worship." Thus spake Brutus, and he took the hide of the hind, spread it before the altar, kneeled, lay down on it and slept. Then it seemed to him in a dream that his lady, Diana, beheld him lovingly, and courteously laid her hand upon his head, and said, "Beyond France thou shalt find in the West a winsome land that is surrounded by the sea. Thereon thou shalt prosper. There is fowl, there is fish; there dwell fair deer. There is wood, there is water, there is much wilderness. The land is most winsome. Springs there are fair. Giants most strong dwell in the land. Albion is the land's name, but men there are none. Thereto shalt thou go, and a new Troy there make; there shall arise of thy kin royal progeny, and over all lands shall their fame be high." Brutus when he awoke promised the lady in that land a temple and an image of red gold.

So they sailed on, and, escaping at the pillars of Hercules the siren snares of the mermaids, saw Spain, and there landing, found a four-fold host of their own kindred, who had been led thither

by Atenor [Antenor], after the fall of Troy. After Atenor was dead, Corineus, strong as a giant, was their duke, and he it was who gave Brutus the kiss of welcome. When Brutus told whither he was bound, Corineus said, "And I will go with thee, with my good folk, and have part with thee; and hold thee for chief and obey thee for lord."

So they came by Armorica, and anchored in the Loire for seven nights and a day, and sent over the land and viewed the people. Goffar, King of Poitou, fought them and was defeated. Then Goffar fled out of his kingdom to the Emperor and his twelve companions, who were kings of France. While Brutus was harrying Armorica, they gathered forces, and presently they besieged Brutus in a strong castle that he had built. In a sally made by Brutus, a strong knight, and relation of his, named Turnus, was so furious in fight that, when he was killed, from him the castle was named Tours, and the whole land Touraine.

The French were beaten, Brutus blew his horn, assembled his forces, and they held council together, and resolved to march to the sea. So they went to their ships with treasure of Goffar and of the Frenchmen dead in fight, and voyaged till they came to land at Dartmouth, by Totnes. Then had Brutus the gift Diana promised him, and his men made mirth and were thankful. They found in the land twenty giants and their chief lord, hight Geomagog, who was the most powerful. He was God's enemy: the Worse loved him. The arrows of the Trojans at first drove these fiends into the caverns. But one day, when Brutus and all his folk were blithe, there came twenty tall giants descending from the hills, mighty and strong; great trees were their clubs, and in a little time they slew five hundred. Then the Trojan men turned on them with arrows and slew all but Geomagog, who was taken alive, and brought before Brutus, to wrestle with Corineus.*

"Brutus sat as judge upon a down, the folk came together upon a sea-cliff. Forth came Corineus, and advanced himself, and the giant also, that all beheld it. There was many a man, there was many a woman, there was mickle folk at the wrestling. They yoked their arms and made themselves ready; breast against breast—bones they cracked. They thrust out their shanks, the heroes were strong; they rammed their heads together, the people beheld. Oft they fell down, as they would lie; oft they leaped up, as they would fly. Loathly glances they flashed with

* The following paragraph is translated literally.

their eyes. Their gnashing of teeth was as the wild boar's rage. Awhile they were black and loathly swollen; awhile they were red and highly enraged. Either of them willed to conquer the other with wiles, with stratagems, and with wondrous strength. Geomagog bethought what he might do, and thrust Corineus from off his breast, then drew him back and broke him by the back four of his ribs, evilly he marred him; but he no whit minded that. It wanted little that Corineus was not overcome. Nevertheless he bethought him what he might do; he took Geomagog to heart and stretched out his arms and hugged him so that his back broke, grasped him by the girdle, and grimly heaved him up. The rock was most high where on the cliff they fought. Corineus felled him, and hurled him with strength down the rock, so that his bones clave asunder, so the fiend broke all to pieces ere he came to the ground, and thus went the mighty wretch to hell. Now and evermore is the cliff known to each people as Geomagog's leap."

Then the Trojans spread over the land, tilled it, built towns. It had been named Albion; they called it as the land of Brutus, Britain; and the Trojan men after their lord called themselves Britons. Brutus gave Corineus, his dear warrior, one part of the land. The lord was called Corineus and the land Corine. Afterwards, through the people who were in the land they called it Cornwall, through their foolish custom. Their own Trojan speech they called British, but Englishmen changed its name after Gurmund came into this land. Gurmund drove out the Britons, and his folk were named Saxons from one end of Alemaine, that was named Angles, and of Angles come Englishmen, and they called it England. The English overcame the Britons. Brutus had Britain, and Corineus Cornwall. The people increased and throve, and the fair land was dear to Brutus.

King Arthur's Dream.

To-night in my sleep where I lay in bower (chamber), I dreamt a dream; therefore am I full sorry. I dreamt that men raised me upon a hall. The hall I did bestride, as if I would ride; all the land that I owned I there over-saw. And Walwain sat before me; my sword he bare in hand. Then came Modred there with unnumbered folk. He bare in his hand a strong axe. He began to strike hardily and thoroughly hewed all the posts that held up the hall. There I saw Wenhever (Guinever, the

Queen) of women loveliest to me: all the great hall roof with her hands she drew down. The hall began to tumble, and I fell to the ground, so that my right arm broke. Then said Modred, Take that! Adown fell the hall and Walwain also fell, and lay on the earth; both his arms broke. I grasped my dear sword with my left hand, and smote off Modred's head, that it rolled on the field; and the queen I cut all to pieces with my dear sword, and then I set her down in a black pit. And all my great people set to flight, that I wist not under Christ where they were gone. But myself I found to stand upon a wold, and then I wandered wide over the moors. There I saw gripes (griffons) and grisly birds. Then came a golden lion to glide over the down, a beast very handsome that our Lord made. The lion ran forward to me, and took me by the middle, and began to move herself forth and went to the sea. And I saw the waves in the sea drive; and the lion went in the flood with myself. When we came into the sea, the waves took her from me. A fish came there to glide and brought me to land. Then was I all wet and weary from sorrow and sick. When I awoke and began to quake greatly; then began I to tremble as if I burned with fire. And so I had all night of my dream much thought, for I wot to certainty my bliss is all gone; throughout my life sorrow I must endure. Welaway! alas! that I have not here Wenhever, my queen!

GERMAN LITERATURE

THE early history of the Germans is chaotic. The struggles of the tribes, first with the Romans, and afterwards with one another; the continual inflowing of the barbaric tide from the east, and its eddies and currents to and fro in the great basin of Europe; its reckless ignorance, and its savage instinct to destroy all monuments of art and culture; its vast, blind, irresistible, irresponsible force, as of something natural and God-driven—all remind the spectator of the irruption of a flood into some hitherto protected region, swirling, expunging, submerging, aimlessly tossing upon its muddy waves the flotsam and jetsam of all that had been precious and beautiful; roaring, and deepening, and self-conflicting, till all the world seems turning into a wanton and meaningless welter of barren and windy surges. But at length, the waters find their boundaries, the shores assume permanence and character, the turbid flood becomes a lake, clear and calm, harmonious with the landscape and lending it a new beauty. It sparkles in the sunshine, and glimmers beneath the moon, and heaven is reflected in it. All that had been threatening, hostile and terrible has become friendly, civilizing and beneficent.

The obscurity of the first ages after Rome is hardly worth penetrating, were the means of doing it available. The end of the old order, and the beginning of the new, are never fair to

contemplate. Goths and Vandals, Franks and Huns, Gauls and Saxons, trampling on the corpse of murdered antiquity, grappled fiercely at one another's throats; they knew not where they were, nor wherefore they had come; the past was dark, the future blank; was the undefined impulse which had brought them thus far to urge them further yet? But from the outer borders of invasion rumor ran that the ocean had been reached, and that the mysterious migration had found its bourne. Here must the roaming myriads find their home.

For centuries there was not, nor could there be, any literature or cultivated arts. There was no harmony in the life, and the mind could mirror none. The strong must master the weak, and settle rivalries between each other; the weak must find subsistence, or perish. The confused rabble of paganism and superstition must endure the strange light of Christianity, and resolve itself accordingly. The constitutional incompatibility between the Latin and the Teutonic genius must have time to adjust itself, whether chemically or mechanically. An infant civilization, unlike any preceding one, must be born, and space and season for it to get on its legs and walk must be accorded. All the old ideals must be changed for new; the voice of the old oracles must yield to counsels till now unimagined. It is no marvel that for six hundred years after the Roman Empire fell, no literary monument—with two or three notable exceptions—arose amidst the waste to witness of the survival of the constructive and creative faculty in human nature. Not until the twelfth century did any sustained literary movement begin among the Germanic nations.

But the oases in this desert are worth recording. The difficulties which beset Bishop Ulfilas (or Wulfilas), when in the middle of the fourth century he undertook the translation of the Bible into Gothic, were similar to those experienced by our own Apostle Eliot, when he set out to do a like service for the American Indians in 1661. Like Eliot, Ulfilas had to invent a medium in which to write; unlike Eliot, he had almost to create a language to be written. One advantage over Eliot he had—he was writing for a coming race, while

Eliot wrote for one that was soon to vanish. But the obstacles were stupendous, and the merit of this primitive churchman's achievement cannot be too much honored. In 360 A.D., the Gothic tongue was in an inchoate condition, but Ulfilas, looking about him, found Gothic runes and Greek letters, and from the two made his alphabetic characters. His life had not been an undisturbed one; he had embraced the Arian heresy, and was persecuted and driven hither and thither by the zeal of the orthodox. His parents were Cappadocian Christians; he was consecrated bishop at Antioch in 341, being then thirty years of age, and was assigned to the Arian Visigoths, who lived north of the lower Danube. But after seven years he was expelled from this region, and, with the consent of Constantius, emigrated to Mœsia (now Bulgaria), with his people. It was here, probably, that he accomplished his translation, after years of labor. Meanwhile he attended to the duties of his calling, preaching in Latin, Greek and Gothic. At the age of seventy he traveled to Constantinople to defend the Arian doctrines, and there death overtook him. A more reverend and remarkable figure does not belong to this epoch, and no worthier subject for poetry or romance could be desired. Of his great work, which practically created a language, to speak nothing of its other benefits, most of the Gospels and fragments of the Old Testament survive. The intellectual solitude of the man and of his achievement is strange and impressive. He was the first, and for centuries to come he was the last, to put Gothic words on parchment and gather them in a book. There was no other mind to catch fire from his, and carry on the inspiration. Yet ages after his toil-worn body was dust, his gift to religion and civilization was recognized, and homage done to his faith and genius.

Books, after Ulfilas, there were for a long time none; but the people had their voice, which uttered itself in songs of war and of warriors, sung with applause by minstrels, of which the best were remembered and sung again. The Christian monks, who alone possessed the scribe's art, would not record such unchristian productions, nor would they help to prolong the dying throes of paganism by writing down the remnants

of mythology which still circulated from mouth to mouth. But paganism, so far as its scenery and *dramatis personæ* were concerned, was not dying; nor is it in these respects dead to-day. The Gothic imagination needs its giants, dwarfs, kobolds, gnomes, White Women, heroes and heroines, witches and magicians; it engenders them spontaneously, and never relinquishes the legends and traditions in which they are preserved. Substantially the same tales that grown folk told one another twelve hundred years ago in central Europe are told by nurses to children all over the civilized world in these opening years of the century; and yet they remained unwritten for ages upon ages; and, indeed, had probably already survived countless generations of war, defeat, conquest, emigration, and vicissitude of all kinds, ever since the first Aryan adventurers turned their faces westward four thousand years ago. Nothing else has such vitality as these romantic, heroic, mysterious, homely conceptions, handed about among the common people, who can neither read nor write, but feel touched by simple, elemental things, and never forget them. The German folk-lore—Grimm's Fairy Tales—of our era were the religious dogmas of pre-historic Asia, and may be found in the Eddas and Nibelungenlieds of the Dark Ages. They need no scribes to keep them alive; the principle of life is inextinguishable in them.

Precisely what these "ancient barbarous poems" were, we know not; for, although Charlemagne in the ninth century had made a collection of them, this was afterwards lost. One ballad remains from the latter part of the eighth century; this is known as the "Hildebrandslied;" the verse is alliterative, and the subject is the combat between Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand. The copy we have is doubtless a comparatively late version of the original tale, which refers to the period of Dietrich von Bern (it was thus that the Goths pronounced Theodoric of Verona, surnamed The Great.) He was born in 454 A. D., and died in 526, and became the hero of all manner of extravagant fables, and the central figure of a cycle of romances. The Hildebrandslied is as rough as the blows of a hammer on the anvil, but it has power and some dramatic quality.

Passing over these questionable ages, we come to that of Charlemagne, the great emperor, who was born at Aachen just before the middle of the eighth century, and died in the same place in 814. His political career need not detain us; he was one of the great figures of history; but his mind had room for the arts as well as for war and statesmanship. He made his court a sort of royal "salon" for men of learning and letters; he established schools all over the empire; he ordered the priests to deliver their sermons in the vernacular.

He did his best, as we have seen, to preserve the fragments of the earlier literature. He and his Twelve Peers or Paladins entered into heroic legend, and three hundred years later the various tales were collected, forming a mythical history of Charlemagne's career. There are discrepancies between the stories, and the *dramatis personæ* occasionally vary; but Roland and Oliver, who have become proverbial, maintain their places throughout. But much of this Charlemagne literature belongs to French and Italian rather than to German categories.

The eleventh century is a literary blank. The so-called Suabian Age began with the succession of the Hohenstauffen dynasty in 1138, and ended with the decapitation of the last monarch at Naples, in 1268. This period covers that of all the Crusades but the first and the seventh and last; and the institution of Chivalry attained its apogee during the same era. The Germans and the French became more closely associated than for some centuries past, and influenced each other.

The Suabian Minnesingers—so named because their songs were of love and chivalry—were everywhere renowned, and most of them were men of princely or noble birth. They met at the great courts of monarchs, and vied with each other in their songs, accompanying themselves on the viol. Suabia and Austria were the headquarters of the Minnesingers; the language in which their compositions were delivered was, for the most part, the Suabian dialect. The poetry of Provence was the model for these effusions, but the themes were taken from life, and the treatment was original. They marked the first reaction from the purely narrative and ecclesiastical styles.

In a literary movement so widespread, but few of the partakers could achieve permanent fame. Wolfram von Eschenbach, who lived during the latter part of the twelfth and the first quarter of the thirteenth century, is accounted the greatest epic poet of mediæval Germany. His birth was noble, but his estate poor, and he could neither read nor write. The "Parzival" was the leading court epic of Germany; it was composed between 1205 and 1215, and was based on a poem of Celtic origin by a French trouvère, Chrestien de Troyes (about 1140–1191). Its theme, like that of its successor, "Titurel," was the Quest of the Holy Grail,—the sacred dish which received the blood of the Saviour on the Cross. The conception caught the chivalric and religious imagination of the time, and became enormously popular. The story has several forms; but the central idea is the effort of a chaste and perfect knight to find the San Grail (the Holy Dish). In later writers this mysterious dish was regarded as a chalice, and the term was changed to Sang Real (the Real Blood). The dish or chalice is supposed to have been brought by Joseph of Arimathea (or by angels from Heaven) to Europe, and guarded on a mountain-top; but it was lost, and, because only the pure in thought and deed could approach it, it became the object of the highest knight-errantry. According to Eschenbach, the San Graal, or Grail, was a precious stone, confided to the care of a religious brotherhood, the Chevaliers of the Grail. "Titurel" is a series of songs relating to the same story at an earlier stage; it seems to have been written about 1210. Another epic, "Willehalm," was left incomplete; it was derived from the

national poetry of France. Eschenbach was also the author of lyrics, such as the four "Tagelieder" (Day-Songs).

But the chief lyric poet of the age was Walther von der Vogelweide. He too was poor but noble, and lived as a wandering minstrel throughout Germany and the neighboring countries. His poems were of love, of politics and of religion, —to which theme he turned in his declining years. His last song, dated 1227, is in encouragement of the Crusade of Frederic II. His youth was spent at Vienna; he died in Wurzburg.

The Nibelungenlied, as we have seen, is founded upon a group of earlier date; but the unknown author who, in the first half of the thirteenth century, gave it its final form, must be credited with producing the greatest single imaginative work in all German literature. In it are combined the finest elements of history and of myth; while so deeply poetic is the treatment that its power and beauty shine through all impediments of translation. The story is familiar to readers: it turns on the fatal quarrel between two women, Brunhild and Kriemhild, brought about by the act of the hero Siegfried; who after being a party to a well-intentioned piece of deception practiced upon Brunhild, was induced, for the sake of his friend and her husband, Gunther, to get possession of her girdle of strength. This he gave to his wife, Kriemhild; whereupon Brunhild compassed his death through her henchman Hagen, who stabs Siegfried in his one vulnerable point, between the shoulders. To avenge him, Kriemhild marries Etzel (Attila), king of the Huns; in a festival at his court a bloody affray is provoked by her, in which all the chief personages of the drama slay and are slain by one another. An excellent account of this poem has been given by Carlyle; but no criticism can do justice to its charm and power. Its passionate grandeur embodies the highest expression of the Teutonic spirit. It inspired the art of Kaulbach and the music of Wagner, and has brought down to the present daylight the very genius of the sombre Norse. The scene is laid at the old Burgundian court in the fifth century; but the roots from which it grew were probably planted yet further back in the twilight of time.

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw the rise of the poetic corporation called the Meistersingers, of which Hans Sachs is the best remembered representative, and the last handful of whose members declared it solemnly extinct in 1839. They cultivated niceties of form; he among them who committed fewest technical errors received the prize; but the dearth of poetic inspiration in all of them was not penalized. Their spirit resembled that of the "Realistic" school of our contemporary novelists and versifiers.

The reaction against this ponderous pedantry began early in the shape of humorous and satirical productions, aimed chiefly at church and state. Stricker's "Parson Amis," and the Narrenschiff (Ship of Fools) of Sebastian Brant, in the last years of the fifteenth century, are examples of this style. But the most famous and, in its origin, the earliest of these satires is the Epic of Reynard the Fox, which can be traced back to the tenth century, and received artistic form at the hands of Goethe in 1793. During this period of about nine hundred years the poem never lost its popularity, and was constantly re-appearing in variations of costume, but essentially the same. Flemish, French, High German, Low German, and Latin versions have been written, to say nothing of translations into other tongues. In 1479 a prose tale, Historie van Reynært de Vos, was printed at Gouda in Holland. In fact the idea underlying the composition is a permanent possession of the human mind, in its tendency to picture its follies in the guise of animals. Æsop illustrated it six centuries before Christ, and we may detect its workings in the Hindu and Aryan myths before the time of the Ægean fabulist.

The German Mystery-Plays (of similar origin with those of England) depicted Biblical incidents in a homely dress. In the interval between the Crusades and the Reformation appeared the Mystics, best known through Thomas à Kempis (1380–1471), whose real name was Hammerken, and whose "Imitation of Christ" is still as much read as ever. This school prepared the way for Luther, while the establishment of the national universities, and the invention of printing, for the first time opened the world of learning to the common people.

MUSPILLI.

THIS fragment of an Old High German alliterative poem on the Day of Judgment was found in a monastery at Regensburg, and is now in the Royal Library at Munich. The inscription shows that it was written about 828 A. D. In the poem ideas derived from heathenism are blended with those obtained from Christian sources. Muspel in Scandinavian mythology denotes the final conflagration which will destroy the earth

When now the great King sends forth His command
For judgment, to which every race of earth
Must come, no child of man can then delay,
For all mankind must join the great assembly.
I have heard wise men say that Antichrist
Will fight then with Elias. The Accursed
Is armed; the battle is begun between them.
Strong are the warriors, and the cause is great.
Elias battles for eternal life,
He seeks to assure the kingdom of the just;
Therefore the Lord of Heaven will give him help.
Antichrist stands by the Old Enemy,
By Satan, who will be his overthrow.
He therefore from the battle-place will fall
Wounded, be this time wholly overcome.
Yet many of the men of God believe
Elias, too, will take hurt in the fight.
When the blood of Elias drips to earth,
The streams will dry, the sea devour itself,
The heavens pass in flames, the moon will fall,
The circle of the earth will be on fire,
No stone remained unshattered on the ground.
Then there breaks in the Day of Recompense.
It comes to seek the mortal home with fire,
Then may no kin save kin from Muspilli.
Then when the heavenly trumpet rings, and He
Rises who shall be judge of quick and dead,
With Him there rises an uncounted host
Of bold ones that no man can stand against.
He goes to the appointed meeting-place.
Then comes the Days-man looked for from of old.

Then Angels fly across the land, awake
The peoples, call them to the Day of Doom.
Many will rise then from the dust, break free
From the grave's burden, take their life again,
Stand to be judged according to their deeds.
When He who shall be judge of quick and dead
Sits at the Judgment, Angel-squadrons stand
About him, countless circle of the blest,
And those who then have risen to be judged.
There nothing can be hid.
. . . . . Then will be brought forth
The holy cross upon which Christ was nailed.
He shows the wounds that He received as man,
For love to this our race. . . . . .

THE SONG OF HILDEBRAND.

FROM the period of the Migration of the Nations in the fifth to the ninth centuries but few remnants of poetry survive. The chief are the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, part of the Low-German song of Hildebrand, and the heroic tales of the Icelandic Edda. These appear all to have been of the same form, having a verse without rhyme, but marked by alliteration and four accents. Its sonorous monotony was fitted to represent the rude heroism of the age. Hildebrand had been the armorer of Theodoric, and had accompanied the latter in his exile to the court of Attila. He met Hadubrand on his return after years of absence.

I have heard say, that Hildebrand and Hadubrand agreed to go on a warlike expedition. These kinsmen made ready their horses, prepared their war-shirts, and girded on their chain-hilted swords.

As they rode to the meeting of heroes, Hildebrand, Herbrand's son (he was one of the wise, and questioned in few words), said to his companion: "If thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and of what people thou art sprung, I will give thee three garments."

"I am a child of the Huns," answered Hadubrand, "and our old people have told me that my father's name was Hildebrand. In former times he came from the East, flying the enmity of Otaker (Odoacer), and put himself with Dietrich (Theodoric) and his bands. He left behind, in the land, a bride in child-bed, and a child without inheritance; and went to the south with Dietrich, where he stood many brunts.

"He was a man without connexions, not a match for Otaker; but he was a good soldier, while he strove under Dietrich, acquired domains, was his people's father, and dear to brave men. I do not believe that he is living."

"My worthy god Irmin* in heaven above," quoth Hildebrand, "do not let me fight with so near a kinsman!" Then he untwisted golden bracelets from his arm, and imperial rings, which his king had given him, saying: "This I give thee, not without good will; I am thy father Hildebrand."

Hadubrand answered: "With willing soul be gifts taken, tit for tat. Thou art not of his age. Craftily thou seekest to deceive me; but I will convict thee out of thine own mouth. Thou art so advanced in years that thou must be older than he. And shipwrecked men told me that he died by the Wendel Sea [the Mediterranean], in the West."

Then Hildebrand answered: "I well see thou hast in thy breast no Lord God, and carest not for His kingdom. Go, now, so God be willing; I would we were parted. Sixty summers have I wandered out of my country, and sometimes I have joined archers, but in no borough did they ever fasten my legs; and now my nearest kinsman would aim his battle-axe at my neck, or I must bind his legs.

"Yet you may now easily, if your valor is up, win the spoils of the dead from one you should venerate, if you have any sense of right. He would be a base Ostrogoth who should refuse thee battle, seeing thou so greatly desirest it. Good commoners, be judges, which it is who flinches in the field, and which it is who ought to have our two coats of mail."

Then they let fly their ashen spears with such force that they stuck in the shields. Then they struck together their stone axes, and uplifted hostilely their white shields, till their loins and bellies quivered.

[Here the fragment of the original ends, but a later writer has concluded the story.]

But the lady Utta rushed in between them: "I know," said she, "the cross of gold which I gave him for his shield; this is my Hildebrand. You, Hadubrand, sheathe your sword; this is your father."

Then she led both champions into her hall, and gave them meat and wine and many embraces.

* Probably the national hero Hermann, deified.

THE WEISSENBRUNNER PRAYER.

THIS oldest fragment in the High German dialect was found in the Benedictine monastery at Weissenbrunner, in Bavaria. It belongs to the eighth century.

I SOUGHT out and heard among men
  The greatest of wonders.
Earth was not, nor heavens bright.
  There was not hill or tree,
No sun shone, no moon gave light,
  There was not the sea.
There was nothing, so no end,
  Beginning, bounds, were there:
Only God, man's tenderest friend,
  And His angels fair.
Holy God, Almighty God,
  That madest sky and land,
That givest man so many a good,
  Give me to understand
Thy grace, in right belief and will
  In wisdom and in strength,
To fight against the powers of ill,
  And come to Thee at length.

WALTAR STRONG-HAND.

SOME German writers of the Middle Ages attempted to preserve the traditions and ballads of their countrymen, by putting them in Latin dress. Among the most successful was the noted mystic Ekkehard, who sang the story of Waltar Strong-hand. This hero was the son of Alpher, king of Aquitania, who was surrendered as hostage to Attila, king of the Huns. Another captive at his court was Hildegund, daughter of Herrick, king of Burgundy; and still another was Hagen, a cousin of Gibich, king of Franconia. The latter's son, Gunther, succeeding to the throne, broke the treaty with Attila, and Hagen escaped. Then Waltar, who had fallen in love with Hildegund, persuaded her to join him in flight from the Huns, when Attila was overcome with wine. When they crossed the Danube, Gunther heard of them, and sought to secure the treasure they were supposed to have. Several knights were sent in pursuit and fought with Waltar, but were slain, one after

another. At last the king commanded Hagen, who had been Waltar's dearest friend, to attack him. The following extract relates the last fight.

THE FIGHT OF HAGEN AND WALTARI.

WALTARI, taking off his armor, lay
Upon his shield, to rest his weary limbs;
And speaking tender words to Hildegund,
He bade her watch his slumbers as before,
For sore he needed some refreshing sleep.
Thus all the night, the fair and faithful maid
Sat by his side, driving the sleep away
That tried to steal upon her unawares,
By softly singing snatches of old song.
Before the dawn of day Waltari rose,
And telling her to sleep now in her turn,
He paced the ground with calm and even steps,
His lance in hand, prepared for an attack.

And thus the night wore on, and morning came;
With dew bespangling tree and bush and fields.
Then from the corpses with all reverent care
Waltari took the armors, swords and shields,
But left their rich embroidered robes untouched.
This hard-earned booty he securely bound
On four great chargers, the remaining two
He destined for himself and Hildegund.
Yet ere they started, with his falcon eyes,
Waltari reconnoitered all the land;
But seeing nought and hearing also nought
Which roused suspicion, they at length departed;
Hildegund ahead with the new treasure,
Waltari following to protect the rear.

A thousand paces they had hardly gone
When Hildegund, with frightened backward glance,
Beheld two stalwart knights approaching fast,
And, paling with dismay, she cried aloud:
"O dear, my Lord! The end is coming now.
I pray thee fly, and save thy precious life!"
Turning his head, Waltari saw the foe,
But said with tranquil mien: "No man shall say,
Waltari fled whilst he could wield a sword!

Attila's steed thou now must mount again
And save the golden treasure. Yonder wood
Will give thee shelter, whilst I here await
The strangers, as it well becomes a knight."

The maiden tremblingly obeyed his wish,
Whilst he prepared his trusty lance and shield.
From out the distance, Gunther called aloud:
"Now thou no more canst hide behind huge rocks,
I hope the end a different turn will take
From the beginning. Here in open field
Another fortune may attend thy arms!"
Waltari did not deign to answer him,
But turning to stern Hagen, gently said:
"O Hagen, my old friend, what has occurred,
That as an enemy thou com'st to me?
Hast thou forgot the tears which thou didst shed,
When lying in my arms for the last time,
That thus thou treatest me, thy faithful friend?
Indeed, I thought the day that we should meet
Would be a joyous one for thee and me,
And that with open arms and loving words
Thou wouldst accost me. Oh, how oft my heart
Has beat with restless longing, when I thought
Of thee, so far away, yet still my friend.
Hast thou forgotten then our boyish days,
When both did work and strive for one great aim?
Then, when I looked into thine eyes I felt
As if my parents and my home were near,
And so I kept my love and faith for thee.
For this I pray thee to depart in peace,
And as a friendly gift I'll fill thy shield
With gold and jewels even to the brim."

But with fierce frowning brow and angry voice
Sir Hagen to this speech made brief reply:
"Indeed, I think that thou didst break thy faith
When by thy cruel sword my nephew fell.
His life and not thy gold I claim from thee,
And nought will hear of friendship past and gone."

Thus speaking he alighted from his horse
As likewise did Waltari and the king;

And so they stood prepared, the two to one;
Sir Hagen was the first to break the peace,
And with an able hand he threw his spear,
Which hurtled through the air with hissing sound.

But without deigning e'en to turn aside,
Waltari threw before him his good shield,
From which the lance rebounded with such force
As though its point had struck a wall of stone.

Then Gunther threw his spear with good intent,
But with such feeble arm that it fell down,
Scarce having touched the rim of his strong shield.
Their lances being gone, both drew their swords,
And with them laid on many a mighty blow
Which all were parried by Waltari's lance.
At last an evil thought struck Gunther's mind,
And whilst Sir Hagen fiercely onward pressed
He stealthily bent down to seize his lance,
But just as he had grasped the oaken shaft,
Waltari, throwing bold Sir Hagen back,
Quicker than thought set foot upon the spear.

Full of dismay, the king remained aghast,
Not moving hand or foot, so that his life
Was sore endangered, till Sir Hagen sprang
With deerlike swiftness forwards, shielding him.
Trembling he rose and joined again the fight,
That fiercer now than e'er before they waged:
Yet still Waltari stood like some strong rock,
Unmoved and calm amidst the breakers' roar.

At last, to Hagen he address'd these words:
"O hawthorn tree,* thou think'st to weary me
With all this useless fencing; now at last
I mean to wrestle with thee in good truth."
Then hurled his lance with such unerring aim
That part of Hagen's harness was torn off.
And turning suddenly upon the king,
With one astounding cut of his good sword,
He severed his right leg below the thigh.

* The meaning of Hagen in German.

Half dead, King Gunther fell upon his shield,
But when Waltari lifted up his arm,
To deal the mortal blow, Sir Hagen then,
Seeing the danger, interposed himself.
The blade fell ringing on his well-forged helm
And striking out a shower of flying sparks,
Was shivered into atoms 'gainst the steel.

With angry frown, Waltari threw the hilt
Contemptuously aside, for though of gold,
What could it now avail him? Instantly,
Swift Hagen saw his chance and with his sword
Cut off the hand which to its enemies
Had been so fearful, and so far renowned.
Yet even then, Waltari's noble heart
Thought not of flight, but heedless of his pain,
His left hand grasped the Hunnic scimitar
Which still was left him in this hour of need.
And it avenged him, slashing Hagen's face
And tearing out six teeth and his right eye.

Then both did drop their arms, and thus at last
The bloody fight was ended. Both had shown
Their strength and valor in an equal way,
And now did part with knightly courtesy.

Then sitting side by side, they staunched the blood
With flowers, until Waltari's ringing voice
Had brought fair Hildegund unto their side,
Who with her gentle hands bound up their wounds.
As soon as this was done, Waltari said:
"Now, sweet my love, I pr'ythee go and bring
For each a cup of wine, for verily
I think we have deserved it well to-day.
First give the cup to Hagen, my old friend,
Who, like a loyal vassal to his king,
Has fought full valiantly in his behalf;
Next give it me, and then the king may drink,
Who least has done, and therefore shall be last."
The maiden doing as her lord had bid,
Advanced to Hagen, who, though parched with thirst,
Refused to drink, before Waltari's lips

Had first been moistened by the cooling draught.
And when the pangs of thirst had thus been quenched,
The two, who just before had been dread foes,
Now sat together, holding friendly talk,
And jesting gaily as in days gone by.

"In future thou, my friend," Sir Hagen said,
"Must wear a leathern glove stuffed out with wool,
On thy right arm, to make the world believe
Thou still hast both thy hands at thy command,
And at thy right side thou must wear the sword;
But worse than all, when thou wilt kiss thy bride
With thy left arm must thou embrace her then,—
In fact, all thou wilt do in future life
Must awkward be,—*left-handed*, as they say."

Briskly Waltari to this jest replied:
"Oh, cease thy railing, toothless, one-eyed friend,
For with my left hand here, I yet may kill
The boar and stag, which thou no more wilt eat;
And in my fancy I can see thee look
On friends and foes and all the world askance.
But for the sake of our once youthful days
And ancient friendship, I will counsel thee,
To bid thy nurse make porridge and milk soups
When thou goest home, such as befit thy state
Of toothless incapacity for other food."—

Thus they renewed the friendship of their youth,
And after having rested, laid the king,
Who suffered greatly, on his horse's back,
And he and Hagen rode again to Worms.
While Waltari and gentle Hildegund
Went on their way to Aquitania,
Where they were both received with tears of joy
By his old father, who had long despaired
Of holding in his arms his son again.
The two young lovers presently were wed,
And when his father died, for thirty years
Waltari swayed the sceptre, loved of all.

LAMPRECHT'S ALEXANDER.

LAMPRECHT was a Christian priest who towards the end of the twelfth century sought to supersede the Pagan influence of the old national stories by introducing others from French and classical sources. The heroic career of Alexander the Great, as set forth by late Greek and later Latin writers, had caught the attention of some mediæval students, and had inspired a French poet, Aubrey de Besançon, to celebrate his exploits in the vernacular. This poem secured wide popularity and rivaled the legends of Charlemagne and King Arthur. Alexander is pictured as a mediæval king with his knights setting out on what might be called a crusade against the barbarous East. Lamprecht reveled in Oriental descriptions, as his picture of the Flower-maidens encountered by the conqueror in India testifies.

THE FLOWER-MAIDENS.

WE entered here a shady wood,
Where trees of spreading foliage stood,
And twined their branches so together
As to shut out the sultry weather.
Below, cool fountains bubbled out,
And, winding playfully about,
Moistened the mossy roots, and then
Together flowed into a glen
Beside the pleasant wood, and here
Was spread a lake as crystal clear.

Shining birds, with tuneful throats,
Cheered the forest with their notes;
And on the mossy turf there grew
Large rose-buds, beautiful to view—
Some as white as mountain-snow;
Others had a ruddy glow.
We gazed with wonder there, beholding
Each its fragrant leaves unfolding;
For out of every flower there
Stepped a maiden rosy-fair,
Rosy as evening skies, and bright
In youth and joy as morning light!

Among the forest-trees they played,
And danced together on the glade;

And when these fairy-damsels sang,
Within the wood their carols rang
More tunefully than any bird,
Or instrument we ever heard;
And lulled by their melodious strain
We all forgot our toil and pain:
Our life was like a pleasant stream,
Or like a sweet, enchanting dream;
We longed forever there to stay—
Alas, that joys should pass away!

Our forest-brides, who rose from flowers,
Faded with the fading bowers;
Buds that were so bright in May,
Died when summer passed away;
And, like the flowers that once were bright,
Our fairies faded from our sight:
'Mid withered leaves the breezes sighed,
The crystal fountains all were dried,
The merry birds were dead or banished,
And all our forest pleasures vanished!

THE MINNESINGERS.

THE Minnesingers (Love-singers) in Germany correspond to the Troubadours of Southern Europe. They were poets closely attached to the courts of the feudal nobles, and sang in short lyrics of love and war. While the Troubadours, whether in France, Italy or Spain, adopted the Provençal language, with its elaborate forms of verse, the Germans adhered faithfully to their own speech, and produced lyrics in which considerable originality was shown. The tone is nobler and less sentimental, befitting the ideas and traditions of the Teutonic race. This epidemic of courtly poetry prevailed in Germany, as in Southern Europe, from the middle of the eleventh century to the end of the thirteenth. Its greatest exponents were Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach; but there were hundreds of minor fame who were known only by single lyrics. As in the case of the Troubadours, the lives of many Minnesingers were even more interesting and romantic than their songs. In the

same age there appeared popular hero-ballads and national epics entirely distinct from the effusions of the courtier-like Minnesingers. The old heroic poetry banished from the mead-halls of kings and barons had taken refuge in the gatherings of the common folk. The minstrels, once the companions of rulers, had been compelled to wander from city to city, and from village to village, entertaining the crowds at fairs and market-places. The Minnesingers, ministering to the entertainment of the ladies of the castle, chose personal themes and treated them in sentimental style.

CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG.

COUNT CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG was a Suabian, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. The following is the best of his songs.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song.
Hark, how soft it floats along!

Courtly dames our pleasures share!
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
    Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

. . . . . .

Our manly youths,—where are they now?
Bid them up and with us go
To the sporters on the plain;
Bid adieu to care and pain
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gayety;
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steeped in May-dew's glowing.
Youths rejoice! the flowers are blowing!
    Sing ye, join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

Oh, if to my love restored,—
To her, o'er all her sex adored,—
What supreme delight were mine!
How would care her sway resign!
Merrily in the bloom of May
Would I weave a garland gay.
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity;
For her spotless self alone
I will praise this changeless one;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol be.
    Youths, then join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

BORN about 1160 in Tyrol, and wandering in manhood from the Adriatic to the Baltic, Walther von der Vogelweide was the highest type of the Minnesinger. He was a welcome guest at the courts of emperors, dukes and landgraves, but he preserved a noble independence amid all the vicissitudes of a turbulent time. He acquired not only wide experience of the world, social and political, but a lofty genuine patriotism not limited to a small principality, but embracing the whole German race. In his conception of love this grand poet was true to the nobler ideas of that race. He regarded it not as the fleeting passion of a day or a season, but as the life-long devotion of two hearts to each other. In style he shows the gracefulness of the Troubadour, but he does not sacrifice truth to form or artificial rules. His songs express a natural purity as well as a vehemence of passion. This truthfulness renders them readable when the sweetness of minor poets cloys the taste. He avoids wearisome detail and a multiplicity of figures, but dashes off in a happy phrase a truthful portrait or a memorable incident. The decline of the Minnesingers may be dated from the death of their greatest representative in 1227.

A LAMENT.

AH! my best years have fled away,
Like dreams, or like a minstrel's lay;
I see, once more, my native ground,
And wonder as I look around;
For now I see a stranger here,
Where many faces once were dear:
My playmates all are gray and old;
The land itself seems drear and cold:
They've felled the trees on yonder hill;
The river flows beside it still;
But my best years have passed away
As on the sea the drops of spray,
Or like the waves upon the shore—
I say "Alas!" for evermore.

Time, like the earth with flowers bespread
In youthful spring, is dark and dead
When age and cares are coming on,
And friends and pleasures all are gone.

One consolation now remains—
To combat on the holy plains,
Not for riches, nor renown,
But for an everlasting crown;
For absolution, for release
From all my sins; for rest and peace.
May I but tread that sacred shore!
Then will I say "Alas" no more!

To the Ladies of Germany.

This song is supposed to have been written by Walther on his return from an embassy to France in 1201.

Ye should bid me welcome, ladies,
For my word is now to you,
All that ye have heard before this
Is but empty vain halloo.
But ye should reward me nobly;
If my recompense is right,
I can tell you what will please you;
Help me then with all your might.

I will tell to German maidens
Such a word that all the more
They shall delight the universe,
And I will ask slight pay therefor.
What then shall I ask in payment?
They are all so good, so dear,
That my earnest prayer is lowly:
Let them give me welcome cheer.

Many lands I've wandered over;
From their glories I have come.
Ill would sure befall the rover,
Should I rest afar from home.
What true pleasure could I ever
Have in foreign court or hall?
What avails me to seek falsehood?
German truth surpasses all.

From the Elbe west to the Rhineland,
And back again to Hungary's plain,

These are still of lands the fairest
  That in all the world remain.
Furthermore, I swear by Heaven,
  That in person, mien and grace,
Fairer than all other ladies
  German ladies take their place.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH holds an honorable place among mediæval poets. He was a knight of Bavaria, and died in 1220, being about sixty years of age. Although the form of his work is marked by the characteristics of his period, there is a tone in his poetry which seems essentially modern. While thoroughly Christian in spirit, he does not yield entirely to the churchly and ascetic ideas then prevalent. He holds stoutly to the primitive ideals of a German warrior. He recognizes the virtues of the heathen, the manliness of sport and war, and the love of adventure. The Arthurian legend had been diffused through Europe, and Wolfram took as his chief hero Parzival, the Christian knight, and for his theme the quest of the Holy Grail. Yet he does not treat this famous mediæval allegory in a mechanical spirit. He dwells upon the development of the perfect knight from the erring man, and shows how his own experience of evil was necessary, as well as early and late instructions, to make him fit for his self-imposed task and its glorious accomplishment. In Titurel he went back to a still earlier period, yet without much change of characters.

THE BELOVED LADY.

WOULD I the lofty spirit melt
  Of that proud dame who dwells so high,

Kind Heaven must aid me, or unfelt
  By her will be its agony.
Joy in my soul no place can find:
  As well might I a suitor be
To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
  Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
  As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
And faultless is the lovely light
  Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
Pierce to my very heart, and fill
  My soul with love's consuming fires,
While passion burns and reigns at will;
  So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
  Attends, her hues so bright to shed
O'er those red lips, before whose warm
  And beaming smile all care is fled.
She is to me all light and joy;
  I faint, I die, before her frown;
Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
  A fairer goddess here must own.

. . . . . .

While many mourn the vanished light
  Of summer, and the sweet sun's face,
I mourn that these, however bright,
  No anguish from the soul can chase,
By love inflicted: all around,
  Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
  Can chase or cheer the spirit's gloom.

. . . . . .

Yet still thine aid, beloved, impart;
  Of all thy power, thy love, make trial;
Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
  Joy that expires at thy denial:
Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
  Beloved lady, since 't is thine
Alone to send such care on me;
  Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

THE WATCHMAN AND THE LOVERS.

I HEARD before the dawn of day
  The watchman loud proclaim:
"If any knightly lover stay
  In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
    Fly ere the daylight dawn!

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
  In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
  The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave, before the night is done,
    And jealous eyes appear!"

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
  And banished my delight:
"Alas! the envious sun will part
  Our loves, my lady bright!"
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
    "We tarry here too long!"

Straight to the wicket did she speed:
  "Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
  The morning sun has broke.
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
    In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
  The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
  Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hasting to their covert dark,
    And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I viewed
  In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
  And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The hearts, which erst with rapture burned,
    Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
  Gave me that lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
  Along the meadow green;
And whilst I saw my leman bright,
She waved on high her 'kerchief white:
    "Courage! To arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
  Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
  I see her kerchief move;
Through foes I hew, whene'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
    "Lady, I fight for thee!"

PARCIVAL.

PARCIVAL was educated by his widowed mother in profound retirement in the forest. He grew up grave, serious, and high-minded, full of vague desires and aspirations. While roaming pensively in the woods, he saw three knights in bright armor, mounted on spirited horses. A longing for adventure took possession of his soul, and he begged his mother's permission to enter the great world in which his father had been renowned. When she gave a sad consent, Parcival hastened to the court of King Arthur. Here he wins general admiration by his surpassing beauty, courage, skill in feats of arms, and all manly exercises, and perfect knighthood. Hearing that a fair princess is besieged in her castle by rebellious subjects, he hastens to her rescue, overcomes her enemies, and receives her hand as his reward. But a higher destiny awaits him. He soon bids his bride farewell, being filled with desire to inform his mother of his success and happiness. While on his return, some fishermen lead him to a lofty castle. He enters a spacious hall, and finds four hundred knights seated on elegant couches. But on the most splendid he sees a person of kingly aspect, who yet shows signs of grief and suffering. This is King

Anfortas, the guardian of the Holy Grail, and the castle is the temple of that mysterious vessel. Parcival remains in ignorance of the fact, though entrance to this place was indeed the reward of his Christian chivalry.

He gazed awhile ! the changes rung !
The gates of steel have open flung
Their portals; two sweet maidens there
  Appear, with veil and flowery wreath,
Binding the tresses long and fair
  Which fall in waving locks beneath.
Two candlesticks of beaten gold
  This lovely pair, all graceful, bear;
If aught could move the king to love,
  Sick as he is, he'd find it there.
It was the Countess Terriprobe,
  And her sweet friend; a girdle bright
Confined the rich and scarlet robe,
  Which floated o'er her form of light!

A second pair then nearer drew;
Of these one was a duchess too.
A tray of ivory pure she bore;
  Her lips were red as summer roses,
Her robe with gems all studded o'er
  A hue deep as her lips discloses;
The virgins bow'd and placed the tray
Before the monarch where he lay.
Four more, with torches, then appear,
  And then four more who bear a stone
Shining with radiance, bright and clear,
  That eye can scarcely gaze upon!
These lovely maids, so young and fair,
Had wreaths of flowers amid their hair;
Their robes, tight bound with jewell'd zone,
Were green as grass, when freshly grown!

. . . . . .

At length appeared the queen alone,
A light from her sweet features shone,
As when, at the approach of day,
Shines, through the clouds, the sun's bright ray!
Upon a cushion soft and fair
  Of finest silk that Persia wove,

She bore that treasure, rich and rare,
All earthly joy, or bliss above!
To which no mortal dare aspire!
Above the reach of all desire,
The Holy Grail!

Parcival retires to rest. Next morning he finds beside him his vestments and a rich scimitar the king had presented him; a horse, ready saddled and bridled, stands at the castle gate, but no human form is to be seen. Parcival mounts his steed and is riding slowly away, when he hears a mocking voice and beholds a dwarf upon the castle walls, who tauntingly reproaches him for not having inquired the meaning of all the strange sights he had seen; the dwarf then, with a wild, unearthly laugh, disappears. Soon Parcival meets a lovely maiden, overwhelmed with grief and holding in her arms a bleeding corpse. It is his cousin Sigune, bearing the body of her beloved husband, and, though it is the first time they have ever met, they recognize each other as relatives. From her, Parcival learns his fatal omission in not inquiring the name of the castle where he had been welcomed; for by him alone could Anfortas be restored to health.

While musing on all these extraordinary proceedings, Parcival perceives three drops of blood in the snow, and these drops recall the recollection of his wife. Years, however, pass before he again beholds her or his twin boys, to whom, since his departure, she has given birth. His present journey proves a useless one. Soon after his departure, his sad and broken-hearted mother, whose affections had been bound up in her son, had died.

After many adventures, Parcival returns to King Arthur's court, where he is about to be received as knight of the Round Table, when an enchantress appears and pronounces a curse on him for that omission which had led to such calamitous results; for Anfortas is still a victim to his wound. Sad, yet resigned, the young hero renounces his fond hopes of distinction; he resolves, as an expiation of his unconscious sin, to devote himself henceforward to the defence of the Holy Grail, if permitted this high honor. Then mounting his steed, he rides sorrowfully away.

For four long and weary years does Parcival wander through the world. He has lost his trust in man and God. At length he meets a knight who, by his wise and holy counsel, gradually leads back his erring spirit to faith, trust and hope. By him he is con-

ducted to an aged hermit who, he learns, is his uncle, who has long devoted himself to the service of God, and who teaches him that pride and self-esteem are obstacles to that high and holy office, which is now the aim of all his desires. It was these passions which had subjected Anfortas to the power of the demon and exposed him to that terrible wound from which he was to recover only when Parcival, to whom he was to deliver up the sovereignty, should enter the fortress and ask those simple yet mysterious questions.

Parcival, disdaining worldly fame or honor, henceforth devotes the whole energies of his noble nature to these duties and sacrifices, which alone can make him worthy of becoming the guardian of the Holy Grail. After encountering many dangers, and vanquishing many foes, the penitent knight obtains admittance again into the mysterious castle, and now does not forget his question. He has the satisfaction of restoring the king to health and of once more beholding his long-lost wife and embracing the children he had never yet beheld. To the youngest of these sons he gives over his temporal kingdom; the elder, Lohengrün, is to succeed him in the more precious sovereignty which he himself assumes. But, from this moment, a law is promulgated by which all knights of the Holy Grail are forbidden, when they have once left the precincts of the fortress, to disclose to any earthly ear from what origin they are sprung.

HARTMANN VON AUE.

AMONG the German poets who treated the Arthurian legend was the Suabian Knight, Hartmann von Aue. He served in the Crusades in 1189 and 1197, but is best known by his poetry. Part of this is of a personal character, telling his own adventures with charming simplicity, but the main portion comprises four narratives. One of these has been retold in English by Lord Tennyson under the name "Geraint and Enid," while another has been modernized by Longfellow in the "Golden Legend." In this a pure maiden of her own free will sacrifices herself to save the Suabian Knight Henry from a loathsome disease. A third poem called "Iwein," tells how a knight lost and recovered his lady's love. The fourth relates to a certain Gregory, who had unknowingly committed incest, condemned himself to the severest penance for seventeen years, obtained pardon of his sins, became pope, and was finally canonized. In the following extract from the beginning of "Iwein," Sir Colgriand relates a mortifying adventure, but his uncle Iwein afterwards avenged him.

SIR COLGRIAND'S ADVENTURE.

FAR in the forest ere I got,
Methought mine was no pleasant lot.
Wild beasts unnumber'd rang'd around,
Worrying each other on the ground.
Wolves, bulls, boars, bears, in many a score,
Bark'd, bellow'd, broon'd, with hideous roar,
Wielding, with hungry hate, the jaw,
The horn, the hoof, the tusk, the paw.
I check'd my steed to watch the fray,
And inly wish'd myself away:
But soon I saw the ugliest wight
That ever mortal had in sight,
And thought the beasts of better clan
Than this same monster of a man.
His head was bigger than a bullock's,
Cover'd with tangled black and full locks
On lip and chin, on cheek and crown.
His ears, like elephant's, hung down.
His eyebrows were as black as tinder,
His eyes as red as a hot cinder.
His mouth was a span wide or more,
And a huge hump his shoulders bore.
A fresh-flay'd hide supplied his cloak.
Arm'd with a club of stubborn oak,
He rose, star'd at me, and drew nigh,
Whether with good or evil eye
I hardly knew; but not a word
Had either of us yet preferr'd.
I thought him dumb perhaps, or slow;
But said: "Who are you, friend or foe?"

Forester. I let alone, who lets me so.

Sir Colgriand. And what is here your office now?

Forester. I watch these beasts, prevent disaster:
They fear me, own me for their master.

Sir C. Then make them cease this ravenous cry.

Forester. They'll not annoy you while I'm by.
And what's your business in a place
Which feet of men so seldom pace?

Sir C. Accoutred in this knightly guise,
I seek adventures, bold emprize,
Some champion, who in equal arms
Will try a joust, and hazard harms.

Forester. You need not ride three miles for that.
Beyond the wood a spacious plat
Of grass displays its lively green:
No prettier meadow can be seen.
A little chapel decks the centre,
The sculptur'd porch, 'neath which you enter,
Has, at each end, a marble prop,
A bell beside, a cross at top.
Its roof a linden overshades,
The fairest tree in all these glades.
A clear cool fountain springs hard by,
Fram'd in with marble not breast-high;
Whence the unceasing streamlet tinkles
Into a cistern it besprinkles.
An emerald basin you'll behold
Chain'd to the brim with links of gold.
Scoop water in the glittering shell,
And fling it back into the well;
You'll find you've anger'd a stout elf,
As fond of fighting as yourself.

The woodman pointed, as a guide,
With his left hand, and turned aside.
I rode along with thoughtful mien,
And reach'd in half an hour the green.
Oh, 'twas a lovely spot! a view
O'er woody hills and rivulets blue.
A castle towering from the plain,
The mistress of the fair domain.
The trees so still, the air so mild,
The sun so bright, the landscape smil'd.
And, on the linden, birds were thronging,
All chirping, warbling, singing-songing;
Since world is world, was never heard

So sweet a concert from the birds;
Had I been with a funeral train,
My heart would have felt cheer'd again.

I saw the chapel on the lawn,
Just as the forester had drawn,
The fountain with its marble rim,
The glistering basin on the brim:
The morning-star is not more bright,
While watching for the dawn of light.
When I beheld the emerald basin,
Methought to hesitate at facing
The upshot, would be acting lightly,
Would seem unmanly and unknightly.
With rash resolve, in luckless hour,
I got the basin in my power,
Scoop'd water with the glittering shell,
And flung it back into the well.

At once was quench'd the light on high;
Black storm-clouds gather'd in the sky:
The lightnings flash'd, the thunders crash'd,
Wind, rain, and hail, in eddies dash'd:
The scatter'd leaves bestrew'd the ground,
The trees stood skeletons around;
The birds fled toppling on the blast.
The steed, I held, plung'd, look'd aghast;
But for the providence of God
We both had perish'd on the sod.
Then silence all the scene o'erspread,
Save where the waters gurgling fled.
Slow sail'd the parting clouds away;
Again the landscape shone in day.
But, from the castle's echoing mound,
A bugle-horn began to sound.
My ear a noise of engines smote;
The drawbridge bow'd across the moat;
A stately knight, arm'd cap-a-pie,
Rode forth, and turn'd his steed tow'rd me;
I girt my saddle, and remounted,
As if I on his coming counted.

I soon perceived this lordly elf
Had broader shoulders than myself,

A stouter horse, a longer spear,
A tougher shield; and I felt queer.
When he had ridden near enough,
He said in accents loud and rough:
"I shall not deign to ask your name;
You are no courteous son of fame.
My forest you have half destroy'd,
Have scar'd my game, and left it void;
'Tis meet we try each other's strength;
Defend yourself, or lie at length."
Spurring his charger to advance,
He firmly couch'd his heavy lance.
I level'd mine, display'd my shield,
And met him fairly in the field.
His breast-plate I no sooner struck,
Than my lance splinter'd, by ill luck;
While he, with a resistless force,
Had thrust me backwards off my horse,
And left me sprawling on the plain
Chap-fallen, stunn'd, and bruis'd, amain;
Leading as lawful prize away
The steed that bore me to the fray.
Poor I trudg'd back on foot again
The whole long road explor'd in vain.

HARTMANN VON AUE.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

In the "Garden of Roses" the old heroic ballad takes a burlesque turn, which shows that chivalry was declining when it was written.

'Mongst the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle pride;
With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide;
Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his blade:
But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

"Brother Ilsan, raise thine eyes," spake Sir Hildebrand,
"Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening foe does stand:
Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine.
Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine!"

"It's I will fight him," cried the monk; "my blessing shall he gain;
Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again."
Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden passed.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk:
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage brown and shrunk;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhild,—"Father, leave thine ire!
Go and chant thy matins with thy brothers in the choir."
"Gentle lady," cried the monk, "roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so rough:
"Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed enough:
Has the kemp of Bern sent me his fool to fight?"
"Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my wits aright."

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a weighty blow,
Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.
Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, "Thou art the devil's priest!
Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist."

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his trusty blade;
With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the roses red;
All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
Each did strike full sorry blows with their falchions good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their war,
But the friar cut his enemy o'er the head a bloody scar;
Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet bright;
Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
The friar's heavy interdict lay the giant under.
Up rose Queen Chrimhild, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
A kiss the lady gave him, where madly he did prance.
"Hear, thou lady fair; more roses must I have;
To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

"If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy garden fair,
And right sorry should I be to work thee so much care."
"Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions bold and true:
Crowns and kisses may'st thou gain for thy brothers fifty-two."

. . . . . .

Up spake the queen,—"Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets ready dight;
Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight."
Ilsan rose, and donned his cowl, and ran against them all;
There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;
Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions of renown:
And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;
Their right hands held they forth, begged him their lives to spare.

Quickly ran the monk, to the Queen Chrimhild he hied:
"Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle pride;
I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them and anoint them:
Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst appoint them.

"When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk invite."
The Lady Chrimhild gave him two-and-fifty chaplets bright.

"Nay, Lady Queen, remind thee! By the holy order mine,
I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and fine."

And when Chrimhild, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-two,
With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her rue,
That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood:
The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk—it did him good.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

LAURIN, THE DWARF KING.

"THE Little Garden of Roses" is a collection of poems ascribed to Henry of Ofterdingen. The story runs thus: The Lady Similt, with her brother Dietlieb, goes forth to revel in the spring festival under the linden tree in the forest. Thence she is carried off by the dwarf King Laurin, whose tarn-cap renders him invisible. Dietlieb and his knights seek for her, and are told of the dwarf, his exploits and power—and particularly of his rose garden, around which a silken line is drawn. Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona) and his friend Wittich resolve to spoil his garden, but on arriving at the spot Dietrich forbears, while Wittich destroys its beauty. Afterwards they rest, until suddenly the little king appears.

BEHOLD there came a little king
  In warlike manner dight,
A king he was o'er many a land,
  And Laurin was he hight.
A lance with gold entwined around
  The little king did bear,
And on the lance a pennon gay
  Wav'd fluttering in the air.

And thereupon two greyhounds fleet
  Right seemly were portrayed,
And alway looked as though they chased
  The roebuck through the glade.
His courser bounded like a fawn,
  With golden trappings gay,
And costly gems, too, sparkled round,
  Bright glittering as the day.

And in his hands the hero grasped
  Right firm the golden rein;

With ruby-red the saddle gleamed
  As he pricked o'er the plain. . . . .
Around his waist a girdle fair
  He wore of magic might;
The power of twelve the stoutest men
  It gave him for the fight.

Cunning he was and deep in skill,
  And when his wrath arose
The foe must be of mickle power
  That could withstand his blows. . . . .
And tall at times his stature grew
  With spells of grammary,
That to the noblest princes he
  A fellow meet might be.

A crown of purest gold he bore
  Upon his helmet bright,
With richer gems or finer gold
  No mortal king is dight.
Upon the crown and on the helm
  Birds sing their merry lay;
The nightingale and lark did chant
  Their melodies so gay;

It seem'd as on the greenwood tree
  They tuned their minstrelsy;
By hand of master were they wrought
  With spells of grammary.
Upon his arm a buckler bright
  Showed spar'hawks swift and gay,
While a fierce leopard 'mongst the trees
  Was ravening for his prey.

A savage combat ensued; and the king is obliged to yield to the superior force of Dietrich. He then makes use of his tarn-cap, and, lost to sight, strikes with greater effect. But, finally, his cap falls off, and the contending parties effect a reconciliation. The king conducts the champions through lovely meadows to his palace within the mountain. They pass through a golden gate, and another of steel, which are closed behind them. Then a necromancer casts a spell upon them, so that they cannot behold each other, and they cry out against the king's broken faith, but he assures them they shall not suffer. They enter the royal hall.

THE DWARF KING'S COURT.

MANY a winsome dwarf was seen, graithed in rich attire;
Garments bright with gold and gems bore each little sire.
From the gems full mighty strength had the dwarfish chivalry:
Quaintly they danced, and on their steeds they rode right cunningly.

Far they cast the heavy stone, and, in their warlike game,
They broke the lance, and tourneyed before the knights of fame.
There many harpers tuned their lay, and played with mirth and glee,
Loudly, in the royal hall, their merry minstrelsy.

Before the table high appeared four learned singing men,
Two short, and two of stature tall, and sung in courtly strain.
Soon to the table sped the king, and bade his meiny all
Wait upon his noble guests, in the royal hall.

Similt, the lady fair, heard of the royal feasts:
Of her servants did she ask, "Who are the stranger guests?"
"Noble knights of German birth," spake a kemp of stature small;
"Laurin bids ye speed to court, for well ye know them all."

Quickly spake the lady,—"Up my damsels fair!
Deck ye in your richest guise, for to court we will repair."
Soon they dight them royally in glittering array;
Full blithe they were to speed to court with Similt, the gentle may.

There came many a minstrel, tuning his lay of mirth;
Shawms and trumpets shrill they blew, the sweetest on the earth.
There full many a song was sung by learned singing men;
Of war and chivalrous emprise they tuned the noble strain.

Now to court, in bright array, all the maids are gone,
With many a knight not two feet long; one leaped, the other run;
Merry were they all; and before the lovely dame,
Two tall, two little gleemen sang the song of fame.

Before the queen they chanted the merry minstrelsy,
And all who heard their master-notes dwelt in mirth and glee.
There fiddlers quaint appeared, though small their stature were,
Marching, two and two, before the lady fair.

Similt into the palace came, with her little maidens all;
Garments they wore which glittered brightly in the hall,
Of fur and costly ciclatoun, and brooches of fine gold:
No richer guise in royal courts might mortal man behold.

The gentle Lady Similt bore a golden crown;
Full many a precious stone around the cavern shone;
But one before the others glittered gorgeously;
The wight who wore that noble gem ever blithe must be.

And now the spell was ta'en away from the champions bold;
Full glad they were when openly their feres they might behold.
Right noble cheer was offered to the champions brave;
In royal guise the feast was held the whole day in the cave.

CELTIC LITERATURE

THE Celts were prehistoric invaders of Western Europe, including the British Isles. They were of the great Indo-European stock, and came from the remote East, perhaps as much as two thousand years before Christ. Julius Cæsar relates that, when he entered on his conquest of Gaul in 58 B. C., its tribes, whom the Romans named, collectively, Gauls, called themselves Celts. He not only testifies to their bravery, but notices their peculiar religious beliefs. He declares that the Druids, their prophets and priests, partly from religious scruples, and partly from a desire to discipline the memory of their pupils, committed nothing to writing. After being conquered, the inhabitants of Southern Gaul were permitted to share the benefits of Roman civilization, and showed themselves so susceptible to the new influence that they soon proudly claimed the name of Romans. The more remote tribes, in the mountains and on the Atlantic coast, preserved the Celtic character and customs. But, of the whole country, it has justly been said, "Gaul was Latinized in language, manners and laws, and yet her people remained essentially Celtic." The historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, who wrote about 350 A. D., in speaking of the central tribes, says: "They possessed no small amount of culture, the source of which is found in the Bards, the Euhages and the Druids. Of these three orders, the Bards composed verses in praise of achievements of heroes, accompanying the words with the notes of the lyre ; the Euhages devoted themselves to the study of nature and the order of its phenomena ; while the Druids, of

a more lofty genius, bound themselves, after the example of Pythagoras, by a bond of brotherhood, and, seeking after heavenly things, despised earthly affairs and taught the immortality of the soul." Though these Continental Celts have contributed in no small degree to the national character of the French, their own language was lost, and their traditions, which were long preserved in Brittany, were merged in the general stock of French literature.

The British Celts crossed over from Belgic Gaul. Cæsar, who invaded Britain in 55 B.C., gives this account of their origin, and, though his stay in the island was brief, his description of its people is the earliest standard authority. It was not till ninety years after Cæsar left that the Romans again entered Britain. Then they came to stay and rule, and, for more than three centuries, they were masters of the part called England. When the legions were finally withdrawn in 410 A.D., the native Britons fell into disorder. Very soon swarms of Jutes, Angles and Saxons crossed the narrow seas separating England from Denmark and Holland, and continued to arrive during the next hundred and fifty years. The Celts stubbornly resisted, but were obliged to give ground and sought refuge in swampy and mountainous districts. The descendants of the Celts survive in Ireland, Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Cornwall. The dialects of these districts were branches of a common language, which has almost perished. It never influenced to any appreciable degree the formation of the great composite tongue which we call English. The basis of the latter is Teutonic, with contributions from the Latin, chiefly through the medium of Norman-French; but of Welsh, Erse, Gaelic, or Cornish, the traces are few.

Celtic literature, as far as preserved, is divided into three main branches—the Scotch or Gaelic, the Irish or Erse, and the Welsh or Cymric. With regard to the relative antiquity of these, it is almost impossible to decide, as all were late in being committed to writing. The dispute as to the genuineness of the poems attributed to Oisin, or Ossian, is still unsettled. In 1760, James Macpherson showed some poems which he asserted were derived from Gaelic sources, going back to

the third century. He attributed them to Ossian, the son of Finn, a Gaelic warrior and bard of that date. The criticism and investigation which have been applied to the matter since Macpherson's time have, upon the whole, justified the application of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," in regard to his claim. Yet the six-book epic of Fingal, which is the principal matter in debate, is probably in part a genuine production, handed down from age to age. Finn, Fionn, or Fingal, was a real personage of the third century. Down to recent times there have been in various clans bards of local repute, some of whose effusions have been printed.

Ireland, removed from the strife of constant invasions, early became a refuge and centre of intellectual life; though this seclusion, on the other hand, rendered her primitive history legendary. Her assured chronology begins with the planting of Christianity by St. Patrick in the fifth century. Thereafter, until the Norsemen ravaged the eastern coast, in the ninth and tenth centuries, Ireland was undisturbed. During this period, and later, the monks cultivated their peculiar art and literature. The Psalter of Cashel dates from the fifth century. The illuminated designs by Irish monks in missals and Bibles have never been surpassed in that branch of art. The heroic and fairy tales of Ireland are a charming chapter in literature. But it cannot be said that any work of first-class importance has been traced to Irish sources.

The early history of Welsh literature is as obscure and as much beset with controversy as that of Ireland or Scotland. The four most ancient manuscripts in the Welsh language are the Black Book of Caermarthen, the Book of Aneurin, the Book of Taliessin, and the Red Book of Hergest. The first three are collections of ancient poetry, partly historical, which were long preserved in the libraries of Welsh religious houses, but were dispersed in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries. The bards to whom these poems are attributed, Myrddin, Aneurin, Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, are supposed to have lived in the sixth century. The Red Book of Hergest, besides similar poems, contains prose romances, known as the Mabinogion. This word is a plural form derived from Mabinog, and that from the root Mab,

meaning young or small (whence Queen Mab of the fairies, etc.). Mabinog is a literary apprentice, and Mabinogion a collection of things constituting the Mabinog's stock in trade. Such is the interpretation of experts; what more concerns us is that the book contains a number of charming and romantic fairy tales, several of which—"Lady of the Fountain," "Peredur, son of Evrawc," "Geraint, son of Erbin," "Kilwch and Oliver," and "Dream of Rhonabwy," are branches of the great Arthurian legend. Other stories in the collection, relating to still older affairs, are, "Pwyll, Prince of Dyved," "Branwen, Daughter of Llyr," and "Math, son of Mathonwy." While the tales are of great antiquity, the manuscript of them, which we possess, belongs to the fourteenth century, and is now preserved in Jesus College, Oxford. The tales were translated in 1849 by Lady Charlotte Guest.

In all branches of the Celtic race there is a singular blending of characteristics which are usually incompatible. The Celts are peculiarly sensitive, quick to feel impressions, and they feel these strongly. In some cases this quickness of feeling renders them timid, shy, melancholy, leads them to prefer retired life, and shrink from contact with the great rough world of struggling men. Yet, in other cases, the same sensitiveness renders them gay, chivalrous and adventurous. Both classes are found among the French and Irish; but the subdued character seems to prevail among the Welsh and Highland Scotch, though their history testifies to the existence of the other in former days. There is reason to believe that in middle and western England the Celtic Britons closely intermingled with the Saxons. The historian, J. R. Green, who has studied the movement of the peoples on British soil, declares, "It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in the largest measure the mobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English border land, in the forest of Arden."

SUMMONS TO THE BARD.

THE oldest Gaelic literature is found in the songs relating to the struggles of Fionn, or Finn (the Fair-haired), and his clan, against the other Gaelic clans in Erin. In the battle of Gabhra, said to have been fought 284 A.D., Fionn's tribe was crushed. But his son Oisin (the Little Fawn) was a warrior and bard, whose genius was aroused by these exciting events. Fragments of his epic have been preserved by tradition in Scotland and Ireland. The following specimen is given by Professor J. Stuart Blackie:

Then out spake Semo's noble son:
" Carol, raise thy voice on high;
Of the times gone by let the minstrel sing;
Let the night be spent in soothing song,
That joy from sorrow may sweetly spring.
Many the youths and maidens fair
That moved in Innisfail of yore;
Pleasant to hear the song of their praise
Echoed on Alba's sounding shore,
When the air of the chase has died away
And Ossian stirs the tuneful theme,
And the haunt of the deer on the hill replies
To Cona's gently-murmuring stream."

OSSIAN'S LAMENT IN OLD AGE.

A SCOTTISH churchman of the clan MacGregor, who died in 1551, had collected a large amount of Gaelic poetry. His book, called from his office the Dean of Lismore's Book, is now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. A passage taken from it is here modernized by Professor J. Stuart Blackie.

Long are the clouds this night above me;
The last was a long night to me,
This day that drags its weary way
Came from a wearier yesterday.
Each day that comes is long to me;
Such was not my wont to be.
Now there is no fine delight
In battle-field and fence of fight;
No training now to feats of arms,
Nor song nor harp, nor maiden's charms,

Nor blazing hearth, nor well-heaped board,
Nor banquet spread by liberal lord,
Nor stag-pursuing, nor gentle wooing,
The dearest of dear trades to me.
Alas! that I should live to see
Days without mirth in hut or hall,
Without the hunter's wakeful call,
Or bay of hounds, or hounds at all,
Without light jest, or sportive whim,
Or lads with mounting breast to swim
Across the long arms of the sea.—
  Long are the clouds this night above me.
In the big world there lives no wight
More sad than I this weary night,
A poor old man with no pith in my bones,
Fit for nothing but gathering stones.
The last of the Finn, a noble race,
Ossian, the son of Finn, am I,
Standing beneath the cold gray sky,
Listening to the sound of bells.—
  Long are the clouds this night above me!

THE DEATH-SONG OF UTHER PENDRAGON.

THIS song, composed by Taliessin, the greatest of the Welsh bards, is uttered in the name of Uther. It belongs to the sixth century, the first period in which Cymric poetry specially flourished.

Am I not with hosts making a din?
I would not cease, between two hosts, without blood.
Am I not he that is called Gorlassar?
My belt was a rainbow to my foe.
Am I not a prince, in darkness,
To him that takes my appearance with my two chief baskets?
Am I not, like Cawyl, ploughing?
I would not cease without blood between two hosts.
Shall not I defend my sanctuary?
In contending with the friends of wrath,
Have I not been accustomed to blood about the wrathful,
A sword-stroke daring against the sons of Cawrnur?
Have I not shared my cause? Have I not
A ninth portion in the prowess of Arthur?

Have not I destroyed a hundred Cærs [forts]?
Have not I slain a hundred governors?
Have not I given a hundred veils?
Have not I cut off a hundred heads?
Have not I given to Henpen
The tremendous sword of the enchanter?
Have I not performed the rights of purification,
When Hayarndor went to the top of the mountain?
I was bereaved to my sorrow. My confidence was commensurate.
There was not a world were it not for my progeny.
I am a bard to be praised. May the unskillful
Be possessed by the ravens and eagle, the bird of wrath.
May the countenance of Prydain be bright for my guidance,
Sovereign of heaven, let my messages not be rejected.

THE LAMENT OF CUNEDDA.

I AM Taliesin the ardent;
I will enrich the praise of baptism.
At the baptism of the ruler, the worshipper wondered.
At the conflict of the rocks and the plain,
There is trembling, from fear of Cunedda the burner,
In Cær Weir and Cær Lliwclydd.

There is trembling from the mutual encounter,
A complete billow of fire over the seas,
A wave in which the brave fell among his companions.
A hundred received his attack on the earth,
Like the roaring of the wind against the ashen spears.
His dogs raised their backs at his presence,
They protected him, and believed in his kindness.
The bards are arranged according to accurate canons.

The death of Cunedda is deplored.
Deplored be the strong protector, the fearless defender;
His discourse raised up the bard stricken in poverty.
He was harder against an enemy than a bone.
Pre-eminent is Cunedda before the grave
And the sod. His life was saved
A hundred times before there was dissolution. A hurdle
The men of Btyniich carried in the battle.

They became pale from fear of him and his terror chill-moving,
Before the earth was the portion of his end.
A chief of lion aspect, ashes became his fellow-countrymen.
Against the son of Edern, before the supremacy of terrors,
He was fierce, dauntless, irresistible,
Yet for the streams of death he is distressed.
He carried the shield in the pre-eminent place,
Truly valiant were his princes.

THE BATTLE OF CATRAETH.

THIS is part of the Gododin, a long series of poems by the Welsh poet Aneurin. It has been ascertained by the careful antiquary, W. F. Skene, that the battle of Catraeth was fought in 596 A.D., by Britons and Scots, under Aidan, against the Saxons and Picts. The place was near the Firth of Forth, where the name Catterick still survives.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
They dealt peaceably with those who feared them.
A hundred thousand engaged with three hundred in mutual overthrow,
Drenched in gore they served as butts for lances;
Their post they most manfully defended
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg Mwynvawr.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
Regretting their absence and their disposition;
Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.
In that year many a minstrel fell.
Redder were their swords than their plumes.
Their blades were white as lime, their helmets split into four parts,
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg Mwynvawr.

The men went to Catraeth with the day:
Have not the best of battles their disgrace?
They made biers a matter of necessity,
With blades full of vigor in defence of baptism.
This is best before the alliance of kindred.
Exceedingly great was the bloodshed and death, of which they were the cause,
Before the army of Gododin, when the day occurred.
Is not a double quantity of discretion the best strengthener of a hero?

The man went to Catraeth with the day:
Truly he quaffed the foaming mead on serene nights;
Then he was unlucky, though proverbially fortunate:
His mission, through ambition, was that of a destroyer.
There hastened not to Catraeth
A chief so magnificent
As to his design on the standard.
Never was there such a host
From the fort of Eiddyn [Edinburgh],
That would scatter abroad the mounted ravagers.
Tudvwlch Hir, near his land and towns,
Slaughtered the Saxons for seven days.
His valor remained until he was overpowered;
And his memory will remain among his fair associates.
When Tudvwlch, the supporter of the land, arrived,
The station of the son of Cilydd became a plain of blood.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
To them were their shields a protection.
Blood they sought, the gleamers assembled:
Simultaneously, like thunder, arose the din of shields.
The man of envy, the deserter, and the base,
He would tear and pierce with pikes.
From an elevated position, he slew, with a blade,
In iron affliction, a steel-clad commander;
He subdued in Mordai those that owed him homage;
Before Erthgi armies groaned.

For the battle of Catraeth, when it shall be related
The people will utter sighs; long has been their sorrow.
There will be a dominion without a sovereign, and a murky land.
The sons of Godebawg, an upright clan,
Bore, streaming, long biers.
Sad was the fate, just the necessity,
Decreed to Tudvwlch and Cyvwlch Hir.
Together they drank the clear mead
By the light of the rushes,
Though pleasant to the taste, its banefulness lasted long.

THE SONG OF THE CUCKOO.

SOME who are conversant with early Welsh poetry regard Llywarch Hen as superior to Taliessin. His poems are all personal and reflective, and usually melancholy. This poem is in triads, or stanzas of three lines, commonly used in Welsh.

Sitting high upon a hill, battle-inclined is
My mind, yet it does not impel me onward:
Short is my journey, my tenement is laid waste.

Sharp is the gale, it is bare punishment to live;
When the trees array themselves in gay colors
Of summer; violently ill I am this day.

I am no hunter; I keep no animal of the chase;
I cannot move about:
As long as it pleases the cuckoo, let her sing.

The loud-voiced cuckoo sings with the dawn,
Her melodious notes in the dales of Cuawg:
Better is the lavisher than the miser.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing,
On the blossom-covered branches:
The loud-voiced cuckoo, let her sing awhile.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing,
On the blossom-covered branches;
Woe to the sick that hears their contented notes.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing:
The recollection is in my mind.
There are that hear them that will not hear them again.

Have I not listened to the cuckoo on the ivied tree?
Did not my shield hang down?
What I love is but vexation; what I loved is no more.

High above the merry oak,
I have listened to the song of birds.
The loud cuckoo—every one remembers what he loves.

Songstress with the solacing song, her voice is grief-exciting:
Subject to wander, with the flight of the hawk,
The loquacious cuckoo at Aber Cuawg.

THE OLD MAN'S STAFF.

THIS is part of Llywarch Hen's lament on his old age.

I was formerly fair of limb, I was eloquent in speech:
What is not wonderful will be extolled—
The men of Argoed have ever supported me.

I was formerly fair of limb, I was bold,
I was admitted into the congress-house
Of Powys, the Paradise of the Cymry.

Wooden crook! is it not the time of harvest,
When the fern is brown, and the reeds are yellow?
Have I not once disliked what I now love?

Wooden crook! is not this winter,
When men are noisy over the beverage?
Is not my bedside void of greeting visits?

Wooden crook! is it not the spring,
When the cuckoos are brownish, when the foam is bright?
I am destitute of a maiden's love.

Wooden crook! is it not the beginning of summer,
Are not the furrows brown, are not the corn-blades curled?
It is refreshing to me to look at thy beak.

Wooden crook! Thou contented branch,
That supportest the mourning old man,
Llywarch of pleasant talk.

Wooden crook! Thou hardy branch,
That bearest with me—God protect thee.
Thou art justly called the tree of wandering.

Wooden crook! Be thou steady,
So that thou mayest support me the better—
Am not I Llywarch, known to many far away?

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

THE earliest outburst of Welsh song which has been preserved belonged to the sixth century. It was due to the tribal enthusiasm aroused in resisting the Saxon invasion of Britain. Six centuries later there was a revival of the poetic spirit due to the institution of chivalry, the renewal of intercourse between the scattered remnants of the British race in Wales, Cornwall, Brittany, and Ireland, and the interchange of their traditions. The Normans endeavored to push their conquest beyond the Severn, which had become the boundary between the Saxons and the unsubdued Welsh tribes. Brave leaders arose among the latter, and their partial success inspired the bards with new songs. One of these is "The Triumphs of Owen," which was composed by Gwalchmai, son of Meilyr, on the battle of Tal y Moelvre, assigned by some historians to 1157 A.D. It has been rendered in English by Thomas Gray. Gwyneth was the favorite name for Wales; Erin is Ireland, and Lochlin denotes part of Scotland.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor keeps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came:
This the force of Erin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding
On her shadow long and gay,
Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Morva stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

Tal y Molfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.

PEREDUR.

THE tale of Peredur, the son of Evrawc, as found in the Welsh Mabinogion, is similar in many respects to that of Parcival or Parzival, as related by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who borrowed his material from the French poet, Chrestien de Troyes. The German incorporates as an essential part the quest of the Holy Grail, while the Welsh romancist relates many incidents not found in the other versions. The tale thus appears to be of Celtic origin, but to have been amplified according to the spirit of different narrators, and the atmosphere of their several localities. The following is chiefly an abridgment of the translation by Lady Charlotte Guest, but the love-story of Peredur is given in her words.

Peredur was the seventh son of Earl Evrawc, ruler of the North. His father and brothers had all been slain, and his mother fled with him, her last remaining son, to the wilderness. She permitted no one to bring near him horses or arms. When he was growing up, he saw one day three knights riding in a road on the border of the forest. He asked his mother what they were, and she said they were angels. "By my faith," said Peredur, "I will go and become an angel with them." He joined them, and learned their names—Gwalchmai, son of Gwyar; Geneir Guystyl, and Owain, son of Urien. Owain explained to Peredur his armor and weapons and their uses. Peredur told his mother, "Those men were not angels, but honorable knights."

His mother swooned at her son's discovery, but when she found that he insisted on leaving her, she gave him careful instructions for his conduct. A horse was obtained for the youth, and he twisted twigs to form trappings, such as he had seen on the horses of the knights.

Forth rode the innocent youth, and in a few days came to a forest containing a glade, and in this a tent, which he supposed to be a church. Before entering it, he repeated the Paternoster, as his mother had directed. At the door he saw a beautiful maiden, and near by some meat and wine. Of these he took part, telling the lady that his mother had bidden him do so. Then he bent his knee before her, and saying that his mother also bade him to take a fair jewel wherever he saw it, therefore he took her ring. But when Peredur departed the lord of the glade returned, and seeing his horse's track, asked the maiden if the stranger had done her wrong. She answered, "By my faith, he harmed me not." But the knight replied, "I believe thee not, and until I meet him and revenge the insult he has done me, thou shalt not remain two nights in the same house." Then the knight set out in pursuit of the stranger.

But Peredur had now arrived at King Arthur's Court. There a knight had dashed wine from a golden goblet in the face of Queen Gwenhwyvar [Guenever], and said, "If any dare to dispute this goblet with me, and revenge the insult to Gwenhwyvar, let him follow me to the meadow, and there will I wait for him." But all the knights cast down their looks lest they should be called on to avenge the insult. Then Peredur entered the courtyard and asked Sir Kai where King Arthur was. But Sir Kai answered roughly, and the people in the yard threw sticks at Peredur and his bony horse with twigs for trappings. Then a dwarf, who had been a year at Arthur's court without speaking a word, came forward and suddenly cried out, "The welcome of Heaven be to thee, goodly Peredur, son of Evrawc, chief of warriors and the flower of knighthood." Sir Kai reproved the dwarf and struck him, so that he fell senseless. Then a female dwarf, who had also been dumb, repeated the exclamation, but was likewise punished. Kai then said to Peredur, "Go after the knight who went hence to the meadow, overthrow him, take from him the goblet, possess thyself of his horse and arms, and then thou shalt receive the order of knighthood." Peredur went to the meadow and slew the knight, but when Owain followed him he found Peredur dragging the knight about, because he knew not

how to unfasten his coat of mail. Owain assisted him, and bade him come to Arthur to receive knighthood. But Peredur said, "Take the goblet to Gwenhwyvar, and tell Arthur that wherever I am, I will be his vassal; but I will not come into court until I have encountered the tall man, and have revenged the injury he did to the dwarfs." During the following week Peredur encountered sixteen knights and overthrew them all. They were all required to bear the same message to the king. Then Arthur reproved Sir Kai, who was greatly grieved. Peredur then went to the castle of a venerable knight, who undertook to instruct him in all suitable knowledge, bidding him forsake the discourse of his mother, and avoid expressing wonder at anything he saw.

Peredur afterwards rode forth through a desert wood, and beyond a meadow saw a large castle. Finding the gate open he proceeded to the hall, where he saw a stately man sitting with many pages around him. They rose to receive Peredur, placed him beside the lord and served him with food. Then the lord asked Peredur whether he could fight with a sword, and the youth answered that if he were instructed, he could. In the floor there was a large iron staple. "Take yonder sword," said the lord to Peredur, "and strike the staple." Peredur took the sword and struck the staple so that he cut in two, but the sword also broke in two. "Put the two parts together," said the lord, "and reunite them." Peredur put them together and they became one as before. He struck a second time with the same result. When he struck the third blow, the staple and the sword were again broken, but they would not reunite as before. "Youth," said the lord, "come and sit down. My blessing be upon thee. Thou art the best with the sword of any man in the kingdom. Thou hast arrived at two-thirds of thy strength; the other third thou hast not yet attained; when thou reachest full power, none will be able to contend with thee. I am thy mother's brother, and I am brother to the man at whose house thou wast last night."

While Peredur discoursed with his uncle, two youths entered the hall, bearing a huge spear with three streams of blood flowing from the point to the ground. The company all began to weep and lament, but the lord went on with his discourse. When the clamor had somewhat subsided, two maidens entered with a large salver in which was a man's head surrounded with blood. A still greater outcry followed, but Peredur forebore to inquire the meaning of what he saw. He slept that night in a fair chamber, and the next day rode forth into a wood. Here he heard a loud cry

and saw a beautiful woman, standing near a saddled horse, and a dead body beside her. She tried to place the body on the horse, but was unable, and when it fell, she lamented loudly. "Tell me, lady," said Peredur, "why thou art lamenting?" "Accursed Peredur," she replied, "little pity has my ill-fortune ever met from thee." "Why am I accursed?" cried he. "Because thou wast the cause of thy mother's death. For when thou didst set out against her will, anguish seized upon her so that she died. Therefore art thou accursed. The dwarfs that thou sawest at Arthur's court were the dwarfs of thy father and mother; I am thy foster-sister and this was my husband, who was slain by the knight that is in the glade of the wood." Peredur buried the dead body, and then went in search of the knight and overthrew him. Then he forced him to marry the woman, and to bear to Arthur's court a defiant message to Sir Kai. When King Arthur learned what had happened, he exclaimed: "By my faith! I will search all the woods of Britain till I find Peredur, and then shall he and his adversary do their worst to each other."

Peredur rode on, and, after saving a lady whose castle was besieged by enemies, he met another distressed lady whose horse was covered with sweat. Recognizing her, he said: "I am the knight through whom thou art in trouble, and he who has treated thee thus shall repent it." He found her lord, and engaging in combat with him, soon overthrew him. The lord begged for mercy, and Peredur replied, "Mercy shalt thou have, if thou wilt pledge thy faith to return as thou camest, and declare that thou holdest the lady innocent, and wilt acknowledge thy fault." And the knight pledged his faith.

Peredur's next adventure was in a castle, in the hall of which sat a tall and stately lady with many hand-maidens. After he had finished his repast, she advised him to go elsewhere to sleep. When Peredur inquired the reason, she said, "Nine sorceresses are here, who have already laid waste all this country except this dwelling. Unless we escape before daybreak, we shall all be slain." But the gallant youth declared, "I will remain here to-night, and will aid you if I can, but will not harm you." At daybreak he heard an outcry and saw a sorceress seize one of the watch, who cried out sharply. Peredur struck the sorceress on the head so that he flattened her helmet, but she cried, "I beg thy mercy, good Peredur, son of Evrawc, and mercy of Heaven." "How knowest thou, hag, that I am Peredur?" The sorceress answered, "By destiny, and the foreknowledge that I should

suffer harm from thee. Take thou a horse and arms from me, and with me shalt thou learn chivalry." Then said Peredur, "Mercy thou shalt have if thou pledge thy faith never to injure henceforth the lands of the countess." She gave him the pledge, and he went to the palace of the nine sorceresses, where he remained three weeks.

Having chosen a horse and arms, Peredur departed and encountered King Arthur and his household, who had gone in search of him. Sir Kai spoke to Peredur rudely and angrily. But Peredur thrust him with his lance under the jaw, and threw him down so that he broke his arm and shoulder-blade. Then Peredur rode over him one-and-twenty times, and Kai's horse returned prancing to where Arthur was. When the king's men saw the horse without a rider, they rode forth to the place of encounter. They found Kai and thought he had been slain, but when he was brought to the king's tent, skillful physicians ministered to him. At last Gwalchmai went to Peredur, and addressed him with courtesy, and Peredur returned to the king. Arthur treated the knight with great honor, and led him back to his court at Cærlleon.

The Dumb Youth.

Peredur came to Cærlleon to Arthur's Court, and as he walked in the city after his repast, behold, there met him Angharad Law Eurawc (Angharad of the Golden Hand). "By my faith, sister," said Peredur, "thou art a beauteous and lovely maiden; and, were it pleasing to thee, I could love thee above all women." "I pledge my faith," said she, "that I do not love thee, nor will I ever do so." "I also pledge my faith," said Peredur, "that I will never speak a word to any Christian again, until thou come to love me above all men."

The next day Peredur went forth by the high road, along a mountain ridge, and he saw a valley of a circular form, the confines of which were rocky and wooded. And the flat part of the valley was in meadows, and there were fields betwixt the meadows and the wood. And in the bosom of the wood he saw large black houses of uncouth workmanship. And he dismounted and led his horse towards the wood. And a little way within the wood he saw a rocky ledge, along which the road lay. And upon the ledge was a lion bound with a chain, and sleeping. And beneath the lion he saw a deep pit of immense size, full of bones

of men and animals. Then Peredur drew his sword and struck the lion, so that he fell into the mouth of the pit and hung there by the chain; and with a second blow he struck the chain and broke it, and the lion fell into the pit; and Peredur led his horse over the rocky ledge, until he came into the valley. And in the centre of the valley he saw a fair Castle, and he went towards it. And in the meadow by the Castle he beheld a huge grey man sitting, who was larger than any man he had ever before seen. And two young pages were shooting the hilts of their daggers, made of the bone of the sea-horse. And one of the pages had red hair, and the other auburn. And they went before him to the place where the grey man was, and Peredur saluted him. And the grey man said, "Disgrace to the beard of my porter." Then Peredur understood that the porter was the lion.

And the grey man and the page went together into the Castle, and Peredur accompanied them; and he found it a fair and noble place. And they proceeded to the hall, and the tables were already laid, and upon them was abundance of food and liquor. And thereupon he saw an aged woman and a young woman come from the chamber; and they were the most stately women he had ever seen. Then they washed and went to meat, and the grey man sat in the upper seat, at the head of the table, and the aged woman next to him. And Peredur and the maiden were placed together, and the young pages served them. And the maiden gazed sorrowfully upon Peredur, and Peredur asked the maiden wherefore she was sad. "For thee, my soul; for, since I first beheld thee, I have loved thee above all men. And it pains me to know that so gentle a youth as thou should have such a doom as awaits thee to-morrow. Sawest thou the numerous black houses in the bosom of the wood? All these belong to the vassals of the grey man yonder, who is my father. They are all giants, and to-morrow they will rise up against thee, and will slay thee. This valley is called the Round Valley." "Listen, fair maiden; wilt thou contrive that my horse and arms be in the same lodging with me to-night?" "Gladly will I cause it so to be, by Heaven, if I can."

And when it was time for them to sleep rather than to carouse, they went to rest. And the maiden caused Peredur's horse and arms to be in the same lodging with him. And the next morning Peredur heard a great tumult of men and horses around the Castle. And Peredur arose, and armed himself and his horse, and went to the meadow. Then the aged woman and maiden

came to the grey man. "Lord," said they, "take the word of the youth, that he will never disclose what he has seen in this place, and we will be his sureties that he keep it." "I will not do so, by my faith," said the grey man. So Peredur fought with the host, and towards evening he had slain the one-third of them without receiving any hurt himself. Then said the aged woman, "Behold, many of thy host have been slain by the youth; do thou, therefore, grant him mercy." "I will not grant it, by my faith," said he. And the aged woman and the fair maiden were upon the battlements of the Castle, looking forth. And at that juncture, Peredur encountered the yellow-haired youth and slew him. "Lord," said the maiden, "grand the young man mercy." "That will I not do, by Heaven," he replied; and thereupon Peredur attacked the auburn-haired youth, and slew him likewise. "It were better thou hadst accorded mercy to the youth before he had slain thy two sons; for now scarcely wilt thou thyself escape from him." "Go, maiden, and beseech the youth to grant mercy unto us, for we yield ourselves into his hands." So the maiden came to the place where Peredur was, and besought mercy for her father, and for all such of his vassals as had escaped alive. "Thou shalt have it, on condition that thy father and all that are under him go and render homage to Arthur, and tell him that it was his vassal, Peredur, that did him this service." "This will we do willingly, by Heaven." "And you shall also receive baptism; and I will send to Arthur, and beseech him to bestow this valley upon thee, and upon thy heirs after thee, for ever." Then they went in, and the grey man and the tall woman saluted Peredur. And the grey man said unto him, "Since I have possessed this valley I have not seen any Christian depart with his life, save thyself. We will go to do homage to Arthur, and to embrace the faith and be baptized." Then said Peredur, "To Heaven I render thanks that I have not broken my vow to the lady that best I love, which was, that I would not speak one word unto any Christian."

That night they tarried there. And the next day, in the morning, the grey man, with his company, set forth to Arthur's Court; and they did homage unto Arthur, and he caused them to be baptized. And the grey man told Arthur that it was Peredur that had vanquished them. And Arthur gave the valley to the grey man and his company, to hold it of him as Peredur had besought. And, with Arthur's permission, the grey man went back to the Round Valley.

Peredur rode forward next day, and traversed a vast tract of desert, in which no dwellings were. And at length he came to a habitation, mean and small. And there he heard that there was a serpent that lay upon a gold ring, and suffered none to inhabit the country for seven miles around. And Peredur came to the place where he heard the serpent was. And angrily, furiously, and desperately fought he with the serpent; and at last he killed it, and took away the ring. And thus he was for a long time without speaking a word to any Christian. And therefrom he lost his color and his aspect, through extreme longing after the Court of Arthur, and the society of the lady whom best he loved, and of his companions. Then he proceeded forward to Arthur's Court, and on the road there met him Arthur's household going on a particular errand, with Kai at their head. And Peredur knew them all, but none of the household recognized him. "Whence comest thou, chieftain?" said Kai. And this he asked him twice and three times, and he answered him not. And Kai thrust him through the thigh with his lance. And lest he should be compelled to speak, and to break his vow, he went on without stopping. Then said Gwalchmai, "I declare to Heaven, Sir Kai, that thou hast acted ill in committing such an outrage on a youth like this, who cannot speak." And Gwalchmai returned back to Arthur's Court. "Lady," said he to Gwenhwyvar, "seest thou how wicked an outrage Kai has committed upon this youth who cannot speak; for Heaven's sake and for mine, cause him to have medical care before I come back, and I will repay thee the charge."

And before the men returned from their errand, a knight came to the meadow beside Arthur's Palace, to dare some one to the encounter. And his challenge was accepted; and Peredur fought with him, and overthrew him. And for a week he overthrew one knight every day.

And one day, Arthur and his household were going to church, and they beheld a knight who had raised the signal for combat. "Verily," said Arthur, "by the valor of men, I will not go hence until I have my horse and my arms to overthrow yonder boor." Then went the attendants to fetch Arthur's horse and arms. And Peredur met the attendants as they were going back, and he took the horse and arms from them, and proceeded to the meadow; and all those who saw him arise and go to do battle with the knight, went upon the tops of the houses, and the mounds, and the high places, to behold the combat. And Peredur beckoned

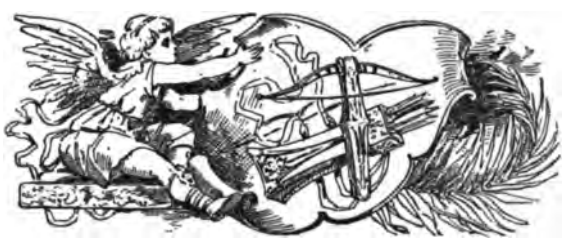
with his hand to the knight to commence the fight. And the knight thrust at him, but he was not thereby moved from where he stood. And Peredur spurred his horse, and ran at him wrathfully, furiously, fiercely, desperately, and with mighty rage, and he gave him a thrust, deadly-wounding, severe, furious, adroit and strong, under his jaw, and raised him out of his saddle, and cast him a long way from him. And Peredur went back, and left the horse and the arms with the attendant as before, and he went on foot to the Palace.

Then Peredur went by the name of the Dumb Youth. And behold, Angharad Law Eurawc met him. "I declare to Heaven, chieftain," said she, "woful is it that thou canst not speak; for couldst thou speak, I would love thee best of all men; and by my faith, although thou canst not, I do love thee above all." "Heaven reward thee, my sister," said Peredur; "by my faith I also do love thee." Thereupon it was known that he was Peredur. And then he held fellowship with Gwalchmai, and Owain, the son of Urien, and all the household, and he remained in Arthur's Court.

TALIESSIN'S PROPHECY.

In a poem, sometimes ascribed to Taliessiu, but probably of much later origin, occurs a celebrated prophecy, which has now become history.

Their God they shall adore,
Their language they shall keep,
Their country they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales.



SOUTHERN FRANCE was the birthplace of the Crusades. Almost simultaneously it was the scene of a peculiar literary movement which flourished for two centuries, and then faded away. This region, favored by a serene climate, had been early subdued by the Romans, and had completely accepted their civilization. Here, after the downfall of the Empire, the spirit of classical refinement remained long in vigor. The Latin language continued to be employed for all affairs of church and state, and for history and poetry. The spoken tongue, a corruption of Latin, known as "rustic Roman," was gradually accepted by the Frankish conquerors. Learned clerks, seeking to please the dispensers of courtly favor, and especially the ladies (who knew little or no Latin), began to cultivate poetry in this Roman language, adopting forms and metres from the classics. Rhyme, a distinguishing characteristic of modern poetry, had already appeared in the church service, and was thence transferred to secular use.

In the numerous castles of princes and nobles this native poetry was welcomed, and the makers of it, called Troubadours (or Finders), were highly honored. Some of them were of noble birth; others rose from humble station by their ability to express the feelings of their aristocratic patrons. Besides the Troubadours, or composers of the songs, who often sang them as well, there was also another class called *Joglars* (French, *iongleurs;* Latin, *joculatores,* or players), who per-

formed or recited the compositions of the former. Sometimes, indeed, a *Joglar* advanced to the rank of a Troubadour, but commonly they remained distinct. In later times, *joglars* (English, jugglers) were merely wandering musicians who added to their attractions various feats of agility and other amusing performances.

War and religion furnished themes for the Troubadours, and didactic and satirical pieces are also found, but, in far the larger proportion of their poetry, love was the predominant motive. The body of this literature is called Provençal, from Provence, the country in which it originated, though it spread not only over southern France, but through northern Spain and Italy. Its peculiar character and history give it a place separate from the main stream of French literature. The free, pleasure-loving spirit of the Provençal court, unrestrained by local patriotism, is exemplified in the verses which Count Raymond Berangar III. recited before the Emperor Frederic II., at Turin, in 1162: "I like a cavalier of France, and a Catalonian lady; the courtesy of the Genoese and the stateliness of Castile; the sweet songs of Provence and the dance Trevisan; the form of the Aragonese, and the speech Julian; the hands and face of the English, and the youth of Tuscany."

The Crusades, begun in the eleventh century to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens, attempted in the thirteenth to extirpate heresy in Christendom. The home of the Troubadours was found to be the most tainted with infidelity, and a fierce war was excited against the Albigenses, who had been protected by the liberal Counts of Toulouse as their most loyal subjects. The North of France was orthodox, and its aid was invoked against the prosperous South. Heresy was suppressed, but the country was devastated. Its political power and refined civilization were wantonly destroyed. The Provençal literature died in its birthplace, but many manuscripts were preserved in Italy, and were brought to light in the eighteenth century by M. de St. Palaye. Subsequent study has raised them again to their proper place in the literature of the world. The lives of the Troubadours have been found as romantic as their songs.

Several forms of poetry prevailed among the Troubadours.

First, was the *canson,* consisting of several similar stanzas, followed by a shorter one, the *envoi,* in which the song was apostrophized and its mission declared. Second, came the *sonnet,* which was chanted to the sound of a musical instrument, and had not yet been limited to the form which Petrarch consecrated. The last was the *ballade,* which was originally a dance song. There were also poems classified according to their subject, as *plaints,* or complaints against fate, or against suffering imposed by mistresses; *aubades,* or songs of the dawn, putting an end to love's endearments; *serenades,* which were less frequent; *tensons* (contentions), in which a pair of lovers or disputants, vie in alternate verses. There were also a few larger poems, some setting forth the duties and rewards of Crusaders; others, called *tresors* (treasures), giving general instruction in regard to life, or to the wonders of the world.

WILLIAM OF POITIERS.

THE first troubadour whose songs have been preserved to us is William, the ninth Count of Poitiers, who, at the age of fifteen, succeeded his father in the government; he was born in 1071, and died in 1127. In his youth he was handsome as well as brave; in disposition inclined to gaiety and recklessness; and he was gifted with a voice of irresistible charm. He married early; but repudiated his first wife in order to wed Philippa, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, seeking through this connection to make himself master of that centre of refinement. At the outset of his career he failed to share the prevalent religious enthusiasm, and when the other nobles of France flocked to the first Crusade, William stayed at home. Nevertheless, when word was brought of their valor and success, the young Count summoned his vassals and set forth for the Holy Land. But on the banks of the Halys, in Asia Minor, his troop was attacked by the Turks and destroyed, Count William alone escaping from the slaughter, and finally arriving as a simple pilgrim at Jerusalem.

When William returned home, he resumed his pleasure-seeking. He dallied with fair women, and encouraged the tilts and tournaments of chivalry. He affected a certain whimsical fastidiousness, and boasted in his songs that no Frenchman or Norman had ever been received at his court. When, in 1114, a bishop was about to pronounce upon him sentence of excommunication, William drew his sword and threatened to kill the prelate, should he dare to utter the dread formula. The bishop paused a moment as if to collect himself: then spoke the fatal words with solemn emphasis, adding, "Strike now!" But the Count,

bowing with careless grace, sheathed his weapon. "No," quoth he; "I do not love you enough to send you to Heaven by my hand!"

William ultimately lost possession of Toulouse, while engaged in war against the Moslems in Spain. Eleven short poems are ascribed to him; but they are valuable from a historical rather than from a literary standpoint. They are all love-songs, but of widely differing character, some being refined and delicate, others gross and indecent. The latter seem to embody allusions to the author's personal adventures; the former exemplify the peculiar tone and style of Provençal poetry in its most flourishing period. The poem inspired by the Crusade in which he took part has been lost.

The Troubadour's Lay.

Anew I tune my lute to love,
  Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
For her who strives my truth to prove,
  My only pride and beauty's flower,
Who will ne'er my pain remove,
  Who knows and triumphs in her power.

I am, alas! her willing thrall,
  She may record me as her own;
Nor my devotion weakness call,
  That her I prize, and her alone.
Without her can I live at all,
  A captive so accustomed grown?

What hope have I, O lady dear?
  Do I then sigh in vain for thee?
And wilt thou ever thus severe
  Be as a cloistered nun to me?
Methinks this heart but ill can bear
  An unrewarded slave to be!

Why banish love and joy thy bowers,
  Why thus my passion disapprove?
When, lady, all the world were ours,
  If thou couldst learn, like me, to love!

AUBADE.

THE following aubade, or dawn-song, by an unknown poet, translated by F. Hueffer, is the prototype of A. C. Swinburne's "In the Orchard."

Beneath a hawthorn, on a blooming lawn,
A lady to her side her friend had drawn,
Until the watcher saw the early dawn.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Oh, that the sheltering night would never flee,
Oh, that my friend would never part from me,
And never might the watch the dawning see!
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Now, sweetest friend, to me with kisses cling,
Down in the meadow where the ousels sing;
No harm shall hate and jealous envy bring.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"There let with new delight our love abound—
The sweet-voiced birds are caroling around—
Until the watcher's warning note resound.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"I drink the air that softly blows my way,
From my true friend, so blithe, so fair, so gay,
And with his fragrant breath my thirst allay.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!"

The lady is of fair and gentle kind,
And many a heart her beauty has entwined,
But to one friend is aye her heart inclined.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

BERTRAND DE BORN.

THIS noted knight and troubadour was a native of Born, Perigord, in France, about 1140, and died some time before the year 1215. His nature was restless, fickle and intractable; he was a mischief-brewer, and constantly involved in difficulties of his own provoking. But his poems were brilliant, and his death took place in a monastery.

Richard, son of Henry II. of England, after having effectively taken the part of Bertrand's brother, whom Bertrand had expelled

from his possessions, showed such clemency toward the quarrelsome poet that the latter praised him in a spirited ode. But he aided Prince Henry in rebellion against the king, in punishment for which the monarch besieged and captured Bertrand's castle of Hautefort. In the interview that followed, however, the poet spoke in such loving terms of the dead prince that the king, weeping, commanded that his possessions be restored to him.

When Richard ascended the throne, Bertrand tried to stir up war between him and Philip Augustus of France. But the two potentates compromised their differences by agreeing to take part together in a Crusade, on which Bertrand did not accompany them. He had not yet been knighted; and since, in order to attain that honor, it was necessary to select a lady to receive his homage, Richard suggested that he address his songs to his sister, Eleanor Plantagenet. When, later, she married the Duke of Saxony, Bertrand paid his court to Mænz de Montagnac, wife of Talleyrand de Perigord. She, becoming jealous, dismissed him; and when he found his petitions to be restored to favor rejected, he chose another lady-love, Tiberge de Montausier, who, in accordance with the strange formalities prescribed by the laws of gallantry, succeeded in reconciling him with Mænz. He is said to have been so unknightly as afterwards to have sullied her fair fame.

At length, after so much mischief-making, the warrior-poet assumed the habit of a Cistercian monk, and died in the odor of sanctity. In his Inferno, Dante represents Bertrand de Born as a headless trunk, bearing his severed head "lantern-wise in his hand." This was in requital of his having tempted King Henry's sons to treason.

Elegy on Young King Henry.

Henry II., King of England, in 1172 appointed his eldest son, Henry, ruler of Anjou, and afterwards his sons Richard and Geoffrey rulers of other parts of his Continental possessions. Young Henry died in 1183, before his father, and his death was bitterly lamented by Bertrand de Born, whose elegy is translated by F. Hueffer.

If all the pain, the grief, the bitter tears,
  The sorrow, the remorse, the scornful slight,
Of which man in this life the burden bears
  Were thrown aheap, their balance would be light
Against the death of our young English King.
  Valor and youth stand wailing at his loss;
  The world is waste and dark and dolorous,
Void of all joy, full of regret and sorrow.

All-present death, cruel and full of tears,
  Now mayst thou boast that of the noblest knight

Whose deeds were ever sung to human ears,
  Thou hast deprived the world. No fame so bright
That it could darken our young English King.
  'Twere better, if it pleased our Lord, to give
  Life back to him, than that the traitors live
Who to good men cause but regret and sorrow.

The world is base and dark and full of tears.
  Its love has fled; its pleasure passed away;
A falsehood is its truth. Each day appears,
  But to regret its better yesterday.
Look up, all ye, to our young English King,
  The best among the brave and valorous!
  Now is his gentle heart afar from us,
And we are left to our regret and sorrow.

THE COURTS OF LOVE.

In Southern France, seven hundred years ago, court etiquette and the forms of social intercourse among the nobility were regulated by women. War yielded to love and the cultivation of the "gay science." Each Troubadour must elect some lady—generally the wife or daughter of his patron—as the object of his addresses. Gallantry, however, must not transcend certain conventional limits, under pain of banishment or of dire physical penalties, of which the history of the Troubadours furnishes not a few examples. This separation of passionate devotion from the idea of marriage has not been without its effect upon subsequent society and literature.

The establishment of Courts of Love seems so fantastic that their very existence has been doubted. They were composed of noble ladies, whose authority was regulated by a Code of Love, disobedience to which was punished by expulsion. This code is given by André le Chapelain in a Latin treatise, written about 1180. Of its thirty-one maxims we quote the following:

He who conceals not his feelings from others, cannot love.

No one can be bound by a double love.

Wedlock is no excuse against love.

Love is ever increasing or diminishing.

She who survives her lover is bound to a two years' widowhood.

It is shame to love those to marry whom is shame.

Love published rarely endures.

Easy acceptance repels love, coyness encourages love.

True love craves not the embrace of any, save its companion.

Every lover is wont to pale in presence of his love.

Full of love is full of fear.

To a lover, love can deny nothing.

He that is overburdened by luxury cannot love.

Nothing prevents one woman being loved by two men, or two men by one woman.

PIERRE VIDAL.

PIERRE VIDAL has been called the Don Quixote of the Troubadours. Born of humble parents at Toulouse, he had a melodious voice and poetic talent. His devotion to the fair sex was inflamed by the delusion that he was a special object of their admiration. Yet his first adventure scarcely warranted this persuasion. Having spoken lightly of a lady, her husband took revenge by splitting the poet's tongue. This wound, however, was cured by the compassion of Hugues, the Lord of Baux, to whose service he attached himself. Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, also accorded him special honor, and the poet made this lord's wife, Adelaide, the theme of his songs under the name of Andierna, or Vierna. The lady showed the poet some favor, until one day when she was sleeping alone, Vidal stole into the room and, kneeling by her bed, kissed her cheek. Adelaide awoke, thinking it was her husband, but finding her mistake, cried out for help, and the presumptuous poet fled. The lady told her husband and asked for vengeance on the poet's insolence. Barral made light of the adventure, but Vidal had to depart. He went to Genoa, and followed Richard I. in his Crusade.

Vidal's songs now took a new turn, and were filled with boasts of his prowess. His comrades, playing upon his vanity, induced him to marry a lady of Cyprus, who they pretended was niece of the Eastern Emperor. His romantic imagination became possessed with the notion that he was unjustly excluded from the throne. He assumed the title and dignity of Emperor, caused a throne to be carried before him, and made preparation to assert his rights. Yet he forgot not his former life, and to secure restoration of his honor, he went back to obtain pardon from the Viscountess of Marseilles. His former patrons assisted him, but when Lady Adelaide was requested to signify his pardon by giving him freely the kiss he had before stolen, she refused.

The mad poet was next smitten with the charms of a lady named Lopa de Penantier, and to show his devotion, took the name of Loup (Wolf), and offered to submit to the perils of being hunted in a wolf's skin. The proposition was accepted, and shepherds with dogs pursued him to the mountains, and so cruelly was he mangled that he was carried back as dead. The lady and her husband nursed him back to

health, though they ridiculed his folly. Wolves were then common throughout France, and the belief in Were-wolves prevailed.

Vidal's next insanity was shown in his mourning for the death of Count Raymond of Toulouse. He cut off the ears and tails of his horses, but let his own beard and nails grow to immoderate length, and required his servants to do the same. King Alfonso of Aragon came to Provence while Vidal was in this plight. The king and his barons besought the poet to resume his gayety and compose a new song to be carried to Spain. Finally the poet consented, and recounted his recent adventures, including the wolf-chase. Vidal afterwards visited the court of Alfonso and composed several poems there. Yet he had not abandoned his dream of empire in the East. He made a new voyage thither, but returned with his ambition ungratified, and died in 1229.

My Native Provence.

With my breath I drink the air
  That my native Provence sends me,
  For a message ever lends me
Joy from her most dear and fair.
  When they praise her I rejoice,
  Ask for more with eager voice,
Listen, listen night and morrow.

For no country 'neath the sun
  Beats mine from Rozer unto Vensa,
  From the sea to the Durensa:
Nowhere equal joy is won.
  With my friends, when I did part,
  And with her I left my heart,
Who dispelled my deepest sorrow.

Nothing harms me all the day,
  While her sweet eyes stand before me,
  And her lips that rapture bore me.
If I praise her, no one may
  Call my rapturous words a lie,
  For the whole world can descry
Nothing wrought in sweeter fashion.

All the good I do or say
  Only to her grace is owing,
  For she made me wise and knowing,
For she made me true and gay.

If in glory I abound
To her praise it must redound
Who inspires my song with passion.

THE TROUBADOUR'S INSPIRATION.

Ah! if renown attend my name,
And if delight await my song,
Thine is the glory, thine the fame,
The praise, the joy to thee belong;
For 'twas thy beauty taught me first
To emulate the poet's lay,
Thy smile my trembling numbers nurst,
And soothed my early fears away.
If aught I breathe of good and sweet,
The strain by thee is taught to flow,
My songs thy accents but repeat,
Their purity to thee they owe.

If gazing crowds around me sigh,
And listen with enraptured ear,
'Tis that thy spirit hovers nigh,
'Tis that thy tender voice they hear.
When faint and low I touch the string,
The failing sounds, alas! are mine;
But when inspired and rapt I sing,
The power, the charm, the soul is thine!

FLAMENCA.

THE most notable narrative poem of Provençal origin is Flamenca, probably composed in the early part of the thirteenth century. The only manuscript of it was found at Carcassonne in an imperfect state, so that the author's name is unknown. It has been edited by M. Paul Meyer, who added a translation into modern French. The story gives a vivid picture of mediæval life, and yet in spirit is not far from a modern novel.

The valiant knight, Archimbaut Count of Bourbon, sought in marriage Flamenca, the daughter of Count Gui de Nemours, whom he had never seen, and the father preferred him even to the King of Hungary. Being assured of acceptance, Archimbaut set out in grand style, while a splendid reception was prepared for

him at Nemours. Count Gui introduced the noble suitor to his daughter abruptly, "Here is your bride; take her if you like." Count Archimbaut replied, "Sir, if she does not gainsay it, I was never so willing to take anything in my life;" and the lady, smiling, addressed her father, "Sir, one can see that you have me in your power, since you give me away so easily as it is your will, I consent." At these words Archimbaut is filled with joy and presses her hand warmly. But the father leads him out, while Flamenca followed him with her eyes, saying, "God be with you." A magnificent wedding ensued, five bishops and ten abbots assisting at the ceremony. At the banquet, the bride's father and the groom wait on the table, as custom required. But the groom's eyes watch the bride, and he is tired of the feasting of the guests and the singing of the joglars. Nine days the festivities lasted, and then the groom returned to prepare his castle at Bourbon in Auvergne, for its new mistress. So far all is bright and cheerful, and the poet shows his skill and pleasure in describing courtly festivities.

The king of France honors his trusty baron Gui de Nemours by escorting Flamenca to her husband. The queen and all the court attend the celebration prepared by Count Archimbaut. At the tournament the king carries on the point of his lance the sleeve of a lady's dress. The queen, however, suspects that it is Flamenca's, and soon informs the new husband of her suspicion. Jealousy immediately takes possession of his soul, and though he conceals his feeling before his guests, he rages inwardly. "What was I dreaming of, when I took a wife? God! I was mad. Was I not well off and happy before? Ill befall my parents that they advised me to take what never did good to any man!"

The jealous husband changes his behavior. He shuts himself up, and pretends to be very much occupied. He suspects every visitor of designs on his wife and mutters that he would like to throw them out headlong. Then he ironically invites them to stay for dinner, that they may have good opportunity for love-making. Yet all the while he looks like a snarling dog. Soon he grows so wild and fierce in his moods, that he neglects his person, and goes about unwashed, letting his beard grow long and matted like a badly-made sheaf of oats, and even tearing out his hair. Next the crazy knight resolves to keep his wife a close prisoner, and exclaims, "May I be hanged, if she ever go out without me except to church to hear mass, and that only on high feast days!" Yet the lady, shut up in the tower, has two devoted

maidens, Alice and Margarida. Unaware of any reason on her part for her husband's strange conduct and harsh treatment, she ceases to love him.

Meantime Archimbaut's actions have been bruited abroad, and knights and troubadours unite in condemning the savage tyrant. Guillem de Nevers, a rich and valiant knight, a lover of poetry, who has been educated at the University of Paris, decides that the lady must be comforted and the jealous husband punished. But how can this feat be performed? How can the lady be even approached? The tower is too firmly guarded. How could he meet her even in church, where she is screened in a private pew?

Guillem de Nevers is a scholar, and thus finds means to gain the favor of the priest, who makes him his clerk. According to the practice of the times, he thus has the opportunity of carrying to her the mass-book which was kissed by the people. Flamenca notices the handsome new clerk, but she is astonished when, instead of the formula, "Peace be with thee!" he whispers "Alas!" Returning home she muses on the clerk's word. At first she is indignant at his impertinence. "What right has he to grieve for me? He is strong and free and should be happy. Why should he mock at my suffering? I must sigh and weep. The household drudge is enviable compared with me. I could not be worse with a rival or a stepmother." But the maidservants suggest other thoughts. Margarida declares, "Your beauty has won the clerk's heart. He has no other chance of speaking to you, and therefore has run this risk to show you his feeling." With such suggestions Flamenca is persuaded to pardon, and even to look favorably on the clerk's conduct, and the three women consult what should be said when next the clerk and lady meet. Two syllables can only be whispered, and the fair conspirators agree upon the question, *Que plaines?* "What do you grieve for?" Guillem is visibly moved when Flamenca utters the words, but she is not certain that he has understood them. She therefore rehearses the scene in her chamber, while her maid, Alice, holds out to her a book, as the clerk had done. The maid assures her that he must have heard and understood the question. A week, however, must intervene before the answer can be obtained, and then the clerk replies, "I die."

This singular dialogue, strictly limited to two whispered syllables each Sunday, and carried on before the eyes of the jealous husband, is prolonged for many weeks. Its further course ran

thus: *Flamenca.*—Of what? *Guillem.*—Of love. *F.*—For whom? *G.*—For you. *F.*—What can I? *G.*—Heal me. *F.*—How so? *G.*—By craft. *F.*—Use it. *G.*—I have. *F.*—What craft? *G.*—You must go. *F.*—Where to? *G.*—The baths.

The author describes these baths, which were on the estate of Count Archimbaut. Diseased people of various nations resorted to them, and found written in each room for what malady it was good. Hot and cold baths were supplied, on terms fixed by the landlord. There were also rooms in which people could lie down and rest, or refresh themselves, as they pleased. There was a remedy for every ailment, and every one might go away cured. Here Guillem had won the good will of the landlord and his wife by paying promptly and living familiarly. He now induced them to let their house to him for a season, while they went elsewhere. Guillem then had a subterraneous passage constructed from the house to one of the bathing-cells. Carrying out the plot, Flamenca soon requires the baths to relieve her pain and want of sleep. Archimbaut is persuaded to grant the request, and conducts his wife to the place. The gallant landlord shows her every attention, and leads her, with her two faithful maidens, to the bath. The husband locks the door of the bath-room on the outside, while the maidens bolt it on the inside. But the subterraneous passage leads to a room splendidly adorned for the distinguished visitor.

Archimbaut had already noticed a change in his wife's manner towards him. She became careless, showed no affection—hardly common politeness. At last, when the lady proposed that she be restored to liberty on promise of faithfulness to her husband, he found himself tired of playing jailor, and consented. The lady then vows to him, in the presence of her maidens, "Henceforth I will guard myself quite as well as you have hitherto guarded me." The lady therefore leaves her lover, who departs to win new fame. Yet she agrees to see him again at a tournament, which Archimbaut intends to hold in celebration of his good fortune. Guillem, restored to his rank, becomes renowned for his prowess. He is invited by Archimbaut to attend his feast, and is introduced to Flamenca as a valiant and famous knight. At the tournament Guillem is easily first among the combatants, while Archimbaut, freed from his wretched jealousy, takes the second rank.

Here the manuscript ends abruptly, yet the story has evidently been told.

SPANISH LITERATURE

THE country known as Spain is a geographical cul-de-sac. Divided from the rest of Europe on the landward side by the Pyrenees across the isthmus, it is surrounded on all other sides by seas. All invasions from the east must end here. It was occupied before the beginning of recorded history by the Iberians. More than two hundred years before Christ the Carthaginians, quickly followed by the Romans, invaded it, and the latter's domination lasted six hundred years. Before the fall of the Western Empire came the Vandals, Suevi and Alans, and the Visigothic kingdom, then erected, continued until the appearance of the Arabians in 710 A.D. Against a stubborn resistance the latter gradually possessed themselves of the Peninsula, until only among the mountains of the Asturias in the northwest did an unconquered remnant find shelter. The Mohammedan rule lasted till 1031, when the caliphate began to crumble and the Spaniards to reoccupy their territory. Steadily they pushed the invaders back. The Berber fanatics crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in the eleventh century and conquered an adjoining realm, from which they were not finally ousted for two hundred years. But, in 1479, Castile and Aragon were united, and, in 1492, the Moors were driven from their last stronghold in Granada. In the succeeding century, Spain reached her apogee of glory. In the seventeenth her decline began,

and it has continued until to-day she who once dominated the civilized world arouses only its contempt.

Nowhere more clearly than in this story is the logic of events exemplified. The Spaniards whom the Moors attacked were a brave people and loved freedom; their political position and the mountainous topography and inspiring climate of their country made them so. In addition, they were stimulated by the sacred duty of defending the cause of the Cross against the Crescent. Thus, they became a nation of heroes. And when at last victory came to them, they were exalted with a noble pride, and their minds, aroused in every faculty, were open to receive the benefits of that culture which the Saracens had communicated to the country. In both physical and intellectual vigor they towered above their contemporaries. But, in the midst of this brilliant prosperity, the serpent of the Inquisition crawled into view and instilled its paralyzing poison into the veins of the nation. Spain fell, becoming first the enemy, then the byword of mankind.

The language followed the development of the political history. In the beginning of the Christian Era, Latin, in a corrupted form, was the language of the country. It was still further modified under the Gothic dispensation; and when the inhabitants were forced back to the Asturias, they found there a settlement of Iberians whose original tongue had scarcely changed since the pre-Christian period. Hence came a new amalgamation; but when the Moslem yoke was lifted, and the northwestern champions descended among their countrymen who had submitted to it, they found them possessed of a language in many respects differing from theirs, and of a quite superior civilization. They assimilated both; and now, in the Castilian dialect, the speech of the nation assumed its final form. Other dialects, such as the Catalan, there were, but they were not cultivated. The Castilian most fully expressed the genius and nature of the people. It is resonant, orotund and distinct, the language of men who fear none and respect themselves; and it is distinguished from the other Romance languages by the strong, masculine gutturals derived from the Arabic and Gothic. It became the vehicle of a literature second to none in eloquence, humanity and

humor. The language and the literature remain; but the character of their creators is no more.

The first literary monument is the Poem of the Cid, produced about 1200. The poem, of nearly four thousand lines, is probably based upon popular ballads of earlier date. Its unknown author has caught the very spirit of the time, and combines with poetry sometimes of almost Homeric quality, a living picture of the character and manners of the Spain of the eleventh century. In 1250 the prose Chronicle of Spain was written by Alfonso the Wise, and remains the standard authority on the Cid's career. From it the distinct Chronicle of the Cid was compiled. In popular imagination the hero soon became a being of ideal attributes; but, in sober fact, he was no doubt one of the grand figures of history. His title, The Cid, was bestowed by five Moslem chiefs whom he had forced to acknowledge his sway in a single battle; El Seyyid, The Lord, is the Arabic form; to it his countrymen added Campeador, Champion. His name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the castle of Bivar, near Burgos, having been his birthplace in the year 1040. He died at Valencia, in 1099.

Passing by Gonzalo Berceo, the author of some pious versified platitudes, we find in Alfonso the Wise the first named author of Spain. Perhaps his title would be better translated Learned than Wise; for great though were his intellectual eminence and his acquirements, he made but an indifferent ruler, and was finally driven from the throne by his son Sancho. His code of laws, known as "Las Siete Partidas," The Seven Parts, became the foundation of Spanish jurisprudence, and some of its rules are accepted in modern law. He caused an astronomical table to be compiled, and he composed a history of his country, which begins with the creation of the world, and is carried down to the period of his father's death. The style of this work is dignified, yet free and picturesque, and has served as a model to writers who came after him. Alfonso made the Castilian dialect the vehicle of his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and ordered that it should be employed in all legal proceedings, thereby confirming it as the official and popular language of the country. His merit as a writer is demonstrated by the inferior

style of the chroniclers who continued his history. It is not easy to overestimate the benefits which this monarch bestowed upon the land which he nevertheless failed successfully to govern.

The "Conde Lucanor" of his nephew Don Juan Manuel, a turbulent and unruly prince, but endowed with striking gifts of mind and genius, has been called "the most valuable monument of Spanish literature in the fourteenth century;" it is the only one identifiable among twelve books which he claims to have composed. It consists of fifty tales conceived in the Oriental style, and is one of the earliest works in Castilian prose. The Decameron of Boccaccio was its Italian contemporary; but, whereas that work was designed solely to amuse, the book of Don Juan shows the working of a vigorous and earnest brain, seeking to instruct as well as to entertain. It was a mine for much subsequent literature, and Shakespeare, among others, found in it the suggestion for his "Taming of the Shrew." This noble writer and statesman is one of the most strongly marked and animated figures of his age.

The poet Juan Ruiz, whose life covers the middle part of the fourteenth century, has been compared with Chaucer. He had a satiric and humorous vein, and skill in narrative, and his "Battle of Don Carnival with Madame Lent," is a quaint and diverting allegory, though devoid of the human touch which Chaucer gave. He was nicknamed Archpriest of Hita, that being the place of his abode.—The Dance of Death, in its first Spanish form, is by some ascribed to the Jew Rabbi Santob, a fourteenth century genius, but the conception was universally popular, and appeared in so many guises and languages that it is difficult to trace its origin. It probably owes its first suggestion to Germany.

The period from the appearance of the Poem of the Cid to the end of the fourteenth century shows the Spanish Court as the centre of literary culture. But, side by side with this, there was a rude and racy popular literature, even more valuable to the student of the human mind. The ballads of Spain have been famous ever since they were written. Over one thousand are known, but of none of these have the authors been identified. They grew up like hardy wayside plants,

which all were free to pluck and enjoy. Their subjects are the heroes of chivalry and their adventures; Moorish stories; episodes of Spanish domestic life; and, in brief, they picture the life of the people as it was not portrayed in the regular chronicles. Their method is direct and simple, but there is a humorous keenness in the treatment, and a fidelity to the national traits, which place them above other literature of their class. The verse is octosyllabic, and the poem is sometimes divided into four-line stanzas. One hundred and sixty ballads on the Cid are extant; twenty on Fernan Gonzales, a half-mythical hero of the tenth century; Bernardo del Carpio's tragic story is recounted in another group; and The Seven Lords of Lara supply the theme of others. Charlemagne and his Paladins, whose story has enriched so much European literature, are not forgotten by the Spanish balladist. The Moorish ballads are of another type; they reflect a more sensuous, fantastic and luxurious life than that of the country in general. Yet, without this element, the Spanish nature is not complete.

Of the Chronicles, which treated of all aspects of life, that of Alfonso is first in time and quality; the narrative of Roderic, the last king of the Goths, has been rendered in an English dress by Southey. Provençal poetry, introduced into Spain at the period of the persecution of the Albigenses, had little affinity with the genius of the people, and did not long survive transplantation. The attempt to form an Italian school of poetry was not long successful. Finally, we may mention the famous cycle of Chivalric Romances of which Amadis de Gaul was the prototype and chief. Our primary survey of Spanish literature closes with the fourteenth century, and discussion of later productions will be deferred to a future chapter.

THE POEM OF THE CID.

THE following literal translation by Butler Clarke of a favorite passage in the Poem of the Cid illustrates "the heroic simplicity, the rapid movement, the life-like pictures the poem presents of the turbulent times in which it was composed, and the free and light-hearted spirit it breathes throughout."

They clasp their shields before their hearts;
Their lances are leveled with pennants decked;
Their heads they bent low over the saddle;
To smite them they went with valiant hearts.
Loudly calls "He who was Born in a happy Hour,"*
"Strike them, my knights, for love of charity!
I am Ruy Diaz the Cid Campeador of Bivar!"
One and all shower blows on the band round Pero Vermuez:
Three hundred lances are they, each with its pennant decked:
A Moor apiece they killed, each with a single blow,
And when they wheeled about, they slew as many more.
There might one see many lances rise and sink and rise again,
Many a shield pierced and thrust through,
Many a corselet burst and broken,
Many a white pennant come forth red in blood,
Many a good horse free without a master.
The Moors call on Mahomet, the Christians on St. Iago:
In but a little space a thousand and three hundred Moors are slain.

THE CID AND THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

The Cid, after being banished from the Kingdom of Aragon, made war on the Moors, conquered the city of Valencia and established himself as its ruler. The king then renewed his favor and requested the Cid to bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants (Princes) of Carrion. The Cid complied, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Valencia. But the Cid's followers charge the Princes with cowardice, and they resolve to depart. The Cid dismisses them in the most friendly manner, gives them two famous swords, and loads them with presents. But the Infants in passing through a forest send their retinue ahead and then strip their brides, beat them and tie them to trees. Here the unfortunate ladies might have perished, had not an adherent of the Cid, suspecting treachery,

* This is one of the favorite names of the Cid.

followed them at some distance. They were brought back to Valencia. The Cid demanded justice, and the king summoned the Cortes on the occasion. The nobles assemble, and the Cid asks first for his swords, which are at once restored. Then he asks for restoration of his goods, which the Infants resist, but the Cortes decide against them. When they plead that they are unable to pay immediately, their property is taken at an appraisement. Finally the Cid demands satisfaction for the insult to his daughters.

The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end:
They go about in haste to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new device.
"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these counts have done, and pity my disgrace.
Dishonored as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command;
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done:
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise.
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the Counts of Carrion is of too high a line

To take a daughter from his house, though for a concubine;
A concubine or leman from the lineage of the Cid,
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat:
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven.
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven;
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn;
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away, nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken;
When I was master of Cabra, that beard of yours was shaken;
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitched away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Fernan Gonzalez started forth upon the floor;
He cried with a loud voice: "Cid, let us hear no more.
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before.
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you.
We are the Counts of Carrion: from them our birth we drew.
Daughters of emperors or kings were a match for our degree:
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's like to thee.
If we abandoned, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb! what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute:
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose; somewhat he had to say:
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus: whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature: I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honored by the Cid, and favored and preferred.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:

Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word:
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.
What did you do, Fernando? Like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke: he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He asked for his sons-in-law; they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright:
In the wrong that they have suffered, you stand dishonored quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight:
And if it be God's will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good.
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret;
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met;
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That, having left them as we did, our honor is increased."

Uprose Martin Antoninez, when Diego ceased:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame, at least:
You rushed out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cesspool that was open in the yard.
We dragged you forth, in all men's sight, dripping from the drain:
For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado:
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part, you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor, and a coward too."
Thus ended was the parley and challenge 'twixt these two.

The Cid Pawns His Coffers.

The Poem of the Cid, describes, not only his exploits in the field but also the domestic affairs of the hero and his daughters, and incidents occur of a lighter and occasionally humorous sort. The following is one of the best specimens of this kind.

Unto his trusty henchman Antoninez spake the Cid:
"In faith and love I well do know thou'lt do as thou art bid:
My gold is done, and silver, too; there's nothing left to spend;
And now our broken fortunes thou shalt help us to amend.
And first pray we that our device the good God will forgive,
For harm to no man would we do—but noble knights must live!
So we will take two goodly chests, covered with cramasie,
Right richly dight with nails of gold, each locked with golden key,
Fit for to hold a king's treasure (though treasure 's what we lack),
But with this golden sand right full these coffers we will pack;
And when all safely they are lockt, and bolted tight and true,
Do thou forthwith betake thyself to Vidas, the rich Jew;
And unto him and Rachel must thou whisper this true tale:—
'Alas, good friends, my luckless evil state I sore bewail:
An outlaw I, in peril sore, and wearied in my flight,
Two chests well-heaped with treasure much distress me, day and night.

The king bemoans his loss, and I would ask to hide them here
In pledge with ye, my trusty friends,—no danger need ye fear!'"
The faithful Antoninez bowed unto the Cid, and laughed:
No word spake he, but ere he went, one stirrup-cup he quaffed:
Then hied him on his Arab steed right swiftly to the Jews,
Who greatly marvelled at his mien and eke at his strange news.
He saith unto them privily: "I trust ye as my friends,
For in this little matter we do compass mutual ends;
Betray me to no Christian, nor yet to any Moor,
And I'll make ye so rich, ye cannot make yourselves grow poor.
My Cid the Campeador hath ta'en the tax-man's duty—
Hath gathered in the king his name great store of golden booty,
And yon two coffers that you see are crammed with glittering gold,
Too weighty to be carried, so he wants them to be sold.
Meanwhile he begs you hold them, and loan him what is fair
Upon them: so come now with me, I'll place them in your care.
But first, to seal our compact, and to safely screen us both,
Give me your hands in mine, and swear a binding Hebrew oath,
That ye will not these coffers ope, nor pry between their joints,
For one clear year, or till such day as my true Cid appoints."
Then up spake eager Vidas:—"And how much will he pay
To me and Rachel here to keep these treasure-coffers—say?"
Saith Antoninez then, "My Cid will pay you in full measure
A guerdon that will swell your generous bosoms high with pleasure.
He needs one hundred marks this day, which ye shall give to me;
Or ride ye with me to him now; he gladly will ye see."
Then swift they mounted and away unto the Cid his tent:
He laughed a secret laugh as low these Jews before him bent;
His hand they kissed, and signed the bond which Antoninez penned,
That never lock should be undone, until a year should end.
Then back rode they, the Cid also, the money for to pay;
But first the Jews essayed those doughty coffers twain to weigh.
Then up spake Rachel,—"Campeador, a boon I crave of thee:
Wilt thou a fine red Moorish skin make gift of unto me?"
Quick quoth the Cid, "Most gladly I this gift to thee will offer;
But if perchance I should forget, then charge it on this coffer."
And now upon the floor a gorgeous Bagdad carpet spread,
Whereon a spotless linen sheet was laid from off the bed,

And out upon the sheet did Vidas shining shekels pour,
Three hundred marks in silver, then three hundred gold ones more:
Six hundred marks those Jews held cheap against the Cid his coffers,
Which Antoninez slowly picked and counted; then he proffers
This merry word,—"My service in this adding to your riches,
Deserves, methinks, a meed of thanks, if not a pair of breeches!"
"Here's thirty marks," quoth Vidas, "which we freely give to you;
And you can buy a fox-skin cloak and pair of breeches too."
Then in high glee away hied Antoninez and the Cid,
And long and merrily they laughed upon the trick they did.
But soon the Cid his fortunes by successes did restore,
And then those Jews he paid in full, with a hundred marks more.

THE CID BALLADS.

THE YOUNG CID.

THE Count of Gomez, nicknamed Lozano, had quarreled with the Cid's father about the guardianship of Prince Sancho, and struck him in the face in the king's presence. The young Cid resolved to avenge the disgrace done to his aged father.

The Cid was yet of tender age, and deep in thought he stood,
How best to right his father's wrongs in Count Lozano's blood.
He looked upon his powerful foe, surrounded by his train,
Who from the wild Asturian hills could bring a thousand men,
Who in the court of Ferdinand shone out the foremost star;
His voice in council ever first, his arm the first in war.
Full little recked he of the man, but much of the disgrace,
The first that e'er had cast a stain on Layn Calvo's face.
From Heaven he begged for justice, from Earth a field of fight,
Permission from his aged sire, from Honor manly might.
He minded not his tender age, for from his very youth
A cavalier is trained to die for honor and for truth.

He took him down an ancient sword, Mudarra's* of Castile;
It seemed to mourn its master's death, that old and rusty steel.
And knowing well that it alone would for the deed suffice,
Before he girt it 'round his waist, the youth, with daring, cries:
"O valiant sword, bethink thee mine is Mudarra's arm;
A cause like his thou hast to right, a quarrel and a harm.
I know full well thou blushest now thy master's hand to lack;
But never wilt thou have to blush to see me turn my back.
As true as is thy tempered steel thou'lt find me on the field;
Thy second master, like thy first, was never born to yield.
But should the foeman master thee, not long the shame shall rest;
Up to the hilt I'll drive thee straight, and sheathe thee in my breast.
To meet the Count Lozano the hour is now at hand;
And woe betide that braggart knight, his shameles tongue and hand."
So dauntlessly the Cid goes forth, so high his spirits mount,
That in the space of one short hour he met and slew the count.

*Mudarra was a bastard son of Lara; his mother was the sister of the Moorish king of Cordova. He won renown by avenging the death of his seven legitimate brothers, who were slain by the treachery of their uncle.

THE CID'S LAST COMMANDS.

AMONG the various translations of the ballads of the Cid, those by J. Y. Gibson take high rank. The following is a good example.

The Cid lay dying, slowly dying, two days would end his life;
He bade them bring Ximena, his well-beloved wife.
He called for Don Geronimo, for Alvar Fañez too,
Bermudez and Gil Diaz, his servant leal and true.
When all the five had gathered, and stood around his bed,
He looked at them with loving eyes, and thus he slowly said:
"Right well ye know the tidings, King Bucar is at hand,
With thirty kings and countless Moors, to take from me this land.
My last commands I give you, hear now what I've to tell:
When the breath has left my body, I pray you wash it well;
And take the myrrh and balsam, the Sultan's gift to me,
And from the head down to the feet anoint it lovingly.
And thou, my dear Ximena, and all thy women here,
When I have gone and passed away, shed not a single tear;
No sound of grief or wailing be heard within the hall,
For if the Moors should learn my death much evil would befall.
And when King Bucar marches with all his proud array,
And plants his tents around the town, be joyful on that day.
Send every townsman to the walls, as many as may be,
And beat the drums and sound the horns, with shoutings and with glee.
And when ye all are ready to journey to Castile,
Send secret message to your men, and keep the matter still.
Let not a single Moorman in all the suburbs know;
Collect your treasures every one, in readiness to go.
Then saddle Bavieca with harness of the best,
And place my body on his back, in seemly garments dressed;
And fix it well and truly, that it may firmly stand;
And let my sword Tizona be held within my hand.
Let the Bishop Don Geronimo go forward at my side;
And let the good Gil Diaz my Bavieca guide,
And thou, Pedro Bermudez, do thou my banner hold,
As thou hast nobly held it in many a fight of old.
And thou, brave Alvar Fañez, go forth against the Moor,
For though his hosts be wondrous strong, thy victory is sure.
This boon hath Heaven granted in answer to my prayer;

Thou shalt in triumph leave the field, with wealthy spoils and rare.
I leave until to-morrow what more I have to say;
And when to-morrow's sun hath set, I shall have passed away."

THE DEAD CID'S VICTORY.

COLD, cold in death Rodrigo lay, the Cid of noble name;
To do his master's last behest the good Gil Diaz came.
He first embalmed the body, and wondrous was the sight;
The face retained its beauty, with color fresh and bright.
The eyes were wide and open, and comely was the beard;
Of death there were no tokens, so life-like he appeared.
He placed a board behind the back, and one upon the breast;
And in his chair, both firm and straight, he left the Cid to rest.
Twelve days were gone; the men of war were ready for the fight,
To chase King Bucar from the land, with all his men of might.
They saddled Bavieca, and there at eventide
They placed the dead Cid on his back, as he was wont to ride.
With dress and hose and armlets of colors black and white,
He looked as he was wont to be, when harnessed as a knight.
A shield, with waving proud device, did from his neck hang down;
A helm of painted parchment was planted on his crown:
It looked withal like burnished steel, wrought by a cunning hand;
And with his arm upraised he held Tizona, his good brand.
At dead of night, when all was still, the silent march began;
With stalwart knights, four hundred strong, Bermudez led the van;
He rode in front, with banner spread, the baggage came behind;
To guard its precious treasures four hundred were assigned.
Next came the body of the Cid in midst of all the train;
Upon his right the Bishop rode, Gil Diaz held the rein,
A hundred noble knights were round to guard the honored corse;
Ximena followed with her maids, and twice three hundred horse.
They seemed to be but twenty, so silently they passed;
And when they left the town behind, the day was breaking fast.
Now first was Alvar Fañez to hurry to the fight;
Against the power of Bucar and all his men of might;
When lo! a swarthy Mooress rode up to strike a blow,
Of gallant mien and cunning hand to draw the Turkish bow;
Her name it was Estrella, for like a star she shot

Her shining darts that cleft the air, and never swerved a jot.
A hundred sisters black as night rode onward in her train;
They fought that day a gallant fight, but died upon the plain.
Amazed stood Bucar and his kings, to see the Christian throng;
Arrayed in shining robes, they seemed full seventy thousand strong.
But there was one of stately mien, that towered above the rest;
His charger white as driven snow, a red cross on his breast,
A banner white was in his hand, his falchion gleamed like fire;
And as he rode the Moormen down, he smote them in his ire.
A panic seized the Pagan ranks, to fight they had no mind;
King Bucar fled with all his kings, and left the field behind.
With hurry-scurry to their ships they every man did flee;
The Christians smote them hip and thigh, and chased them to the sea.
Ten thousand 'mid the waters sank, and many more were slain;
The rest embarked, and hoisted sail, and left the coast of Spain.
King Bucar found a safe retreat; there died full twenty kings;
The Cid's men captured all their tents, their gold and precious things.
The poorest men grew wealthy then, the rich were richer still;
With merry hearts they took the road, and journeyed to Castile.
Within Cardena's cloister, and in San Pedro's fane,
They laid the body of the Cid, who gave renown to Spain.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

How the Cid Made the Coward a Hero.

When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come he would make him brave whether he would or not. And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, for the Cid was always upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day.

One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin

Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honorably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honour of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his baseness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than I; but I will have you with me: and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honor him above all the others.

On the morrow the Cid and his company rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town, he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious

in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore.

Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there: and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez, full leisurely and quietly, went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them; and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good. And the history said that from that day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly.

And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the King of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him come

in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforward gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard; for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse.

CHRONICLE OF DON JAYME OF ARAGON.

BEFORE the Castilian dialect had secured literary supremacy in the Spanish language, the Catalan was its chief rival. One of the chief prose works in this dialect is the Chronicle of James I., of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, written by himself. Its quaint diction and naïve exhibition of the manners and customs of his time make it still interesting. The following passage gives a clear view of his father, who is called, in the Catalan dialect, En Pere, corresponding to Don Pedro in Castilian.

After my birth, En Simon de Montfort, who had the land of Carcassone and Badarres and of Toulouse, which the king of France had conquered, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me, that he might bring me up at his court. My father trusted so much in Montfort and his friendship, that he delivered me to him to bring up. And, while I was in his power, the people of those countries came to my father and told him that he might well become lord of those countries, if he would only occupy them. The King, En Pere, my father, was liberal and compassionate, and for the pity that he had of the deputies, said that he would take possession. But they deceived him with fair words; for if, on the one hand, they gave him promises, on the other they were deficient in deeds. And I afterwards heard it said by En Guillen de Cervera and others who were with my father, that the deputies said to him, "My lord, here are our castles and our towns; take possession of them, and put your officers in them." But when my father was about to take possession of the land they said, "My lord, will you turn our wives out of our houses? We and they will be yours; we will do your will." But they did nothing that they had promised him. And

they showed him their wives and their daughters and their kinswomen, the fairest they could find. But when they found that he was a woman's man, they took away his good thoughts, and turned them to what they wished. However, it would take me too long a time to relate these matters, and I will pass on to more important affairs.

En Simon de Montfort was at Murel with from eight hundred to a thousand horsemen, and my father came on him there. There were with him from Aragon Don Miguel de Luzia . . . . and others of his household, and I recollect hearing some of them say that, with the exception of Don Gomes and some who were killed in the battle, all the rest abandoned him and fled. I also recollect hearing that Don Nuno Sanxes and En Guillen de Montcade were not in the battle; they sent a message to the king that he should wait for them; but the king would not wait, and fought the battle with those few that were with him.

The night of the day that the battle was fought the king had passed in debauchery, so that, as I afterwards heard, his own seneschal, called Gill (who afterwards became Knight Hospitaller), and many other witnesses, say the king was so exhausted by the preceding debauch that he could not stand up at Mass, when it came to the Gospel, but kept his seat all the while it was read. And before the battle En Simon de Montfort wished to put himself in his power and do his will. He wanted to come to terms with him, but my father would not accept of them. And when Count Simon and those within Murel saw that, they confessed and received the body of Jesus Christ, and said, "We will rather die in the field than here, shut up in this town." And thereon they came out to fight in a body. On my father's side the men did not know how to range for the battle, nor how to move together; every baron fought by himself, and against the order of war. Thus through bad order, through our sins, and through the Murelians fighting desperately since they found no mercy at my father's hands, the battle was lost. There died my father, for such has ever been the fate of my race, to conquer or die in battle.

THE CAPTURE OF VALENCIA.

KING JAMES besieged Valencia for several months in 1238. At last his stubborn perseverance was rewarded by the surrender of this important Moslem city.

When it got to within fifteen days of Michaelmas, Zaen, King of Valencia, sent me word that if I would give a safe-conduct to a Saracen named Ali Albaca, a native of Peniscola, he would send him on to parley with me. I said I was well content that he should come, and that I would give him a safe-conduct; when the messenger came, he told me what the King of Valencia had sent him for; I said I would consider it, and would give him an answer briefly. I reflected that it was not well to make those words of Ali known to any one in the camp, whether baron, knight or others; for there were many among them who would not be pleased that Valencia should be taken; they would rather it belonged to the Saracens than to me, as I afterwards had sufficient proof of it. I went to the Queen, and told her what Ali Albaca had said, and what my intention was; if it seemed well to her, I prayed and commanded that no one in the camp but I and she, and the messenger who acted as interpreter, should know of it. She said that what I told her pleased her much; no one had so great an interest in my honor and welfare as herself; if God loved me and gave me honor, she thanked Him for it, for her hopes were all centred in me. She thought it well that no one should know of these proposals, that I might not be hindered in my undertaking; for she had seen me take possession of other places and castles, which my barons would rather see as they were than in my power, and as to which they did many things they should not do; wherefore she well believed that since in small things they acted so, they would with regard to Valencia show their power in such wise that I should not take it. She thought secrecy good beyond everything, till I was sure of taking the city.

I then sent for Ali Albaca to come again to me, and told him to state what he had come for. He said that the words Zaen had to say were great and of high import. "They are not for me to speak out, but Zaen, King of Valencia, sends me to say that if you will he will send to you the Rais Abulamalet his nephew, his sister's son, and after himself the most powerful man in Valencia and in the kingdom, and the one in whom he most trusts. If it

please God, before you and he part, I trust that this business will come to a good conclusion." To that I replied that he might go back to the town, and that the other one should come as soon as possible. I gave him a knight to escort him and take him back to Valencia. And he fixed a time, next morning at sunrise, when he would be with me, and that I should send then a knight to escort him to camp. I agreed to do so. In the morning I accordingly sent a knight, and he came. When he was before me, he said that Zaen, King of Valencia, saluted me. He told me besides, on that king's behalf, that next morning, between tierce and sunrise, I was to send two nobles to escort Rais Abulamalet, who would forthwith come to me. I ordered Don Nuno and En Perenguer Roger de Ager to get ready in the morning to meet Zaen's nephew, Rais Abulamalet, and to escort him to me; and they said they would do so.

Meantime two Saracen knights challenged any two of our army to joust with them, and they made this known to me; Don Exemen Perez de Tarazona, who was afterwards lord of Arenos, came to me and asked me to give him that joust, together with Miguel Perez de Isor. I told him I marvelled much at him, that a man who was such a sinner as he was, and of so bad a life, could ask to joust; I had my fears that we all should be brought to shame through him. But he begged of me so hard that I assented; he jousted with the Saracen, and the Saracen overthrew him. Pere de Clariana then went against the other Saracen, and at coming together in the joust the Saracen turned and fled, and he pursued him, till he got across the Guadalaviar, and among his own people.

The next morning early, Rais Abulamalet came out with the Saracen who had jousted, and with ten knights, well equipped and dressed, with good horses and good new saddles fit to go into any court as well-appointed men. I had my house well decked out to receive him. On entering, he would not kiss my hand, but prostrated himself and embraced me; then he seated himself before me, and saluted me on behalf of Zaen, King of Valencia. He said that he had not before seen me, and was very glad to do so. I told him I prayed God to prosper him, that I was well pleased that he had come to see me, wherefore I would do him honour and good in such wise that he should have to thank me. He said that was what he expected of me, that I was such that those whom I loved had ever good and honour from me. I invited him to eat; he replied that he thanked me much for the

invitation, but that he would not eat out of the city, that it was forbidden him by his lord; but he held himself as honored by an invitation from me. I told him that if he would not take dinner there, I would send it into the town to him; he said that he thanked me much more, that at another time he would come when he could take it better, but then he would not, for he really could not. Then I said that if he wished I would send away every one, and he could speak in secret with me. He said that so he wished, that he would not speak to me, except before one or two only, in whom I put much trust. I made every one go away, except myself, him, and the interpreter. Then I asked him what he wished to say.

He said that he wished to know from me what I intended doing in these affairs that God had ordained should come upon them; wherefore he prayed me much that I should discover what my wish was. If I wished his lord to give me according to the means he had, he would give. But I ought to know well what loss in men the city of Valencia had suffered through our army, ever since the building of the fortifications at the Puig, and how I had laid waste the corn lands and the garden of Valencia, and done the same harm in other places of the kingdom, in the best of them. To that I replied that I thought it fit for the Queen to be there, and no one else in the world to know but ourselves and she, and he who spoke those words as an interpreter. He said there were two things he gave me great thanks for; one was that I would bring no one but the Queen into the conference, and that no one besides should be concerned in it; the other, because it pleased him well that I should keep the matter secret. It was better so for them and for me, for he knew well that I had to guard myself against many who did not wish my advantage or profit in that, or in other things.

I accordingly sent for the Queen, and when she came sent away all the women who came with her and all the rest. She alone remained with me, and I repeated to her the words that had passed between Rais Abulamalet and me, as above written. Then I told him that I would say more to him in the Queen's presence than apart, and this was the answer. "I have reached this place where I now am encamped; God has conducted me in all undertakings up to this day, and I have succeeded in them all. Since I am here, it is my intent and my resolution never to depart thence till I get Valencia. If the King wishes to avert the great mischief there will be at the capture of a city like Valencia—so

many Saracens, men, women and children, who may then die or lose all they have—it will please me well." I said, moreover, that for their good and profit I would take them under my protection, and would escort them with all they could carry, for I should grieve at their death. If I could get the place by their willingness to surrender it, I would rather have it so than in the otherwise, by force; "For the greater part of the army (said I) wishes for the sack of the town, and I will not have it so for the pity I have of you. This is my wish, and nothing else will I do, unless you positively force me to do you hurt." The Rais then said: "Those words are very weighty; I cannot further confer with you without consulting my lord and uncle, Zaen." I saw that he spoke reason, and told him to do so in good speed. I invited him again to eat, but he declined.

On the third day the Rais sent me word that if I would give him an escort he would come out to me. I sent one of my barons to him, and he came immediately. He told me that the King of Valencia, Zaen, had considered the thing, and that he knew that the town could not hold out in the end; wherefore, that he might not cause the Valencians to bear more ill than they had already borne, he would surrender the city on this condition: that the Saracens, men and women, might take away all their effects; that they should not be searched, nor should any outrage be done to them, and they all, himself and they, should go under escort to Cullera. Since it was the will of God that I should have the city, he had to will it so. On that I said that I would consult the Queen, who alone was in the secret. He said that he thought that was good, and he went out of the house, where I and the Queen remained. I then asked her what she thought of Zaen's proposal. She said, that if it seemed right to me to take those terms, she thought it right also; for Valencia was not a thing that a man who could have, should risk it from one day to another. I felt that she gave me good advice, and I told her that I agreed with what she said, but I would add what I thought a very good reason for accepting Zaen's terms, namely, that should the town be taken by force, it would go hard for me if a wrangling over it arose in the army. Not for base lucre nor for apparel of any sort ought I to put off what my ancestors and myself had so long desired to take and have; and even yet, if I were wounded or fell ill before the town could be taken by force, the whole thing might still be lost. Wherefore, so good a work as that should not be put to risk, and one should follow it up well, and end it.

After saying that, I sent for Rais Abulamalet, and answered him in this wise: "Rais, you know well that I have made a great outlay in this business of mine; yet, notwithstanding the outlay that I and my people have made, and the ills we have suffered—for all that, it shall not be but that I will agree to your terms, and have you escorted to Cullera, with all the goods that the Saracens, men and women, may be able to carry. For love of the king and of you, who have come here, will I do your people that grace, that they may go safely and securely with their apparel, and with what they can carry, and wish to carry."

When the Rais heard that, he was content; and he said he gave me great thanks, though their loss was to be great; withal he thanked me much for the grace I did them. After a time I asked him on what day it should be. He said they needed ten days for clearing out. I told him that he asked too much, that the army was growing weary of the delay, for nothing was being done, and it was not for their good nor for mine. And so, after long discourse we agreed that on the fifth day they would surrender the town, and would begin to depart.

When that was settled between me and him, I told the Rais to keep the thing secret until I had spoken with the Archbishop of Narbonne, with the other bishops, and with my barons. He said he would do so, and I told him I would speak with them that very evening, and would give orders that from that time no harm should be done to them.

When that was done, and I had eaten, drunk, and taken sleep in a pavilion beside my quarters, I sent for the Archbishop of Tarragona, for the bishops and the barons, as well as for the Archbishop of Narbonne, who was there in the camp. When all were present, I told them how our Lord had done me many favors, and among others had now done me one for which I and they ought to give him great thanks. As they had a good share in that great gain of mine, I would make them know, that they all might rejoice in it, that Valencia was ours at last. When I had said that, Don Nuno and other nobles lost color, as if some one had stabbed them in the heart; all murmured except the Archbishop and some of the bishops, who said that they thanked our Lord for giving me that gain, and that grace; not one of the others thanked God for it, or took it well. Then Don Nuno and Don Pedro Fernandez de Acagra asked how it was done, and in what wise? I said that I had engaged for the safety of the King of Valencia and of the Saracens, all those living in the town, men

and women, and for escorting them to Cullera and Denia; and that they were to surrender the town on the fifth day from that. All said that since I had done it, they approved of it. And the Archbishop of Narbonne added: "This is the work of God, and I do not believe but that of three things, one must be; either you have done service to God, or you are now serving Him in this, or you will serve Him hereafter." And En Ramon Berenguer said: "We ought to give God great thanks for the love he has shown you, and since that which you and your ancestors had desired is now fulfilled through you, we ought to be very thankful to our Lord."

Next day, at vespers, I sent to tell the king and the Rais Abulamalet that, in order that the Christians might know that Valencia was ours, and might do nothing against it, they should hoist my standard on the tower, which now is that called of the Temple; they said they were content, and I went on the Rambla, between the camp and the tower. When I saw my standard upon the tower I dismounted, turned myself towards the east, and wept with my eyes, kissing the ground, for the great mercy that has been done to me.

SONG OF CONTRARIES.

THIS earliest perfect piece of poetry in the Catalan dialect is attributed to St. Jordi, who lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

From day to day I learn, but to unlearn,
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe:
In dreary darkness I can light discern,
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge know.
I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven I fly,
With what's behind I run an untired race,
And break from that which holds me mightily.
Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream that most substantial is,
I hate myself—others are dear to me;
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void:
My ay is no; truth becomes falsehood strange;
I eat, not hungry—shift, though unannoyed;
Touch without hands—and sense to folly change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;
Laughing I weep—and waking, dreams I call;
And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
Losing, I gain—time fleetest, slowliest flows;
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;
To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

ALFONSO THE WISE.

ALFONSO X., of Castile, who reigned from 1252 to 1284, was distinguished in literature and law, and therefore was called the Wise. As an example of this royal author's range and spirit, shown in his code called Siete Partidas (Seven Parts), we quote this homely rule (rather than law) for royalty itself. After stating why princes and princesses should learn to read, Alfonso gives directions to his daughters' teachers.

They are to endeavor, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and in drinking, and also in their dress and demeanor, and shall observe in all things becoming manners; and especially that they be not given over to anger, for, besides the wickedness that lieth therein, anger is that thing in the world which doth most easily lead women to work mischief. Moreover they ought to teach them to be expert in discharging those offices which belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that much becometh them; inasmuch as they do thereby obtain cheerfulness and a tranquil spirit; and besides, it taketh away evil thoughts, which it is not convenient that they should have.

THE PRAISE OF SPAIN.

THE following passage from Alfonso's History, translated by Butler Clarke, shows the noble diction and poetic spirit which mark his style.

Now this land of Spain of which we speak is like unto the Paradise of God, for it is watered by five full-flowing rivers, and these are the Douero, and Ebro, and Tajo, and Guadalquevir and Guadiana; and each hath betwixt it and its neighbor mighty mountains and lands; and the valleys and the plains are great and broad, and by reason of the goodness of the soil and the moisture of the rivers they bring forth much food and are fruitful. Moreover, of Spain the greater part is watered by brooks and fountains; and wells are never lacking in every place that hath

need of them. And, moreover, Spain abounds in crops of corn, in delicious fruits, in precious fishes, in sweet milk and all such things as are made from it; the deer roam far and wide, the flocks cover the earth. The land is rich in mules and stately horses, secure and well furnished with strong places, joyful with good wines, satisfied with abundance of bread, rich in metals, in lead, in tin, in quicksilver and iron, in brass and silver, in gold and precious stones, and in all kinds of marble, in salt of the sea and salt from the earth, salt in mountains, and many other veins of metal; nay, as many as are found in other lands. Her silk is her pride; and sweetest of honey and sugar; her wax gives her light and her oil gives her light, and the saffron gladdens her heart. And Spain, more than other lands, is cunning, yea, and feared and very mighty in battle, light-hearted in toil, loyal to her lord, grounded in learning, courteous of speech, and filled with all good things, and there is no land in all the world like unto her in goodness, none that is her equal in valor, and few in all the world so great as she. And more than all others is she great and powerful; more than all others is she leal and true. O Spain, who is there that can tell thy praises?

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

FAME brought this strange intelligence to me,
  That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
  Who read the secrets of the coming age,
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars and all their aspects; he
  The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew,
  Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future, as the past we see.

An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then;
  My pen, my tongue, were humbled; in that hour
  I laid my crown in dust: so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men!
I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
  Of messengers, who bore him generous measures
  Of honors and of lands, and golden treasures,—
And all in holy meekness: 't was in vain!

The sage repelled me, but most courteously:
  "You are a mighty monarch, Sire; but these,

These have no gift to charm, no power to please,—
Silver nor gold,—however bright they be.
Sire, I would serve you; but what profits me
That wealth which more abundantly is mine?
Let your possessions bless you,—let them shine,
As Maïs prays, in all prosperity."

I sent the stateliest of my ships,—it sought
The Alexandrian port; the wise man passed
Across the Middle Sea, and came, at last,
With all the gentleness of friendliest thought,
I studied wisdom, and his wisdom taught
Each varied movement of the shifting sphere:
He was most dear, as knowledge should be dear;—
Love, honor, are by truth and wisdom bought.

He made the magic stone, and taught me too:
We toiled together first; but soon alone
I formed the marvellous gold-creating stone,
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew.
Varied the form and fabric, and not a few
This treasure's elements;—the simplest, best
And noblest, here ingenuously confessed,
I shall disclose, in this my verse, to you.

And what a list of nations have pursued
This treasure; need I speak of the Chaldee,
Or the untired sons of learned Araby,
All, all in chase of this most envied good,—
Egypt and Syria, and the tribes so rude
Of the Orient,—Saracens and Indians,—all
Laboring in vain,—though oft the echoes fall
Upon the West, of their songs' amplitude?

If what is passing now I have foretold
In honest truth and calm sincerity,
So will I tell you of the events to be
Without deception,—and the prize I hold
Shall be in literary lore enrolled:
Such power, such empire, never can be won
By ignorance or listlessness; to none
But to the learned state my truths be told.

So, like the Theban Sphinx, will I propound
  My mysteries, and in riddles truth will speak:
  Deem them not idle words; for, if you seek,
Through their dense darkness, light may oft be found.
Muse, meditate, and look in silence round;
  Hold no communion of vain language; learn
  And treasure up the lore,—if you discern
What's here in hieroglyphic letters bound.

My soul hath spoken and foretold; I bring
  The voices of the stars to chime with mine:
  He, who shall share with me this gift divine,
Shall share with me the privilege of a king.
Mine is no mean, no paltry offering:
  Cupidity itself must be content
  With such a portion as I here present—
And Midas' wealth to ours a trifling thing.

So when our work in this our sphere was done,
  Deucalion towered sublimely o'er the rest;
  And proudly dominant he stood confessed
On the tenth mountain;—thence looked kindly on
The Sovereign Sire, who offered him a crown,
  Or empires vast, for his reward; or gold,
  From his vast treasure, for his heirs, untold:
So bold and resolute was Deucalion.

I'll give you honest counsel, if you be
  My kinsman or my countryman: if e'er
  This gift be yours, its treasures all confer
On him who shall unveil the mystery;
Offer him all, and offer cheerfully,
  And offer most sincerely,—weak and small
  Is your best offering, though you offer all:
Your recompense may be eternity.

THE LAMENT OF DON RODERICK.

THIS historical ballad refers to the overthrow of Don Roderick by the Moors in 711 A.D. The time of its composition is uncertain, but it probably belongs to the fourteenth century.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay—
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered, faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed:—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint:
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he:
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead—and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks like rain:—

"Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no king am I:
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee—
To-night not one I call my own, not one pertains to me.

"O, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seigniory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou? why fearest thou to smite?"

MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes—
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,—
He quits his team for spear and shield and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound;
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain:—

"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry, "though to our king we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er command
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved land.

"Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,
To sell our freedom for the fear of prince or paladin;
At least, we'll sell our birthright dear—no bloodless prize they'll win.

"At least, King Charles, if God decrees he must be lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain;
He shall bear witness that we died as lived our sires of old—
Nor only of Numantia's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

"The Lion that hath bathed his paws in seas of Libyan gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore?
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alfonso ne'er shall sell."

DON JUAN MANUEL.

DON JUAN MANUEL (1282–1349) wrote stories, didactic essays, fables and poems, and his influence on the language was good. The following passage illustrates his humor, and the satire is not less significant now than when it was written.

THE SONG-WRITER AND THE SHOEMAKER.

In the time of King Jayme I., of Majorca, there was a knight of Perpignan, who was a great troubadour, and made brave songs wonderfully well. But one that he made was better than the rest, and, moreover, was set to good music. And people were so delighted with that song that for a long time they would sing no other. And so the knight that made it was well pleased. But one day, going through the streets, he heard a shoemaker singing this song, and he sang it so ill, both in words and tune, that any man who had not heard it before would have held it to be a very poor song, and very ill made. Now, when the knight heard that shoemaker spoil his good work, he was full of grief and anger, and got down from his beast and sat down by him. But the shoemaker gave no heed to the knight and did not cease from singing, and the more he sang, the worse he spoiled the song the knight had made. And when the knight heard his good work so spoiled by the foolishness of the shoemaker, he took up very

gently some shears that lay there, and cut all the shoemaker's shoes in pieces, and mounted his beast and rode away.

Now, when the shoemaker beheld how his shoes were all cut in pieces, and that he had lost all his labor, he was much troubled, and went shouting after the knight that had done it. And the knight answered, "My friend, our lord the king, as you well know, is a good king and a just. Let us, then, go to him and let him determine, as may seem right, the difference between us." And they agreed to do so. And when they came before the king, the shoemaker told him how all his shoes had been cut in pieces and much harm done to him. And the king was wroth at it, and asked the knight if this were the truth. And the knight said that it was, but that he would like to say why he did it. And the king told him to say on. And the knight answered that the king well knew that he had made a song—the one that was very good and had good music—and he said that the shoemaker had spoiled it in the singing, in proof whereof he prayed the king to command him now to sing it. Then the knight said that, since the shoemaker had spoiled the good work he had made with great pains and labor, so he might spoil the works of the shoemaker. And the king and all they that were there with him were very merry at this, and laughed; and the king commanded the shoemaker never to sing that song again, nor spoil the good work of the knight, but the king paid the shoemaker for the harm that was done him, and commanded the knight not to vex the shoemaker any more.

And now, knowing that I cannot hinder the books I have made from being copied many times, and seeing that in copies one thing is put for another, and so the meaning and sense are changed without any fault in him who first wrote it, therefore, I, Don Juan Manuel, to avoid this wrong as much as I may, have caused this volume to be made, in which are written out all the works I have composed, and they are twelve.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE

AT an unknown period, in an unknown spot in Central Asia, dwelt the original Aryans, who were destined to spread over the whole known world west of China, and to lay the foundation of all European tongues. Of the history of some of their branches we have a comparatively consecutive account. These colonized Persia, Greece and Italy, as well as India. We roughly date these colonizations as somewhat more or less than two thousand years before the Christian Era. But we have thus accounted for only a part of the primitive stock. What became of the rest? The Goths, or Gotones, the Teutones, the Vandals, the Celts, or Gauls, all of whom combined with the Mongolian Huns or Hiongnu to overthrow the Roman Empire during the fifth century after Christ, were of as undoubted Aryan stock as the Greeks and Romans whom they overthrew.

The situation, then, appears to be, that two great divisions of the Aryans, after separation of none can say how many centuries, at last met again in Europe and fought to the death; and from the amalgamation of the survivors of this mighty conflict arose the modern nations and languages of which the English is the chief. The stupendous drama has its last scene here in America, from whose western coasts we look across to the primal home of our race among the valleys and mountains of Asia.

We have seen how the Dark Ages following upon the fall

of Rome were illuminated by the rise of the Arabian power, which led European culture during more than six hundred years. But meanwhile, unknown to the southern regions of Europe, the Scandinavians, a Teutonic tribe of finer and firmer fibre than the Germans, were developing a culture and literature of their own, full of poetic power and heroic imagination. They held their northern retreat undisturbed; none cared to venture thither to meddle with them. They, on the other hand, were far from betraying any hesitation about meddling with others. They were a sea-faring folk, tall, strong and yellow-haired like Homer's Achaians, to whom they were distantly related; the lust of exploration and conquest was strong upon them. Russia, Constantinople, Italy, Syria, Switzerland, France, Spain and England saw their forays and felt their power. In the latter part of the ninth century they discovered and occupied Iceland, and, pushing still further westward, set foot on Greenland, and at last on the coast of New England itself. Able in body and mind, fierce, indomitable, endowed with a wild and gloomy imagination, they have given to the English people part of what is best and strongest in its character.

In the first part of the tenth century, a king of Norway, Harold Harfagr (Fair-hair), conquered the other petty kings, and repressed freebooting. But this move in the direction of civilization and conservatism was highly distasteful to the people, many of whom forthwith migrated to the newly discovered refuge of Iceland. There they established a republic which flourished four hundred years, and, being undisturbed in its savage fastnesses, kept alive and pure the religion and language of ancient Scandinavia, which, on the mainland, suffered change and corruption. The Icelanders remained pagans long after the Scandinavians had yielded to Christianity; and the old Norse tongue, now modified into the Norwegian, Danish and Swedish dialects, still retains in Iceland almost its original purity.

The ancient literature of the Scandinavian peninsulas (now comprising the countries of Sweden, Norway and Denmark) began with the songs of the scalds, who, after the fashion of the Homeric bards, went from court to court

chanting their lays and ballads. The word *scald* originally meant poet, but was afterwards restricted to libellers or satirists, who marked their verses on trees or posts. Besides the ballads, there were prose sagas—stories or histories, true or imaginative. Many, and probably the most important, of these poetical and prose relics have come down to us in writing; but many more were lost before that art became common. An old form of graving peculiar to this people consisted of runes. These are neither more nor less than modifications of Greek letters of the alphabet, and were incised on monuments, weapons, or bits of wood or stone used as charms or amulets. They constituted a species of magic, and the lore concerning them was attended with great mystery. Odin, the chief god of the Scandinavian mythology, is said to have been a maker of runes, and to have taught the art to others. Runic spells and incantations are often referred to in the Norse literature, and runic inscriptions are found all over northern Europe. They are often joined with hieroglyphics. They were never used in books. The conversion of Scandinavia to Christianity caused the neglect and almost the complete loss of the early Pagan literature and its monuments.

DOLMEN WITH RUNES.

The systematic study of Scandinavian literature was begun —and indeed the fact of its existence was for the first time recalled—only about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1643 the Icelandic Bishop Brynjulf Sveinsson found a quantity of old mythological poems, which were at first erroneously ascribed to one Sæmund Sigfusson, who had died five hundred years before, and whose learning had obtained for him the fame of a Solomon. At about the same period came to light the Edda of Snorri Sturluson (1179–

1241), the most remarkable single work of known authorship in the literature of the country. This Edda was a hand-book of instruction and information for poets, and will be discussed separately.

But this was not Snorri Sturluson's only achievement in literature. He is also the author of the *Heimskringla* (The Circle of the World), a remarkable prose history, partly mythologic, partly veracious, of the Norse kings, beginning with the earliest, and brought down to a period two years before the writer's death. This is an original work, and gives us our only connected view of the events described.

The fact that Snorri had applied the title Edda to his work, was the occasion of the same name being given to the assemblage of the older literature discovered in 1643; it was distinguished as the *Elder Edda*, and this name will answer as well as another, though there is no other warrant for it. This collection may be considered in two parts; the first relating to mythological matters, such as the creation of the world and of man, moral principles and tales of the divinities; while the second division consists of versified heroic legends, and shows the material out of which the German Nibelungenlied was made. Indeed, the imagination and passion of the earlier bard are even more impressive and powerful than in the later version. The strophes are of six or eight lines each, and are written in metre, with occasional alliteration. One of the finest and oldest of the "Songs" is that of the Sibyl (Voluspa), which foretells events to come; and Vafthrudnir's Song, in the form of a dialogue between the giant of that name and Odin, discusses the same subjects. The homes of the twelve deities are described in Grimner's Song; and the Rig Song relates to the three social castes that constitute the Scandinavian state—the thrall, the churl and the noble. Finally, the Havamal, or High Song of Odin, is the Norse Proverbs of Solomon; it is the epitome of worldy wisdom, a code of ethics, but lacking in the lofty religious spirit of the Hebrew.

The Eddas existed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but the date of the poems of the Elder Edda is doubtless indefinitely prior to the period of its discovery. The sagas

are voluminous, filling some two hundred volumes. No chronological arrangement can be made of these. The dates of some later works are definitely marked. A work on medicine, by Henrik Harpestrings, is assigned to the year 1244; and the Danish Ballads range from about 1300 to 1500. The stimulus given to Scandinavian scholars by the discovery of the Eddas has not yet been exhausted, and every year adds to the accuracy of our knowledge of the ancient literature.

The Scaldic lays are far from equalling the beauty and interest of the Eddas; among the most famous of them was the Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrok, a Viking of the eighth century, whom the English caused to be stung to death by serpents in a dungeon. As sung to the harp, amidst warlike and princely assemblies, these alliterative chants, doubtless, had a force and splendor which are lost in the reading.

Critics discern two distinct orders of Old Icelandic poetry: that which was produced by natives who never left their home-land, and the other body of verse produced by Icelanders who ventured the seas and settled on the coasts of the British isles. These latter embodied Icelandic and Scandinavian legends in their songs, which gained local color as the Celtic element came in with the blending of the races. They brought the bracing sea wind, the roar of the waves, the delight of perilous adventure, and the lust of conquest to the singers whose themes were simple love and fairy fancy. This accounts for the fine simplicity of expression, the innate sympathy with nature in her grander aspects, the true pathos, and intense passion that characterize the poetry of these roving adventurers, whose individuality faded out before the close of the twelfth century.

The poetry of the commonwealth of Iceland contrasts with that of the Western Islands. It has less fire and force, but more polish. Greater importance was attached to artistic beauty of form, the phraseology was elaborated, and rhyme was brought to a high degree of perfection. These are the natural characteristics to be looked for in a stay-at-home school of writers, as the preference of spirit to form is inevitable in the makers of the poetry of Nature in sublime unrest.

Ari the Wise was Iceland's first historian; though his chief work has been lost, his abridgment of it, called the "Icelander Book," survives. Snorri's "Heimskringla," a hundred years later, relates the establishment of the Scandinavian kingdoms, the discovery of America, the conquests of England and Normandy, the adventures of Harold Haardrada in the East, and his death on the field of battle in Britain. Many of the stories are alive with all the elements of the most vivid romance. The Sagamen were itinerant historians who made it their business to travel about collecting materials for their narratives. All the great Icelandic families had their sagas. The sagas of Erik the Wanderer, of Frithiof, and of Dietrich of Bern are among the more celebrated. In the end of the Middle Ages, the Scalds were transformed into singers of chivalric romance, and thus followed the successive changes of the social state. After Christianity had been accepted in Scandinavia, the mythologic traditions assumed the form of folk-lore, and many of our fairy-tales are derived from them. The Scandinavians are our true forefathers, and it is incumbent on us to pay more heed than we have yet done to the magnificent remains of their ancient literature.

Between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries the original creative power of Scandinavian writers was practically quenched; the introduction of Christianity, and the use of monkish Latin deprived them of their native material and instrument, while they had not as yet accustomed themselves to the new. But after the Reformation came the extensive Danish and Swedish literatures, and in our own day a new and valuable Norwegian literature has sprung up.

BIARKE'S BATTLE-SONG.

THIS is a fragment of a song composed in the sixth century, by Bodvar Biarke, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors. The original may be found in Sturluson's "Heimskringla."

The bird of morn has risen,
The rosy dawn 'gins break;

'Tis time from sleepy prison
  Vil's sons to toil should wake.
Wake from inglorious slumber!
  The warrior's rest is short,—
Wake! whom our chiefs we number,—
  The lords of Adil's court.

Har, strong of arm, come forth!
  Rolf, matchless for the bow!
Both Northmen of good birth,
  Who ne'er turned face from foe!
Wake not for foaming cup,
  Wake not for maiden's smile,
Men of the North! wake up,
  For iron Hilda's toil!

THE DEATH-SONG OF LODBROK.

RAGNAR LODBROK was King of Denmark at the close of the eighth century. Being taken in battle by Ella, King of Northumberland, he was thrown into a dungeon to be stung to death by serpents. He is said to have composed this song while dying; though it is more probable that a great part of it was the work of some other Scald. It is translated by W. Herbert.

We smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reached the Gothic shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;
My prize was Thora; from that fight,
'Mongst warriors am I Lodbrok hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing *basnets* rung [*helmets*
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The wolf and golden-footed bird
Gleaned plenteous harvest of the sword.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water;
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were numbered, in the din of spears
I reared my arméd hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued,
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lacked not food.
The sweat of death distained the wave;
The army *tined* its warriors brave. [*lost*

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's queen
'Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and *garred* her prowess fall. [*made*
Our vessels ploughed through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.
Brands grated on the mail, and through [*swords*
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

We smote with swords; none fled I trow,
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Herraud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On wingéd steeds, that spurn the main,
Cleaving the sea-fowl's lonely reign;
No lord in *stour* more widely feared [*conflict*
To distant port his vessel steered.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight aye sought the foremost part.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;
And, 'midst the din, from Skarpa's rock
Echoed the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk King Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head,
Sweat on coats of mail was shed.

We smote with swords; near Inder's shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;

Nor carnage lacked to glut those steeds
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'Twas hard to 'scape unharmed that day:
When peered the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

We smote with swords; loud clanged the plain,
Ere Ulla's field saw Eysteinn slain.
With gold adorned, our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helmed head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

We smote with swords; near Hadning's bay
(Hilda's sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charmed shield.
Bucklers *brast*, and men were slain; [*crashed*
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.
'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes weltered in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'Twas not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest seat.

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,
Bent beneath the arrowy strife.
Egill reft my son of life;
Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,
The scabbard-thorn his bosom rent:

The whiles each warrior's clashing steel
Contentious rung a dreadful peal
On the gray hauberks, Hamder's pride;
And our bright standards glittered wide.

We smote with swords; at morn I viewed
The fair-haired prince by fate subdued;
Gay Aurn (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved,
Fainting, waning to his end:
In Ila's sound that day he kenned
Other sport; 'twas not, I ween,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens poured:
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roared,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many a *kemp* was left. [*warrior*

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assailed our heads,
In after-times on Anglesey
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's iron vesture rung,
Where kings marched forth, and spears were flung.
Like wingéd dragons, red with gore,
Our lances hissed along the shore.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'Tis hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane to thane should never yield.

Such was aye the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scattered slaughter wide,
And launched my vessels to the tide,
I deemed not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doomed at last to bow my head;
But hewed in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is decked, the seats are spread!
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer,
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenned their father's plight,
How, venom-filled, a viperous brood
Have gnawed his flesh and lapped his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My rights are passing to my heir.
Grim stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's wand
Fixed in Ella's bosom stand.

My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:
Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be *wroken*. [*avenged*

We smote with swords; where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor feared I force of adverse lord;
Nor deemed I then that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms where martial souls rejoice:
I hear the maids of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall:
High-seated in their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

THE ELDER EDDA.

THE general name "Edda" was given to the miscellaneous collection of writings, laboriously gathered and skillfully classified by Sturluson, which are now designated the Prose, or Younger Edda, to distinguish them from the older mythological poems discovered in 1643 by Bishop Sveinsson, and called the Elder Edda. The original meaning of the word "Edda" was "great-grandmother," and Sturluson's choice of this as title for his collection of ancient traditions no doubt sprang from the same simple motive which led to the naming of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

The mythological hero-songs bore no internal clew either to their authorship or collector. As the legends evidently belonged to the ninth century, or earlier, it seemed reasonable to Sveinsson to credit one Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned noble of Norway, who lived in Iceland between 1055 and 1132, with their preservation. They were thus made known as the "Edda Sæmundi Multiscii." Later investigation has rejected Sæmund entirely, while retaining the descriptive title of Edda for convenience, and for no other reason. The poems are now assigned to the thirteenth century, having been gathered from various quarters by various hands during the preceding centuries.

The Eddas exhibit the various aspects of the Scandinavian religious system. This is in the highest degree sombre, picturesque and impressive. The earth is a vast circular plane, round which lies coiled the serpent of Midgard. In its centre stands the ash tree Yggdrasil, whose branches pierce heaven, while its roots penetrate Asgard, the abode of the gods, Jotunheim, where dwell the giants, and Nifihel, the realm of death. Under each root springs a fountain; amidst the boughs, whose dew is honey, sit an eagle, a squirrel and four stags. The squirrel runs up and down, sowing enmity between the eagle and the snake Nithhoggr, which gnaws below.

Midgard, the earth, was formed from the eyebrow of the

giant of the sea, Ymir, generated first of creatures from the intercourse of heat and cold in the abyss Ginnungagap. Odin and his brothers slew and cast him into the gulf; his flesh, bones, hair and blood became respectively the land, mountains, forests and rivers. Jotunheim, or Utgard (the outer earth), was situated at the extreme north. In Nifihel reigned over the dead the goddess Hel; it was beneath the earth, and was environed by the river Slid, rushing over a bed of swords. In the south was Muspel, from which at the end of all things Surt its king would come with sword of fire to destroy the world. Asgard, above, had several divisions, one of which, Valhalla in Gladsheim, was the meeting place of the gods. At the foot of Yggdrasil dwelt the three virgin goddesses, the Norns or Fates, whose decrees were irrevocable.

Loki, handsome and evil, the god of destruction, was father of the Midgard serpent, of Hel, and of the wolf Fenris, a water-demon, who was destined to slay Odin, and to be slain himself by Odin's son Vidar. Loki was bound by the gods till the end, when he should be loosed and slain by Heimdal, the warder of Heaven, whom he also should slay. This final cataclysm, in which the powers of good and evil meet, was called Ragnarok (Twilight of the Gods); then perish gods, demons, and the universe itself; but from its ruins springs a new and more lovely world, with a new race of men, forever freed from evil.

The twelve gods—Odin, Thor, Balder and the rest; the twelve goddesses, and all the other mythologic personages, good and evil, are thus seen to be but mortal, though in a category different from that of earth's inhabitants. There is an unknown, unnamed Power above all, whose will for good must finally prevail. This conception is unlike both the Hindu and the Greek, though there are in it traces of both; it is more human and sympathetic than either. The history of its development deserves the deepest study; and we are as yet only upon the threshold of its hidden meanings.

Allied to the mythology is the great romance of the Nibelungenlied. This poem was written by an unknown scribe in Southern Germany about the middle of the thirteenth century; but the materials were the product of an earlier time,

and are of Gothic origin. The Old Norse version is found in the Volsunga Saga and the Edda. The Norse Sigurd, the hero of the tale, becomes the German Siegfried; his wife, Gudrun, is the Kriemhild of the later version; the Norse Brunhild is a Valkyrie, won by Sigurd for Gunnar. The Valkyries are the nine handmaidens of Odin, who serve at the banquets of Valhalla, and in battles, flying through the air, touch with their spears the heroes who are to fall, and conduct their souls to the abodes of the blessed. Volsung is the great-grandson of Odin, and the father of Sigmund, from whom Sigurd descended. The story is free from the Christian elements which are introduced into the German poem; it is heathen throughout, and the gods take active part in the drama. In spirit it is sublime and heroic, yet profoundly human; the passion and tragedy are titanic, yet strictly in accord with the truth of the heart. The men and women portrayed are endowed with godlike beauty and frank, impetuous natures. Nothing in ancient classic poetry surpasses these mighty conceptions; and it is evident that a story conceived with such power and insight must assume many incarnations in successive ages; the very soul of the Norse is in it. It is upon these ancient ballads, and not upon the German, that Wagner's cycle of operas is based.

The "Voluspa" (Prophecy of the Sibyl) is the most ancient and striking poem in the Elder Edda. There is a fascination in its mysticism and gloomy tone, heightened by the beauty of a style that is all its own. We have not penetrated the meaning of the shrouded allusions as the sibyl chants to great Odin and the listening lesser gods of the beginning of things, of the making of mortals and the tremendous doom that shall fall with Ragnarok, the battle and chaotic end of the world and life. "The melodies of this earliest Icelandic verse, elaborate in their extreme and severe simplicity, are wholly rhythmical and alliterative, and return upon themselves like a solemn incantation."

About ten poems contain the mythological portion of the Elder Edda. The favorite and most poetical of these is the "Thrymskvitha," Song of Thrym, the giant who stole the hammer of Thor. The story progresses in the most natural

way, never losing force for the sake of display. It tells how the hammer was taken, and on his trying to regain it Thor was told that Thrym would not give it up until the goddess Freyia should be given him in marriage. Thereupon Thor himself undertook the trick of impersonating Freyia, and thus deceived and slew the thief.

The rest of the Edda recounts the deeds of the legendary heroes. The "Volundarkvitha" Song of Volundr, and the songs of Helgi, the son of Hiovarth, and of Helga, the Hunding's Bane, are romances of love and war. In the score of poems which connectedly follow the main lines of these two, we have the story of the family feuds between the Volsungs and the Nibelungs which forms the basis of the old German Nibelungenlied, inferior in poetic force to the original Icelandic.

THE VOLUSPA.

THE Prophetess Vola, having imposed silence on all intellectual beings, declares that she is going to reveal the decrees of the All-father. She begins with a description of the chaos; and proceeds to the formation of the world, and of its various inhabitants, giants, men, and dwarfs. She explains the employments of the Norns or fates, and of the gods; their most remarkable adventures; their quarrels with Loki, and the vengeance that ensued. She concludes with a description of the end of the world; the battle of the inferior deities and the evil beings; the renovation of the universe; the blessedness of the good, and the punishment of the wicked.

GIVE silence, all
Ye sacred race,
Both great and small,
Of Heimdal sprung:
Val-father's deeds
I will relate,
The ancient tales
Which first I learned.

I know giants early born, my ancestors of former times; nine worlds I know, with their nine poles of tender wood, beneath the earth.

In early times, when Ymer lived, there was no sand, nor sea, nor cooling wave; no earth was found, nor heaven above; one chaos all and nowhere grass.

Until Bor's sons upraised the expanse, by whom Midgard the great was made. From the south the sun shone on the walls; then did the earth green herbs produce.

The sun turned south; the moon shone; her right hand held the horse of heaven. The sun knew not his proper sphere; the stars knew not their proper place; the moon knew not her proper power.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: they gave night and cock-crowing their names, morning also, and noon-day tide, and afternoon, the years to tell.

The Asas met on Ida's plains; they raised altars and built temples; anvils they laid, and money coined; their strength they tried in various ways, when making songs, and forming tools.

On the green they played in joyful mood, nor knew at all the want of gold, until there came three Thursa maids, exceeding strong, from Jotunheim:

Until there came out of the ranks, powerful and fair, three Asas home, and found on shore, in helpless plight, Ask and Embla without their fate.

They had not yet spirit or mind, blood or beauty, or lovely hue. Odin gave spirit, Heinir gave mind, Lothur gave blood and lovely hue.

I know an ash, named Yggdrasil, a stately tree, with white dust strewed. Thence come the dews that wet the dales; it stands aye green over Urda's well.

Thence come the maids who know all things; three from the hall beneath the tree; one they named Was, and the next Being, the third, Shall Be, on the shield they cut.

. . . . . .

She sat without when the Ancient came, the awful god, and viewed his eye.

What ask ye me? Why tempt ye me? Full well I know, great Odin, where thine eye thou lost; in Mimir's well, the fountain pure; mead Mimir drinks each morning new, with Odin's pledge. Conceive ye this?

To her the god of battles gave both costly rings and shining gold, the art of wealth, and witchcraft wise, by which she saw through every world.

She saw Valkyries come from afar, ready to ride to the tribes of gods; Skuld held the shield, Skaugul came next, Gunnr, Hildr, Gaundul, and Geir-skaugul. Thus now are told the Warrior's Norns, ready to ride the Valkyries.

Heith she was named wherever she came, the prophetess of cunning arts. She knew right well bad luck to seethe, and mischief was her only sport.

Murder she saw, the first that ever was in the world, when Gullveig was placed on the spear, when in Harr's hall they burnt her: thrice she was burnt, thrice she was born, oft, not seldom, and yet she lives.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: what punishment they should inflict on the Asas now for bad advice; or whether all the gods should hold convivial feasts:

Now the castle-walls of Asaborg were broken, by murderous Vanes who took the field: forth Odin flew and shot around: this murder was the first that ever was in the world.

When all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: who had involved the air in flames, or given Odder's maid to giants:

There Thor alone was in ill mood; he seldom sits when told the like; broken were oaths and promises and all contracts that had been made.

She knows where Heimdal's horn lies hid, full deep beneath the sacred tree: she sees a flood rush down the fall from Odin's pledge. Conceive ye yet?

. . . . . .

The sun turns pale; the spacious earth the sea engulfs; from heaven fall the lucid stars: at the end of time, the vapors rage, and playful flames involve the skies.

She sees arise, the second time, from the sea, the earth completely green: the cascades fall; the eagle soars, that on the hills pursues his prey.

The gods convene on Ida's plains, and talk of man, the worm of dust: they call to mind their former might, and the ancient runes of Fimbultyr.

The fields unsown shall yield their growth; all ills shall cease; Balder shall come, and dwell with Hauthr in Hropt's abodes. Say, warrior gods, conceive ye yet?

She sees a hall outshine the sun, of gold its roof, it stands in heaven: the virtuous there shall always dwell, and evermore enjoy delights.

How Thor Recovered his Hammer.

Wroth waxed Thor, when his sleep was flown,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth 'gan round him look;
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke,
Which neither on earth below is known,
Nor in Heaven above: my hammer's gone."
Their way to Freyia's bower they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a wingéd robe,
To seek my hammer round the globe."

Freyia. That shouldst thou have, though 'twere of gold,
And that, though 'twere of silver, hold.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reached the Jotunheim bounds.
High on a mound, in haughty state,
Thrym, the King of the Thursi, sat;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

Thrym. How fare the Asi?—the Alfi how?
Why com'st thou alone to Jotunheim now?

Loke. Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi mourn;
Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn.

Thrym. I have the Thunderer's hammer bound
Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jotunheim bounds,
And ere he has reached the Asgard grounds.
At Midgard Thor met crafty Loke,

And this the first word that he spoke:
"Have you your errand and labor done?
Tell from aloft the course you run:
For, sitting, oft the story fails;
And, lying, oft the lie prevails."

Loke. My labor is past, mine errand I bring;
Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed.

Their way to lovely Freyia they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now, Freyia, busk as a blooming bride:
Together we must to Jotunheim ride."
Wroth waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide:
"Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
If I with you to Jotunheim ride."

The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talked fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdaller free,
Like the Vani, wise was he:
"Now busk we Thor as a bride so fair;
Let him that great bright necklace wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wroth waxed Thor with godlike pride:
"Well may the Asi me deride,
If I let me be dight as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son:
"Now hush thee, Thor—this must be done:
The giants will straight in Asgard reign
If thou thy hammer dost not regain."

Then busk'd they Thor as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;

Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then rose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke:
"A servant I thy steps will tend,
Together we must to Jotunheim wend."
Now home the goats together hie,
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.
The mountains shook, the earth burned red,
As Odin's son to Jotunheim sped.

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Giants, stand up—let the seats be spread:
Bring Freyia, Niorda's daughter, down,
To share my bed, from Noatun.
With horns all gilt each coal-black beast
Is led to deck the giants' feast;
Large wealth and jewels have I stored,
I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approached,
And the mantling ale the giants broached.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons and an ox full grown
And all the cates on which women feed,
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead."

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?
Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead.
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Naught has she eaten for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."

He stooped beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wis:
"Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
It seems as her eyeballs glistened with fire."
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:

"Naught has she slept for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim:
"Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
If thou wilt all my fondness have—
All my love and fondness have."
Then Thrym, the King of Thursi, said:
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
Upon her lap the bruiser lay,
And firmly plight our hands and fay."

The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed,
Thrym first, the King of the Thursi, he slew,
And slaughtered all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.—
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

THE YOUNGER EDDA.

THE "Edda Snorra Sturlusonar" is so called from having been collected, arranged, and enriched by the very remarkable man whose life marks an epoch in the history of Iceland and its literature. He stands out from the canvas, a unique figure in the gallery of national portraits. Snorri, son of Sturla, was born in 1179, the youngest son of a western chief, and was trained to literary tastes by another powerful noble, Jon Loptsson. His early marriage brought wealth, which enabled him in 1206 to build an imposing pile at Reykjaholt, including a costly bath of hewn stones, into which water was conducted from a hot spring in the neighborhood. The bath and ruins of the castle are still to be inspected. Snorri studied law for a few years and became chief magistrate of Iceland in 1215. He visited the young King Hakon in Norway, remaining there a long time, when disputes arose between Norwegian and Icelandic traders and made serious trouble. Earl Skuli, tutor to the King, proposed to despatch a military expedition to Iceland, but was dissuaded by Snorri on his pledge to procure the submission of the Icelanders. Thereupon Snorri became the vassal of the King of Norway, and by virtue of his position was able for some fifteen years to enrich himself rather than his master. Then Hakon turned against Snorri, who fled from his Reykjaholt castle in 1236 in fear of his own people, and returned to Norway the next year. Earl Skuli was planning a revolt. Snorri at once elected to join the traitor, though not openly. Three years later he returned to Iceland on hearing of murderous feuds in his family, though Hakon had refused permission for the visit. While Snorri was away, Hakon learned of the treachery, and put an end to Skuli's revolt. Gissur, son-in-law of Snorri, had killed a cousin of the latter, which was what led Snorri to return and settle family matters as best he could. Hakon sent orders to Gissur to seize Snorri and send him captive to Norway for punishment. This loyal vassal attacked his father-in-law in his Reykjaholt stronghold and there slew him on the 22d of September, 1241.

If Snorri is not to be revered as a model of civic virtue and knightly courage, he cannot be denied his title to honor as the rescuer, the preserver, and the adorner of as noble a national literature as the world of his day could show. He was at once a maker of history, a historian, and a born man of letters. The traditions of his people he carefully gathered, assorted, and beautified by the strong and simple language in which he gave them immortality. His sturdy sense shines out in many a quaint utterance, such as this bit from one of his prefaces, which well shows his blunt style. "When Harold Hairfair was King in Norway, Iceland was settled, and with the king were scalds whose songs folk yet know by heart, yea and all songs on the kings who have since held sway in Norway; and most store we set by that which is said in such songs as were sung before the chiefs themselves or the sons of them; and we hold all that for true, which is found in these songs concerning their way-farings and their battles. Now it is the manner of scalds to praise those most whom they stand before while giving forth their song, but no one would dare to tell the king himself deeds, which all who hearkened, yea and himself withal, knew well were but windy talk and lying; for no praise would that be, but mocking rather."

The Prose Edda consists of the *Formuli,* Preface; the *Gylfaginning,* or Delusion of Gylfi; the *Bragaraethur* or *Skaldskaparmal,* dialogue of Bragi and Œgir on the art of poetry; the *Hattatal,* a discourse on metres used in Snorri's three poems in praise of Hakon and Skuli. The *Gylfaginning* presents the completest and best epitome of the early mythology of Scandinavia accessible. This and the Yngling saga give the doings of the gods and the creation of the Northern lands with wonderful graphic power and detail, the prose of Snorri surpassing the poem in the purity and force of its flow.

THOR AND THE GIANT.

ONE day the god Thor set out with Loki, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; but, night coming on, they were obliged to put up at a peasant's cottage. The god Thor immediately slew his two he-goats, and, having skinned them, ordered them

to be dressed for supper. When this was done, he sat down to table, and invited the peasant and his children to partake with him. The son of his host was named Thialfe, the daughter Raska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the skins of the goats, which he held extended near the table; but young Thialfe, to come at the marrow, broke, with his knife, one of the shank-bones of the goats. Having passed the night in this place, Thor arose early in the morning, and, dressing himself, reared the handle of his hammer; which he had no sooner done, than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now halted upon one of his hind legs. The god, seeing this, immediately judged that the peasant, or one of his family, had handled the bones of this goat too roughly. Enraged at their folly, he knit his eyebrows, rolled his eyes, and, seizing his hammer, grasped it with such force, that the very joints of his fingers were white again. The peasant, trembling, was afraid of being struck down by one of his looks; he therefore, with his children, made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed in recompense of any damage that had been done. Thor at last suffered himself to be appeased, and was content to carry away with him Thialfe and Raska.

Leaving his he-goats in that place Thor set out on his road for the country of the Giants; and, coming to the margin of the sea, swam across it, accompanied by Thialfe, Raska and Loki. The first of these was an excellent runner, and carried Thor's wallet or bag. When they had made some advance, they found themselves in a vast plain, through which they marched all day, till they were reduced to great want of provisions. When night approached, they searched on all sides for a place to sleep in, and at last, in the dark, found the house of a certain giant; the gate of which was so large, that it took up one whole side of the mansion. Here they passed the night; but about the middle of it were alarmed by an earthquake, which violently shook the whole fabric. Thor, rising up, called upon his companions to seek along with him some place of safety. On the right they met with an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but Thor remained at the entry, and whilst the others, terrified with fear, crept to the farthest corner of their retreat, he armed himself with his hammer, to be in readiness to defend himself at all events. Meanwhile they heard a terrible noise, and when the morning was come, Thor went out, and observed near him a man of enormous bulk, who snored pretty loud. Thor found that this was the noise which

had so disturbed him. Thor girded on his belt of prowess, which had the virtue of increasing strength; but the giant awaking, Thor was affrighted, and durst not launch his hammer, but contented himself with asking his name. "My name is Skrymner," replied the other; "as for you, I need not inquire whether you are the god Thor. Pray, tell me, have not you picked up my glove?" Then presently stretching forth his hand to take it up, Thor perceived that the house wherein they had passed the night was that very glove, and the chamber was only one of its fingers.

Hereupon Skrymner asked whether they might not join company, and Thor consenting, the giant opened his wallet, and took out something to eat. Thor and his companions having done the same, Skrymner put both their wallets together, and, laying them on his shoulder, began to march at a great rate. At night, when the others were come up, the giant went to repose under an oak, showing Thor where he intended to lie, and bidding him help himself to victuals out of the wallet. Meanwhile he fell to snore strongly. But, what is very incredible, when Thor came to open the wallet, he could not untie one single knot. Vexed at this, he seized his hammer, and launched it at the giant's head. He, awaking, asked, what leaf had fallen upon his head, or what it could be. Thor pretended to go to sleep under another oak; but observing about midnight that Skrymner snored again, he took his hammer and drove it into the hinder part of his head. The giant, awaking, demands of Thor, whether some small grain of dust had not fallen upon his head, and why he did not go to sleep. Thor answered, he was going; but, presently after, resolving to have a third blow at his enemy, he collects all his force, and launches his hammer with so much violence against the giant's cheek, that it forced its way into it up to the handle. Skrymner, awaking, slightly raises his hand to his cheek, saying, "Are there any birds perched upon this tree? I thought one of their feathers had fallen upon me." Then he added, "What keeps you awake, Thor? I fancy it is now time for us to get up, and dress ourselves. You are now not very far from the city of Utgard. I have heard you whisper to one another, that I was of very tall stature; but you will see many there much larger than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come thither, not to take upon you too much; for in that place they will not bear with it from such little men as you. Nay, I even believe that your best way is to turn back again; but if you still persist in your resolution, take the road that leads eastward; for, as for me, mine

lies to the north." Hereupon Skrymner threw his wallet over his shoulder, and entered a forest.

I never could hear that the god Thor wished him a good journey; but proceeding on his way, along with his companions, he perceived, about noon, a city situated in the middle of a vast plain. This city was so lofty, that one could not look up to the top of it, without throwing his head quite back upon the shoulders. The gate-way was closed with a grate, which Thor never could have opened; but he and his companions crept through the bars. Entering in, they saw a large palace and men of a prodigious stature. Then addressing the king, who was named Utgarda-Loke, they saluted him with great respect. The king, having at last discerned them, broke out into such a burst of laughter as discomposed every feature of his face. "It would take up too much time," says he, "to ask you concerning the long journey you have performed; yet, if I do not mistake, that little man whom I see there should be Thor: perhaps, indeed, he is larger than he appears to me to be; but in order to judge of this," added he, addressing his discourse to Thor, "let me see a specimen of those arts by which you are distinguished, you and your companions; for nobody is permitted to remain here, unless he understand some art, and excel in it all other men." Loki then said, that his art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world, and that he would challenge any one at that kind of combat. "It must, indeed, be owned," replied the king, "that you are not wanting in dexterity, if you are able to perform what you promise. Come, then, let us put it to the proof." At the same time he ordered one of his courtiers, who was sitting on a side-bench, and whose name was Loge (*i. e.* Flame), to come forward, and try his skill with Loki in the art they were speaking of. Then he caused a great trough, full of provisions, to be placed upon the bar, and the two champions at each end of it; who immediately fell to devour the victuals with so much eagerness, that they presently met in the middle of the trough, and were obliged to desist. But Loki had eat only the flesh of his portion; whereas the other had devoured both flesh and bones. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, that, in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one; but that he must exert himself, if he would come off conqueror. He

then arose and conducted Thialfe to a "snowy" plain, giving him a young man named Hugo (Thought) to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. Then said the king, "Another trial, and you may perhaps exert yourself better." They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time, but Hugo had already reached the goal before Thialfe had got half way. Hereupon all who were present cried out, that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise.

Then the king asked Thor in what art he would choose to give proof of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied, that he would contest the prize of drinking with any person belonging to his court. The king consented, and immediately went into his palace to look for a large horn, out of which his courtiers were obliged to drink when they had committed any trespass against the customs of the court. This the cup-bearer filled to the brim and presented to Thor, whilst the king spake thus: "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught; some persons make two of it, but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three." Thor looked at the horn, and was astonished at its length; however he was very thirsty, he set it to his mouth, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he withdrew the cup from his mouth, in order to look in, he could scarcely perceive any of the liquor gone. To it he went again with all his might, but succeeded no better than before. At last, full of indignation, he again set the horn to his lips, and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely—then looking in, he found that the liquor was a little lowered; upon this, he resolved to attempt it no more, but gave back the horn.

"I now see plainly," said the king, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee: but art thou willing to make any more trials?" "I am sure," said Thor, "such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods; but what new trial have you to propose?" "We have a trifling game here," replied the king, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in lifting my cat from the ground. Nor should I have mentioned it, if I had not already observed that you are by no means what we took you for." Immediately a

large iron-colored cat leaped into the middle of the hall. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly, and did his utmost to raise him from the ground—but the cat, bending his back, had only one of his feet lifted up. "The event," says the king, "is just what I foresaw; the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison of the men here." "Little as I am," says Thor, "let me see who will wrestle with me." The king, looking round him, says, "I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse Hela (Death) to wrestle with this god Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he." Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. "This is she," says the king, "with whom you must wrestle."

Thor and the woman struggled long, but the more vigorously Thor assailed her, the more immovable she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily, but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him upon one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist—adding, there now remained nobody in his court whom he could ask with honor to condescend to fight with Thor.

Thor passed the night in that place with his companions, and was preparing so depart thence early the next morning, when the king ordered him to be sent for, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. After this he accompanied him out of the city. When they were just going to bid adieu to each other, the king asked Thor what he thought of the success of his expedition. Thor told him he could not but own that he went away very much ashamed and disappointed. "It behooves me then," says the king, "to discover the truth to you, since you are out of my city, which you shall never re-enter whilst I live and reign. And I assure you, that had I known beforehand you had been so strong and mighty, I would not have suffered you to enter now. But I enchanted you by my illusions: first of all in the forest, where I arrived before you. And there you were not able to untie your wallet, because I had fastened it with a magic chain. You afterwards aimed three blows at me with your hammer: the first stroke, though slight, would have brought me to the ground, had I received it; but when you are gone hence you will meet with an immense rock, in which are three narrow valleys of a square form, one of them in particular remarkably deep. These are the breaches made by your hammer, for I at that time lay concealed behind the rock, which you did not perceive.

"I have used the same illusions in the contests you have had with the people of my court. In the first, Loke, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him: but his opponent, Loge, was nothing else but a wandering Fire, which instantly consumed not only the meat, but the bones, and the very trough itself. Hugo, with whom Thialfe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought, and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. When you attempted to empty the horn, you performed, upon my word, a deed so marvelous that I should never have believed it, if I had not seen it myself; for one end of the horn reached to the sea, a circumstance you did not observe; but the first time you go to the seaside, you will see how much it is diminished. You performed no less a miracle in lifting the cat; and, to tell you the truth, when we saw that one of her paws had quitted the earth, we were all extremely surprised and terrified; for what you took for a cat was in reality the great Serpent of Midgard, which encompasses the earth, and he was then scarce long enough to touch the earth with his head and tail; so high had your hand raised him up towards heaven. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with, who, first or last, will bring every one low.

"But now, as we are going to part, let me tell you, that it will be equally for your advantage and mine, that you never come near me again; for, should you do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions and enchantments, so that you will never prevail against me."—As he uttered these words, Thor, in a rage, laid hold of his hammer, and would have launched it at the king, but he suddenly disappeared, and when the god would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing all around him but vast plains covered with verdure. Continuing, therefore, his course, he returned, without ever stopping, to his palace.

Death of Balder.

(The Æsir were the gods of the Pagan Norse, and Balder was their Apollo.)

Balder the Good having been tormented with terrible dreams, indicating that his life was in great peril, communicated them to the assembled Æsir, who resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. Then Frigga exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron, and all other metals, as well as from stones, earths, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and

creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Balder. When this was done, it became a favorite pastime of the Æsir, at their meetings, to get Balder to stand up and serve them as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes, for do they what they would none of them could harm him, and this was regarded by all as a great honor shown to Balder. But when Loki, the son of Laufey, beheld the scene, he was sorely vexed that Balder was not hurt. Assuming, therefore, the shape of a woman, he went to Fensalir, the mansion of Frigga. That goddess, when she saw the pretended woman, inquired if she knew what the Æsir were doing at their meetings. She replied, that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him.

"Aye," said Frigga, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all of them."

"What!" exclaimed the woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?"

"All things," replied Frigga, "except a little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called Mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from."

As soon as Loki heard this he went away, and, resuming his natural shape, cut off the mistletoe, and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Hodur standing apart, without partaking of the sports, on account of his blindness, and going up to him, said, "Why dost thou not also throw something at Balder?"

"Because I am blind," answered Hodur, "and see not where Balder is, and have, moreover, nothing to throw with."

"Come then," said Loki, "do like the rest, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct thy arm toward the place where he stands."

Hodur then took the mistletoe, and under the guidance of Loki, darted it at Balder, who, pierced through and through, fell down lifeless. Surely never was there witnessed, either among gods or men, a more atrocious deed than this! When Balder fell, the Æsir were struck speechless with horror, and then they looked at each other, and all were of one mind to lay hands on him who had done the deed, but they were obliged to delay their vengeance out of respect for the sacred place (Peacestead) where they were assembled. They at length gave vent to their grief by loud lamentations, though not one of them could

find words to express the poignancy of his feelings. Odin, especially was more sensible than the others of the loss they had suffered, for he foresaw what harm Balder's death would be to the Æsir. When the gods came to themselves, Frigga asked who among them wished to gain all her love and good will; "For this," said she, "shall he have who will ride to Hel and try to find Balder, and offer Hela a ransom if she will let him return to Asgard;" whereupon Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, the son of Odin, offered to undertake the journey. Odin's horse Sleipnir was then led forth, on which Hermod mounted, and galloped away on his mission.

The Æsir then took the dead body and bore it to the seashore, where stood Balder's ship Hringhorn, which passed for the largest in the world. But when they wanted to launch it in order to make Balder's funeral pile on it, they were unable to make it stir. In this conjuncture they sent to Jotunheim for a certain giantess named Hyrrokin, who came mounted on a wolf, having twisted serpents for a bridle. As soon as she alighted, Odin ordered four Berserkir to hold her steed fast, who were, however, obliged to throw the animal on the ground ere they could effect their purpose. Hyrrokin then went to the ship, and with a single push set it afloat, but the motion was so violent that fire sparkled from the rollers, and the earth shook all around. Thor, enraged at the sight, grasped his mallet, and but for the interference of the Æsir would have broken the woman's skull. Balder's body was then borne to the funeral pile on board the ship, and this ceremony had such effect on Nanna, the daughter of Nep, that her heart broke with grief, and her body was burnt on the same pile with her husband's. Thor then stood up and hallowed the pile with Mjolnir, and during the ceremony kicked a dwarf named Litur, who was running before his feet, into the fire. There was a vast concourse of various kinds of people at Balder's obsequies. First came Odin, accompanied by Frigga, the Valkyrjor and his ravens; then Frey in his car drawn by a boar; Heimdal rode his horse called Gulltopp, and Freyja drove in her chariot drawn by cats. There were also a great many Frost-giants and giants of the mountains present. Odin laid on the pile the gold ring called Draupnir, which afterwards acquired the property of producing every ninth night eight rings of equal weight. Balder's horse was led to the pile fully caparisoned, and consumed in the same flames on the body of his master.

Meanwhile, Hermod was proceeding on his mission. For the

space of nine days, and as many nights, he rode through deep glens so dark that he could not discern anything until he arrived at the river Gjoll, which he passed over on a bridge covered with glittering gold. Modgudur, the maiden who kept the bridge, asked him his name and lineage, telling him that the day before five bands of dead persons had ridden over the bridge, and did not shake it so much as he alone. "But," she added, "thou hast not death's hue on thee; why then ridest thou here on the way to Hel?"

"I ride to Hel," answered Hermod, "to seek Balder. Hast thou perchance seen him pass this way?"

"Balder," she replied, "hath ridden over Gjoll's bridge, but there below, towards the north, lies the way to the abodes of death."

Hermod then pursued his journey until he came to the barred gates of Hel. Here he alighted, girthed his saddle tighter, and remounting, clapped both spurs to his horse, who cleared the gate by a tremendous leap without touching it. Hermod then rode on to the palace, where he found his brother Balder occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall, and passed the night in his company. The next morning he besought Hela (Death) to let Balder ride home with him, assuring her that nothing but lamentations were to be heard among the gods. Hela answered that it should now be tried whether Balder was so beloved as he was said to be.

"If therefore," she added, "all things in the world, both living and lifeless, weep for him, then shall he return to the Æsir, but if any one thing speak against him or refuse to weep, he shall be kept in Hel."

Hermod then rose, and Balder led him out of the hall and gave him the ring Draupnir, to present as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna also sent Frigga a linen cassock and other gifts, and to Fulla a gold finger-ring. Hermod then rode back to Asgard, and gave an account of all he had heard and witnessed.

The gods upon this despatched messengers throughout the world, to beg everything to weep, in order that Balder might be delivered from Hel. All things very willingly complied with this request, both men and every other living being, as well as earths and stones, and trees and metals, just as thou must have seen these things weep when they are brought from a cold place into a hot one. As the messengers were returning with the conviction that their mission had been quite successful, they found an old

hag named Thaukt sitting in a cavern, and begged her to weep Balder out of Hel. But she answered,

"Thaukt will wail
With arid tears
Balder's bale fire.
Nought, quick or dead,
By man's son gain I.
Let Hela hold what's hers."

It was strongly suspected that this hag was no other than Loki himself, who never ceased to work evil among the Æsir.

THE PUNISHMENT OF LOKI.

WHEN Loki perceived how exasperated the gods were for the slaying of Balder, he fled and hid himself in the mountains. There he built him a dwelling with four doors, so that he could see everything that passed around him. Often in the daytime he assumed the likeness of a salmon, and concealed himself under the waters of a cascade called Franangursfors, where he employed himself in divining and circumventing whatever stratagems the Æsir might have recourse to in order to catch him. One day, as he sat in his dwelling he took flax and yarn, and worked them into meshes in the manner that nets have since been made by fishermen. Odin, however, had descried his retreat out of Hlidskjalf, and Loki becoming aware that the gods were approaching, threw his net into the fire, and ran to conceal himself in the river. When the gods entered the house, Kvasir, who was the most distinguished among them all for his quickness and penetration, traced out in the hot embers the vestiges of the net which had been burnt, and told Odin that it must be an invention to catch fish. Whereupon they set to work and wove a net after the model they saw imprinted in the ashes.

This net, when finished, they threw into the river in which Loki had hidden himself. Thor held one end of the net, and all the other gods laid hold of the other end, thus jointly drawing it along the stream. Notwithstanding all their precautions the net passed over Loki, who had crept between two stones, and the gods only perceived that some living thing had touched the meshes. They therefore cast their net a second time, hanging so great a weight to it that it everywhere raked the bed of the river. But Loki, perceiving that he had but a short distance from the sea,

swam onwards and leapt over the net into the waterfall. The Æsir instantly followed him, and divided themselves into two bands. Thor, wading along in mid-stream, followed the net, whilst the others dragged it along towards the sea. Loki then perceived that he had only two chances of escape, either to swim out to sea, or to leap again over the net. He chose the latter, but as he took a tremendous leap, Thor caught him in his hand. Being, however, extremely slippery, he would have escaped, had not Thor held him fast by the tail, and this is the reason why salmons have had their tails ever since so fine and thin.

The gods having thus captured Loki, dragged him without commiseration into a cavern, wherein they placed three sharp-pointed rocks, boring a hole through each of them. Having also seized Loki's children, Vali and Nari, they changed the former into a wolf, and in this likeness he tore his brother to pieces and devoured him. The gods then made cords of his intestines, with which they bound Loki on the points of the rocks, one cord passing under his shoulders, another under his loins, and a third under his hams, and afterwards transformed these cords into chains of iron. Skadi then suspended a serpent over him in such a manner that the venom should fall on his face, drop by drop. But Sigyn, his wife, stands by him and receives the drops as they fall in a cup, which she empties as often as it is filled. But while she is doing this, venom falls upon Loki, which makes him howl with horror, and twist his body about so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this produces what men call earthquakes. There will Loki lie until Ragnarok.

FRITHIOF AND ANGANTYR.

THE writing of the Saga of Frithiof (or Fridthiof) is assigned vaguely to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The name of the author is unknown, and the story belongs rather to romantic literature than to history. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the learned Swedish poet, Bishop Esaias Tegner, retold the story in such attractive way, as not only to win national approval, but to attract universal attention. Most of his work has had the good fortune to be rendered into English by Longfellow, as part of "The Tales of the Wayside Inn." Other English versions have appeared, and the following extract from that by R. G. Latham is given as less generally known, yet preserving the spirit of the original.

'TWAS when the sun was sinking, so like a swan of gold,
That all his men were drinking, with Angantyr the bold;

Their beards were all in motion, their halls were all of pine,
They looked upon the ocean and watched its foamy brine;

And Halvar, old and hoary, stood by the portals pale;
He shared the heroes' glory, and served the heroes' ale:
A slow and solemn speaker; a swordsman stern and stout;
That only filled his beaker, and only drank it out;

But now did send it sliding along the floor, and cried:
"I spy a vessel riding in trouble on the tide;
Its men be weak and weary, their days are well-nigh o'er;
Though two big giants carry their drooping hulks ashore."

The Earl looked o'er the ocean, so mirrorlike and clear;
Saw brine and bark in motion, her steersman standing near:
He tells him by his bearing, and by his looks so free;
No man of Norway's rearing was herolike as he.

From round the drinking-table, the Berserk Atle broke;
His beard was shagged and sable, he thundered as he spoke:
"Now try we what was vaunted about this doughty foe;
That Frithiof ne'er was daunted, betide him weal or woe."

Upstart at Atle's starting twelve sea-kings big as he;
They scared the winds at parting, they slashed their swords so free:
The ship lay weak and weary, her crew sat on the strand;
Yet Frithiof kept him cheery, and cheered his drooping band.

"O lightly might I slay thee;" did savage Atle cry;
"Yet thou canst choose, and stay thee to fight, or turn to fly;
But own thy spirit's quelling, and, churlish though I be,
I'll lead thee to our dwelling, to join our revelry."

"Small strength have I for battle;" was Frithiof's weary word,
"Yet ere I blench the battle, I'll try my trusty sword."
Then flashed their shields so brazen, and shone their swords so blue,
And Angurvadel's blazon grew redder to the view.

Now stabs are dealt and driven, and death-blows hailed amain,
Now two stout strokes have riven each buckler into twain:
Each holds him on his fighting, each keeps his footing fast,
But Frithiof's blade was biting, as helpless Atle's brast.

The chief bespoke his foeman, "Now change our form of war;
For hero's steel smites no man who bears unequal gear."
Then tugged the two together. Hark! how their breast-plates
sing;
So waves in wintry weather, so helms on anvils ring.

As eagles o'er the ocean, as bears on bergs of snow,
They sprang with measured motion, they rocked them to
and fro:
Deep-rooted rocks had quivered to such unearthly blows,
And iron oaks been shivered by lighter strokes than those.

Cold sweat is plashing o'er them, their breasts are beating slow,
The sands and shelves before them flash fire at every blow:
Their fellows stand in fear of the upshot of the fray:
The child unborn shall hear of the wrestling of that day.

And Atle first fell under, fell on the cold earth's breast;
The conqueror spoke in thunder; his kneee on Atle's chest.
"It grieves me now that ever I flung the sword away;
Whose blade might serve to sever thy Berserk throat this day."

"Lest such kind wish be blasted," was Atle's proud reply;
"Go, fetch it, whence thou cast it; I'll keep me where I lie.
For, be it joy or sorrow, we go the self-same way;
And thou mayest go to-morrow, where Atle goes to-day."

No need to teach the Viking, to close the dreadful game;
He fetched his sword for striking, yet Atle lay the same.
Such hardihood came staying the hero's angry brand;
He held his arm from slaying, he took his foeman's hand.

Now Halvar, interposing, uphove his staff of white,
And stopped the two from closing in that unfriendly fight.
"Within be tankards, beaming with wine, for warriors bold:
And, though they now be steaming, the cates will soon be
cold."

Those foes, like friends agreeing, then passed the chamber-door,
With much for Frithiof's seeing he ne'er had seen before:
No shapeless planks descended to form the naked wall;
But arras-work extended like lining round the hall.

There cheered the cold Decembers a marble hearth around
A stove, in place of embers high heaped upon the ground.

There was nor soot nor cinders, upon the roof nor floor;
And glass was in the windows, and locks upon the door.

No slivered fir-wood burning shone o'er each warrior's head;
But silver branches turning in silver stands instead.
Two stout and sturdy pantlers bore in a larded hart,
With garlands round his antlers, and legs stretched out to start.

A maid, with beauty beaming, the chieftain's side stood by;
So looks a star forth-gleaming, behind a stormy sky.
Her dark brown locks were flowing, her eyes were bright
and blue;
Her little lips were glowing like roses steeped in dew.

The chieftain's self, reclining upon a carven chair;
His golden helmet shining as though the sun were there;
His mantle all bespangled with stars of silver sheen,
Its purple border tangled with furs of ermeline.

Bespoke the noble ranger, and stepped three steps to meet;
"Be welcome here, Sir Stranger, and sit thee next my seat;
The world has heard thy fame, as it heard thy sire's of yore;
And thou shall sit the same, as thy father sat before."

He reached a beaker, brightening with wine from Sicily;
It flashed, like flash of lightning, it foamed like stormy sea.
He hailed the old resemblance of Thorsten come again;
And drank to his remembrance, himself and all his men.

A Gaelic bard was singing, from Morven's mountain range;
His voice was sweet and ringing, his words were wild and
strange;
In homelier Norman phrases, another Scald begun
To sing the father's praises, for largess from the son.

And Angantyr inquired of his friends beyond the sea,
And Frithiof spoke, desired of, as briefly as might be.
He dealt his praise so duly, no hero could complain,
Nor Saga speak more truly its old heroic strain.

When next he told what followed upon the ocean wave;
How Helge's imps were swallowed beneath that ocean grave;
The warriors heard and wondered, their captain wondered too,
And loud applauses thundered the praise, that was most due.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA

THE "Heimskringla," or "Round World," is a work of great historic interest, being the sagas of the kings of Norway. Snorri's preface to this bead-roll of honor begins with this short summary of what was known of "parts of the earth:" "The round world, wherein mankind dwell, is much sheared apart by gulfs; great seas go from the outer sea into the earth, and men know surely that a sea goeth from Niorvi's Sound right up to the land of Jerusalem; from that sea goeth a long gulf to the north-east, which is called the Black Sea, and sundereth the two World-Ridings; to the east is Asia, but to the west is called Europe by some, but by some Enea; but north of the Black Sea lies Sweden the Great on the Cold. . . . Mighty lordships there are in Sweden, and peoples of manifold kind, and many tongues withal; there are giants and dwarfs, yea, and Blue-men, and folk of many kinds and marvellous; and there are savage beasts, and dragons wondrous great."

Snorri knew nothing of the bold Eric and Leif Ericson who had long before discovered the still more wonderful continent, afterwards named America, but he tells us the circumstantial tale of Odin and Freyia and all the royal deities whose romantic adventures form the burden of these sagas of the Ynglings, down to the year 1177. We learn of the immigration of the Æsir into Sweden and the doings of their successors, the kings of Upsala, and of the Norwegian kings,

particularly of Olaf Tryggvesson and Saint Olaf. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Ari the Learned, the mass-priest, for the "many ancient tales" that make up these histories. Several of these stories from the Saga of King Olaf have been versified in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

GYDA, ERIC'S DAUGHTER.

KING HARALD sent his men after a certain maiden called Gyda, the daughter of King Eric of Horfaland, and she was at fostering at Valldres with a rich bonder. Now the king would fain have her to his bed-mate, because she was a maiden exceeding fair and withal somewhat high-minded. So when the messengers came there they put forth their errand to the maiden, and she answered in this wise: "I will not waste my maidenhood for the taking of a husband who has no more realm to rule over than a few folk. Marvellous it seems to me that there be no king minded to make Norway his own, and be sole lord thereof in such wise as Gorm of Denmark or Eric of Upsala have done." Great words, indeed, seemed this answer to the messengers, and they asked her concerning her words, what this answer should come to; and they say that Harald is a king so mighty that the offer is right meet for her. But yet, though she answered to their errand otherwise than they would, they see no way as at this time to have her away but if she were willing thereto, so they arrayed them for their departing, and when they were ready, men led them out. Then spake Gyda to the messengers: "Give this my word to King Harald, that only so will I say yea to being his sole and lawful wife, if he will first do so much for my sake as to lay under him all Norway, and rule that realm as freely as King Eric rules the Swede-realm, or King Gorm Denmark; for only so may he be called aright a king of the people."

Thereupon the messengers fare back to King Harald and tell him of this word of the maiden, calling her overbold and witless, and saying withal that it would be but meet for the king to send after her with many men, for the doing of some shame to her. Then answered the king that the maid had spoken naught of ill, and done naught worthy of evil reward. Rather he bade her much thanks for her word, "For

she has brought to my mind that matter which it now seems to me wondrous I have not had in my mind heretofore." And moreover he said, "This oath I make fast, and swear before that God who made me and rules over all things, that never will I cut my hair nor comb it till I have gotten to me all Norway, with the scat [revenue] thereof and the dues, and all rule thereover, or else will I die rather." For this word Duke Guthorm thanked him much, and said it were a work worthy of a king to hold fast this word of his. . . . . .

. . . . . Now King Harald was feasting in Mere at Earl Rognvald's, and had now gotten to him all the land. So King Harald took a bath and then he let his hair be combed, and then Earl Rognvald sheared it. And heretofore it had been unshorn and uncombed for ten winters. Aforetime he had been called Shockhead, but now Earl Rognvald gave him a by-name and called him Harald Harfagr (Fair hair), and all who saw him said that that was a most proper name, for he had most plenteous hair and goodly.

THE BIRTH OF OLAF TRYGGVESSON.

KING TRYGGVE OLAFSSON had married a wife who was called Astrid. She was a daughter of Eric Biodaskalde, a great man, who dwelt at Ofrostad. But after Tryggve's death Astrid fled, and privately took with her all the loose property she could. Her foster-father, Thoralf Lusiskiæg, followed her, and never left her; and others of her faithful followers spied about to discover her enemies, and where they were. Astrid was pregnant with a child of King Tryggve, and she went to a lake, and concealed herself in a holm or small island in it with a few men. Here her child was born, and it was a boy; and water was poured over it, and it was called Olaf after the grandfather. Astrid remained all summer here in concealment; but when the nights became dark, and the day began to shorten and the weather to be cold, she was obliged to take to the land, along with Thoralf and a few other men. They did not seek for houses, unless in the night time, when they came to them secretly; and they spoke to nobody. One evening, towards dark, they

came to Ofrostad, where Astrid's father Eric dwelt, and privately sent a man to Eric to tell him; and Eric took them to an out-house, and spread a table for them with the best of food. When Astrid had been here a short time her travelling attendants left her, and none remained behind with her but two servant girls, her child Olaf, Thoralf Lusiskiæg, and his son Thorgils, who was six years old; and they remained all winter.

After Tryggve Olafsson's murder, Harald Greyskin and his brother Gudrod went to the farm which he owned; but Astrid was gone, and they could learn no tidings of her. A loose report came to their ears that she was pregnant to King Tryggve; but they went away northwards, as before related. As soon as they met their mother Gunhild, they told her all that had taken place. She inquired particularly about Astrid, and they told her the report they had heard; but as Gunhild's sons the same harvest and winter after had bickerings with Earl Hakon, as before related, they did not seek after Astrid and her son that winter.

The spring after Gunhild sent spies to the Uplands, and all the way down to Viken, to spy what they could about Astrid, and her men came back, and could only tell her that Astrid must be with her father Eric, and it was probable was bringing up her infant, the son of Tryggve. Then Gunhild, without delay, sent off men well furnished with arms and horses, and in all a troop of thirty; and as their leader she sent a particular friend of her own, a powerful man called Hakon. Her orders were to go to Ofrostad to Eric, and take King Tryggve's son from thence, and bring the child to her; and with these orders the men went out. Now when they were come to the neighborhood of Ofrostad, some of Eric's friends observed the troop of travellers, and about the close of the day brought him word of their approach. Eric immediately, in the night, made preparation for Astrid's flight, gave her good guides, and sent her away eastward to Sweden, to his good friend Hakon Gamle, who was a powerful man there. Long before day they departed, and towards evening they reached a domain called Skon. Here they saw a large mansion, towards which they went, and begged a night's

lodging. For the sake of concealment they clad in mean clothing. There dwelt here a bonder called Biorn Edderquise, who was very rich, but very inhospitable. He drove them away; and, therefore, towards dark, they went to another domain close by that was called Vither. Thorstein was the name of the bonder; and he gave them lodging, and took good care of them, so that they slept well, and were well entertained. Early that morning Gunhild's men had come to Ofrostad, and inquired for Astrid and her son. As Eric told them she was not there, they searched the whole house, and remained till late in the day before they got any news of Astrid. Then they rode after her the way she had taken, and late at night they came to Biorn Edderquise in Skon, and took up their quarters there. Hakon asked Biorn if he knew anything about Astrid, and he said some people had been there in the evening wanting lodgings; "but I drove them away, and I suppose they have gone to some of the neighboring houses."

Now Thorstein's laborer was coming from the forest, having left his work at nightfall, and called in at Biorn's house because it was in his way; and finding there were guests come to the house, and learning their business, he comes to Thorstein and tells him of it. As about a third part of the night was still remaining, Thorstein wakens his guests, and orders them in an angry voice to go about their business; but as soon as they were out of the house upon the road, Thorstein tells them that Gunhild's messengers were at Biorn's house, and are upon the trace of them. They entreat of him to help them, and he gave them a guide and some provisions. He conducted them through the forest to a lake, in which there was an islet overgrown with reeds. They waded out to the islet, and hid themselves among the reeds. Early in the morning Hakon rode away from Biorn's into the township, and wherever he came he asked after Astrid; and when he came to Thorstein's he asked if she had been there. He said that some people had been there; but as soon as it was daylight they had set off again, eastwards, to the forest. Hakon made Thorstein go along with them, as he knew all the roads and hiding-places. Thorstein went with

them; but when they were come into the woods, he led them right across the way Astrid had taken. They went about and about the whole day to no purpose, as they could find no trace of her; so they turned back to tell Gunhild the end of their travel. Astrid and her friends proceeded on their journey, and came to Sweden, to Hakon Gamle (the Old), where she and her son remained a long time, and had friendly welcome.

THE WEDDING OF OLAF TRYGGVESSON.

OLAF lay by Borgund-holm, but there got they bitter wind and a storm at sea, so that they might no longer lie there, but sailed south under Wendland, and got there good haven, and faring full peacefully, abode there awhile.

Burislaf was the name of the king in Wendland, whose daughters were Geira, Gunhild and Astrid. Now Geira, the king's daughter, had rule and dominion there, where Olaf and his folk came to the land, and Dixin was the name of him who had most authority under Queen Geira. And so when they heard that alien folk were come to the land, even such as were noble of mien, and held them ever in peaceful wise, then fared Dixin to meet them with this message, that she bade those new-come men to guest with her that winter-tide, for the summer was now far spent and the weather hard and storms great. So when Dixin was come there he saw speedily that the captain of these men is a noble man both of kin and aspect. Dixin told them that the queen bade them to her in friendly wise. So Olaf took her bidding, and fared that autumn-tide unto Queen Geira, and either of them was wondrous well pleased with the other, so that Olaf fell a wooing, and craved Queen Geira to wife. And it was brought to pass that he wedded her that winter, and became ruler of that realm with her. Hallfred the Troublous-skald telleth of this in the Drapa [song] he made upon Olaf the King:

The king he made the hardened
Corpse-banes in blood be reddened
At Holme and east in Garth-realm.
Yea, why should the people hide it?

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THE winter after King Olaf came from Halogaland, he had a great vessel built at Ladehammer, which was larger than any ship in the country, and of which the beam-knees are still to be seen. The length of keel that rested upon the grass was seventy-four ells. Thorberg Skafting was the man's name who was the master-builder of the ship; but there were many others besides, —some to fell wood, some to shape it, some to make nails, some to carry timber; and all that was used was of the best. The ship was both long and broad and high-sided, and strongly timbered. While they were planking the ship, it happened that Thorberg had to go home to his farm upon some urgent business; and as he remained there a long time, the ship was planked up on both sides when he came back. In the evening the king went ont, and Thorberg with him, to see how the vessel looked, and every body said that never was seen so large and so beautiful a ship of war. Then the king returned to the town. Early next morning the king returns again to the ship, and Thorberg with him. The carpenters were there before them, but all were standing idle with their arms across. The king asked "what was the matter?" They said the ship was destroyed; for somebody had gone from stem to stern, and cut one deep notch after the other down the one side of the planking. When the

king came near he saw it was so, and said, with an oath, "The man shall die who has thus destroyed the vessel out of envy, if he can be discovered, and I shall bestow a great reward on whoever finds him out."

"I can tell you, king," says Thorberg, "who has done this piece of work."

"I don't think," replies the king, "that any one is so likely to find it out as thou art."

Thorberg says, "I will tell you, king, who did it. I did it myself."

The king says, "Thou must restore it all to the same condition as before, or thy life shall pay for it."

Then Thorberg went and chipped the planks until the deep notches were all smoothed and made even with the rest; and the king and all present declared that the ship was much handsomer on the side of the hull which Thorberg had chipped, and bade him shape the other side in the same way, and gave him great thanks for the improvement. Afterwards Thorberg was the master-builder of the ship until she was entirely finished. The ship was a dragon, built after the one the king had captured in Halogaland; but this ship was far larger, and more carefully put together in all her parts. The king called this ship "Serpent the Long," and the other "Serpent the Short." The Long Serpent had thirty-four benches for rowers. The head and the arched tail were both gilt, and the bulwarks were as high as in sea-going ships. This ship was the best and most costly ship ever made in Norway.

Olaf's Dog Vigi.

Now when Olaf was in Ireland he was warring on a time, and on shipboard they fared and needed a strand-slaughtering. When the men went on land and drove down many beasts, then came to them a certain goodman who prayed Olaf to give him back his own cows. Olaf bade him take them if he could find them: "But let him not delay the journey!" Now the goodman had there a great herd-dog, to which dog he showed the herd of neat, whereof were being driven many hundreds. Then the hound ran all about the herd, and drave

away just so many neat as the goodman had claimed for his, and they were all marked in one wise; wherefore men deemed it sure that the hound verily knew them aright, and they thought him wondrous wise. Then asked Olaf of the goodman if he would sell his hound. "With a good will," said the goodman. But the king gave him a gold ring there and then and promised to be his friend. That dog was called Vigi, and was the best of all dogs. Olaf had him for long afterward.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty.

Queen Sigrid in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the same winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade, which was considered a distinguished ornament. The meeting for concluding the businesss was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha river. Now the ring which King Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask, "what they smiled at?" But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

Early in spring King Olaf went eastwards to Konghelle to the meeting with Queen Sigrid; and when they met the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus: "I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand,

I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best." Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?" and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hands, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, "This may some day be thy death." The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden.

SAGA OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.

THE author of this famous epic—for such it is, though given in a series of ballads in varying measures to suit the events described—is unknown; it is ascribed to the twelfth century. The modern Swedish poet Esaias Tegner has translated it. It opens with the childhood of Frithiof and Ingeborg on the sea-shore; he glad to dare the waves, climb the cliffs, and climb trees, to give her pleasure. Becoming a great hunter, he one day brings her the carcass of a great bear as a trophy of his prowess. Seeing that she embroiders on her tapestry legends of the gods and goddesses, he swears that no divinity could equal her. The foster-parents of the lovers frown upon their love, making it known that Frithiof is only the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, while she is daughter of King Bele. But she tells how King Bele with Frithiof's father by his side calls his sons Hege and Halfden to give them his last counsels before he dies. The one is an austere priest, the other a delicately natured youth. With these comes young Frithiof; and after the king has given his counsel, Frithiof's father addresses similar advice to him, for he means to die with his king. Bele now commends his daughter Ingeborg to the care of his sons. After the king's death Helge and Halfden divide the kingdom and Frithiof settles in his ancestral home, in which are three treasures—the sword Angurvadel, the gold arm-ring of Vauland, and the dragon-ship "Ellida." In due course Frithiof claims Ingeborg as his bride, and is refused by the brothers. Old King Ring also asks her in marriage, and being likewise refused declares war against Helge and Halfden. One day,

Frithiof playing chess with his friend Bjorn, Ingeborg's foster-father enters and says that Helge and Halfden ask his help against Ring. Frithiof, continuing his game, remarks that a pawn may save a king, and that the queen must be reserved. At last he answers that since Helge and Halfden have wounded his honor he cannot save them. After many stirring episodes, the story ends with the happiness of the lovers.

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORE.

IN this rendering of Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," by R. G. Latham, the name Ingeborg is made Ingebore and Ingeborow for metrical reasons.

IN Hilding's hut and Norway's clime,
Grew two sweet plants in perfect prime;
And ne'er before were fairer given
To smile on earth or gaze at heaven.
There grew the sturdiest of them,
Like sapling oak with spear-shaped stem;
Whose crest, as e'en a helmet's glancing,
Wooed each wild wind to keep it dancing.
And one was like a rose, the day
That Christmas chills have passed away;
And spring, within its burning bosom,
Dreams of its fast unfolding blossom.
When storms shall drive where winds may blow
The oak shall brave both wind and snow;
But summer's sun and springtide's shower
Shall help to ope that rose's flower.
I say, they grew towards flowers and fruit,
And Frithiof was the sapling shoot;
And Ingebore the rose that vied it,
The lovely rose that blushed beside it.
Who sees the pair while sunbeams shine,
May deem himself in Freya's shrine;
Where urchin loves be deftly going
With wings of light and tresses flowing.
Who sees them with the pale moonlight
To lead their dancing steps aright,
May deem there trip it, light and airy,
The elfin king and queen of faery.

What Frithiof learned the day before,
He taught the next to Ingebore;
And proud was he when Bele's daughter
Had learned the letters Frithiof taught her.
If long and late they sat afloat,
On dark blue sea, in open boat,
It pleased her, as the sails were filling,
To clap her hands and help their swelling.
Oft as he clomb to steal her nests
From tops of trees or mountain crests,
The ravished eagle screaming, clanging,
Bewailed their nestlings' eyry hanging.
When floods were deep and streams ran hoarse,
He bore his tender charge across;
Pleased if the currents lashed around him,
And her small arms the tighter bound him.
When springtide came with springtide's host,
He plucked the flowers she loved the most;
The ears of corn that first turned yellow,
And strawberries as each grew mellow.
  But childhood's hours fleet away,
And then there comes in later day
Those looks of fire in youths who sue,
And budding breasts in maids they woo.
Then Frithiof hunted day by day,
And brought the forest spoils away;
Yet few before had e'er attended,
Such chase unscathed and undefended.
For bears and he in battle brunt
Oft hugged each other front to front;
The stripling won, and on the morrow
Displayed their spoils to Ingeborow.
Yes! heart of man and female breast
Suit each to each, like helm and crest,
When bravest hearts deserve the dearest,
And strongest hands may win the fairest.
In winter's evenings each gave heed
To runic rhymes they wont to read;
How gods had loved and heroes striven,
And how Valhalla's halls were heaven.
The locks o'er Freya's front of snow
May wave like corn when breezes blow;

One tress of hers he valued higher
Than all the vaunted curls of Freyer.
Iduna's rich and regal breast
May beat beneath her silken vest,
And white it was; yet scarcely vying
With that which heaved at Frithiof's sighing.

Fridthjof Plays Chess.

In this rendering, by George Stephens, the older form Fridthjof is used for Frithiof.

Bjorn and Fridthjof, both contending
O'er their splendid board were bending;
Now on silver squares thick gather,
Now on gold, the struggling foes.
Then came Hilding, gladly greeted,—
"Welcome!—the high chair waits, be seated,
Drain thy horn, kind foster-father,
Let our doubtful contest close."

"Bele's sons," quoth Hilding, "send me;
Armed with pray'rs, to thee I wend me.
Evil tidings round them hover,
All the land on thee relies."
Answered Fridthjof: "Bjorn, in danger,
Stands thy king! beware the stranger;
Yet a pawn can all recover—
Pawns were made for sacrifice."

"Fridthjof, anger not the kings so;
Strong, remember, eaglets' wings grow.
Forces Ring full well despises,
Conquer yet, opposed to thine."
"Bjorn, the foe my castle craveth!
But th' attack with ease it braveth;
Grim and high the fierce wall rises,
Bright the shield-tow'r shines within."

"Ing'borg wastes the day in weeping,
Sad, though in Balder's sacred keeping;
Tempts not war for her release, and
Mourn unheeded her blue een?"

"Bjorn, thou in vain my queen pursuest,
She from childhood dearest, truest!
She's my game's most darling piece, and
Come what will, I'll save my queen!"

"What! not e'en reply conceded?
Fridthjof, go I thus unheeded?
Till that child's play yonder endeth
Must my suit unheard remain?"
Fridthjof rose, and as he addresses
The old man, kind his hand he presses;
"Father, nought my firm soul bendeth;
Thou hast heard, yet hear again:

"Yes! my words take back unvarnished,—
Deeply they've my honor tarnished;
No strong ties to them unite me,
Never will I be their man."
"Well, in thine own path thou goest;
I blame not the rage thou showest.
All for the best guide Odin rightly."
So old Hilding's answer ran.

INGEBORE'S LAMENT.

THE autumn hath a bitter breath
And unreposing sea;
Yet I would brave both wind and wave,
So but abroad to be.

I watched his mast that yester e'en
Sank with the sinking sun;
And blest were they, both sail and ray,
To go where he was gone.

Gently, gently blow, ye winds,
Over the billows blue;
Shine burning bright, ye stars of night,
Yet shine serenely too.

The spring shall bring the wanderer home
Across the foamy main,
But friend to greet or maid to meet,
Shall sigh for him in vain.

The maiden that had welcomed him
  Shall be both stark and still,
Or only lie for agony
  To visit her at will.

His trusty hawk is left behind,
  And welcome he shall be
To take his stand on Ingebore's hand,
  And owe his food to me.

Which I will weave in arras work,
  Astart from off his glove,
Astart so bold with claws of gold,
  And silver wings above.

And Freya in her widowhood
  On falcon wings did roam,
And wander forth both east and north,
  To turn her Oder home.

Even if thou would lend me wings,
  Far sweeter it would be,
To bide my hour when death's dark power
  Bestowed its wings on me.

Then watch the wave, thou hunter-bird,
  From off my shoulder here;
Thou long mayst bide, ere breeze or tide,
  Bring Frithiof's vessel near.

When I shall lie beneath the sward,
  And he return again;
Then tell him how I kept my vow,
  And how I hoped in vain.

FRITHIOF VISITS KING RING.

KING RING was on his throne with his red and rosy bride,
A drinking of his Christmas ale, his nobles by his side:
Like Spring and Autumn pairing the twain did seem to be,
For she was as the kindly Spring, but Autumnlike was he.
An aged man, unknown of all, did step right boldly in,
His mantle wrapped around his face, his clothes were all of skin,
His chin was leaned upon his breast, a staff in hand he bare;
Yet taller he did seem to be than ere a noble there.
He sat him on a lowly bench, the bench was by the door,
The beggar sits there nowadays and there he sat of yore;
The courtiers smiled and whispers strange around the chamber ran,
And scornful fingers pointed at the shabby bear-skin-man.
Then fire flashed from the stranger's eyes, he viewed the nobles round,
He stretched his hand, he seized a youth, he raised him from the ground,
He jerked him up and twirled him round, and rocked him fro and to,
Then all the others held their tongues, the wisest thing to do.

"Who breaks my peace and quarrels there, so wanton and so free?
Come hither, aged Stranger, and tell thy tale to me;
Thy name and wants and whence ye come and whitherwards ye go,"
The aged king all angrily bespoke the Stranger so.
"Ye ask enough," that old man said, "yet I will not repine,
To tell thee all except my name, 'tis all remains of mine;
In Anger was I born and bred, from land to land I roam,
My last night's lair was Wolfsden, and Broken is my home.
In days of yore I rode upon the dragons of the sea,
Their wings were spread as wings of strength and fast they flew with me:
But now the bark, that once was wight, lies cripple on the strand;
Myself am old and burn for bread the salt by the sea sand.
'Tis all to see thy wisdom that I hie me here so lorn,
Thy courtiers met me scornfully, no mark am I for scorn;
I gave a fool a twirl or so, yet set the idle thing
All scathless on his legs again; forgive me that, King Ring."
"Ye speak the sooth," King Ring replied, "Old age must honored be;
Come, leave thy lowly cushion there and sit thee next to me;
But first and foremost cast, I pray, thy strange disguise away;
For ill accordeth guest disguised with princes' festal day."
Down dropped the shaggy bear-skin then, that ill-beseeming vest;
And lo! a noble warrior before them stands confessed;
Down and o'er his shoulders broad from off his lofty head,
The yellow locks, all comely, in curls of gold were spread.
A mantle o'er his back was hung of velvet blue and rare;
A silver belt, five fingers broad, with pictured beasts was there,
The artist had embossed it so—and lifelikely they chased,
Each other round and round about the hero's girdled waist.
A massy ring of richest gold was twined around his hand;
A sword was shining on his thigh like lightning-flash at stand;
All calmly and composedly he viewed the circle o'er,
And seemed as fair as Balder bright and tall as Asa-Thor.
The queen she reddened suddenly, then turned both pale and wan;
So streamers bright may flaunt with light the snows they fall upon;
Her heaving bosom beat as fast below her tightened vest,
As water-lilies sink and rise beneath the wild waves' crest.
Now silence in the royal hall! now straight a call was heard,
The time was come for making vows and Freyer's boar appeared;

On shining silver charger borne its knees were bent beneath
With garlands round its breast of brawn and fruits between its teeth.
So Ring the king upreared his self and shook his locks so hoar,
And vowed a vow and laid his hand on forehead of the boar:
"I swear to bait bold Frithiof, a dreadnought though he be;
So help me, Thor and Odin, and help me, mighty Frey."
With bitter smile upreared his self the stranger from his place;
A flush of hero-anger was mantling on his face;
He dashed his sword on table that thundered as he spoke,
And each big warrior started up from off his bench of oak.
"Now hear, Sir King, my vow for me as I have heard thine own,
Young Frithiof is my friend of old, the firmest I have known;
I swear to fight for Frithiof, come thou, come all thy horde;
So help me my good Norna [fate], and help me that good sword."
King Ring replied, "Thy speech is plain and plain thy speech should be;
For Norman kings well love to hear the words that fall so free:
Queen! take the biggest beaker up and fill it with the best,
And bid him drain it for our sake and bid him be our guest."
The noble lady took the horn, it stood before her hand;
Horn of a bull King Ring had slain, the wildest in the land;
It stood on feet of silver bright, was bound with rings of gold,
And cunning hands had graven on it histories of old.
With downcast eye and blushing cheek she took the goblet up,
Her fingers trembled as she raised that shining silver cup;
Not evening rays so ruddily on lily-blossoms shine,
As on her taper hands did burn those ruby drops of wine.
The lady set the goblet down, the Stranger took it up,
Not two strong men, in these new days, could drain that mighty cup;
When lightly and unblenchingly to please the gracious queen,
The valiant hero drank it dry nor took one breath between.
A minstrel sat beside the throne, he sang his best that day,
And told a tale of tenderness, an old Norwegian lay;
Of Hacbart's fates and Signe's love—his voice was sweet and low,
That iron hearts began to melt, and tears were seen to flow.
He changed his hand and turned to sing Valhalla's championry,
How kings of old had fought by land, and how they swam by sea;
Then gleamed each eye and shone each blade with hero-like intent,
And fleetly round the drinking-board the mighty beaker went.

And now the duties of the night, the drinking-deep began;
I say that every chieftain there drank dry a Christmas can;
They went to bed, as best they might, when that carouse was o'er,
But Ring, the king, that aged man did sleep with Ingebore.

THE RECONCILIATION.

WHEN Frithiof returns from his wanderings a new temple to Balder has been finished. He witnesses the solemn ceremonies of the dedication, and his spirit is deeply moved. Then the aged priest bids him welcome, expounds the religion of the Norsemen, and especially the doctrine of expiation. The priest continues as follows:

"Dost thou not hate? hast thou not taught to fear,
The royal brothers, that thou shouldst revere?
Only because their taunting chafed thy scorn,
And held a bondsman's son too meanly born
To mix his blood, and sit beside the throne
Of their fair sister, that was Odin's own.
True, thou may'st tell me pride in noble birth
Is all to fortune due, and nought to worth:
But tell me, Frithiof, for thy bosom can,
Does Chance or Merit make the proudest man?
There is *no* Chance—what seems as such is given
An unearned bounty at the hands of Heaven;
And humblest men are they who learn to prize,
More than their own deserts, the gifts of Deities.
Thyself art proud of thy victorious brand,
And proud, to madness, of thine iron hand:
But was it thou, or was it Asa-Thor [the god Thor]
That strung thy oak-tree sinews for the war?
Is it thine own, that heaven-inspired strength,
Swells in thy bosom, till it bursts at length?
Is it thine own, that where thy eye-balls turn,
There lightning seems to flash, and fire to burn?
No—higher Nornas [Fates], on thy natal day,
Sung o'er thy cradle some auspicious lay;
This is the merit in thy warlike worth,—
Nor less, nor greater than a king's in birth.
Speak not of pride in over-harsh a tone,
Lest the rude words condemn thee for thine own.
And now that Helge's fallen"——"Where and when?"
Such the short speech that broke from Frithiof then.

"Vexing with war, he sallied out, to chase
The mountain-dwellers of the Lapland race.
Built on a cliff there stood, beside the way,
A temple, dedicate to Yumala; *
Tottering itself, over the archway stood
A massy form of what they deemed a god:
None had approached it; for a legend ran
From ancient sire to son, from man to man,
Amongst his worshippers, that who first lay
His hand upon it should see Yumala.
When Helge heard he clomb the winding stair,
In scorn of him who sat enshrinéd there;
The door was bolten to—he seized to shake
The rusted hinges, stern enough to break;
The image, that had threatened to descend,
Fell on his scalp; it crushed the Asa's friend;
So he saw Yumala—and this was Helge's end.
Now Halfdan sits alone in Bele's chair;
Proffer thy hand, and leave thy hatred there.
Else is the God but mocked by this fair fane,
And I, his priest, invoked him here in vain."

Just as the priest had ended, Halfdan trod
Across the copper threshold of the God:
Silent, uncertain how to speak, he stood
Beside the door, and, at his distance, viewed,
With eye askant, and half-uplifted head,
The foe he had not yet unlearned to dread.
Familiar with being feared, the chief unbraced
The helmet-hater, girded on his waist;
Leaned his broad buckler on the altar's stone,
And wore for arms his native strength alone.
"In strife like ours, where ancient feuds should cease,
He wins the palm who sues the first for peace."
Then first the blood returned to Halfdan's cheek;
Then first his lips, reluctant, strove to speak:
Swift as a merlin from the falconer's fist,
Slipped the steel gauntlet, beaming, from his wrist;
Firm as a rock, they clasped, in friendship's bands,
Each other's long alienated hands.

* The chief deity of the Lapps.

Peace to thee, Frithiof! Balder takes the ban
From off the shoulders of the exiled man.
Joy to thee, weary wanderer! thou hast felt
That gods forgive and hearts of iron melt—
Whose is the maiden train that enters now?
Who is yon lady of the regal brow?
Bright as the moon, the empress of the sky,
While still attendant stars stand shining by;
Lovely and young, and looking like a bride,
Before the rest she moves to Halfdan's side,
And if her eye be wet, her cheek be pale,
But half conceals them with her silver veil.
Is it because she loves her brother best,
That so she sinks, in silence, on his breast?
No, Frithiof, no! There is a voice within,
Stronger than that of brotherhood or kin.
So sink the maids that, not unhoped for, meet
Friends of their childhood whom they fear to greet:
So proud and patient bosoms weakest prove
Before the spirits that alone they love.
I say, that Frithiof took her hand, before
The approving brother, and the priest did pour
Blessings on Frithiof and Ingebore.

IN the introductory notice of German Literature* the history was brought down almost to 1500, but the examples did not cover this period. Although we included what has been called by Scherer the First Golden Age (from about 1150 to 1300 A.D.) in distinction from the later Golden Age of Goethe and Schiller, our specimens exhibited only the lyrical poets and the courtly epic poets. Both of these classes were awakened to their mission by foreign impulses, the one by the Troubadours of Provence, the other by the narrative poets of Northern France. While the former sang love-lyrics, the latter took up the Song of Roland, the new version of the history of Alexander, and the stories of the Arthurian legend. But there was another group of poems due to the popular impulse and tribal traditions. At the head of this group stands the famous Nibelungenlied, whose glory, long obscured, has been fully restored within the past century. Its authorship is still undiscovered and has given rise to controversies similar to those on the Homeric question. Some learned critics have held that it is a conglomeration of twenty or more ballads, others contend for the unity of the work. It easily divides itself into two parts, one leading up to the death of Siegfried, the other closing with the bloody vengeance exacted by Kriemhild. Its admirers have insisted on its Homeric grandeur and vigor, but candid critics behold

*See Volume V, p. 147.

in it many mediocre passages which indicate a genius less capable of long sustained flight.

There is a second popular epic of the same period, shorter and of less importance—"Gudrun." The author is unknown, but no dispute has arisen as to the unity of the work. The story relates first the romantic preservation of the boy Hagen; then how King Hetel by his valor won the hand of Hilde, Hagen's daughter. But the chief interest belongs to Gudrun, the offspring of this marriage. Rival princes contend for her, and she is betrothed to Herwig, the man of her choice. But during the absence of her father and betrothed husband, she is carried captive to Normandy and undergoes humiliation from her rejected suitor's mother. She is finally rescued after a sanguinary conflict. The story is told with the utmost simplicity, and Gudrun's faithfulness during her hard captivity is pathetically depicted.

It is evident that many of the narrative poems of this period had their origin in the Scandinavian sagas. Even stories whose scene belongs to the Continent were reshaped by the skillful bards and scalds of the extreme North. The question of the diffusion and transfusion of these popular tales now engages the attention of literary antiquarians, but the results are not yet so clearly and consistently arranged as to command the assent of the world.

There are other stories commonly regarded as belonging to Germany, yet which are clearly shown to be of remote Eastern origin. Not merely is this the case with the adventures of Alexander and other heroes, but it is especially true of the Beast-Epics, of which the Reineke Fuchs is the famous type. These have plainly grown out of the Fables of Æsop, which are now traced by clear proofs to Sanskrit sources, and were enlarged through the treatment of animals in the Bestiaries of the Middle Ages. These accounts of strange animals, real or fabulous, were gathered by monkish writers from travelers' tales and arranged to point various morals. They appear to have been much used by preachers, and thus the popular mind was prepared to receive stories of quite a different turn. The story of Reynard is undoubtedly of French origin, but was modified and enlarged in Germany.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

THE Song of the Nibelungs, though written after 1200 A.D., relates a complex story of the fifth century. It has evidently been shaped by its gifted author from legends which had been current among the people for centuries. The entire poem, comprising more than 9,800 lines, relates nearly forty adventures, occupying not less than thirty years. As the scene varies from Burgundy to Hungary, and the chief personages from the half-civilized Franks to the savage Goths and Huns, it gives striking pictures of the manners and customs of the age. There are many anachronisms, and though the story belongs to the time antecedent to the introduction of the Christian faith in Germany, the externals of both Christianity and chivalry serve as drapery, under which heathen characteristics are still visible. Yet the author, like Homer, never obtrudes his personality, while the rude yet noble warriors whose deeds he recites, and the passionate queens, whose pride and rivalry furnish the motive of the epic, are vividly portrayed. The minor characters also are true to life, and their types are still found in the nations occupying central Europe.

The beautiful Princess Kriemhild lived with her mother and three brothers in the city of Worms, in Burgundy. A frightful dream had warned her that her husband should be slain, and she therefore refused many offers of marriage. But the noble Siegfried, son of Siegemund and Siegelinde, of Santen, famed for his exploits, especially in winning the treasure of the Nibelungs, heard of her beauty and resolved to seek her for his wife. Siegemund and Siegelinde warn their son of the pride of the Burgundians, and the temper of their uncle Hagen. But Siegfried refuses counsel, and sets out on his enterprise accompanied by twelve champions. On the seventh day they "ride up the sand" to Worms. King Gunther, Kriemhild's brother, inquires of his knights who the splendidly-equipped stranger is. Only the wise Hagen is able to tell him, and to relate how Siegfried happened upon the two Nibelungen princes examining their treasure, which had been brought out of a cavern on the hill-side, where it was guarded by a dwarf; how they invited Siegfried to divide it for them, but in their impatience provoked him, whereupon, with the sword Balmung, which they had offered him for his trouble, he slew them and their twelve giants, and compelled the dwarf to swear allegiance, and then became owner of the treasure and the Tarnkappe, which not only rendered the wearer invisible, but

endowed him with the strength of twelve men. Hagen also tells how Siegfried once slew a terrible dragon, and, by bathing in its blood, became invulnerable. Upon this, Siegfried is welcomed by Gunther and his brothers, but when he challenges the king to combat, proposing that the victor should be king, the wrath of Hagen and Ortwin is roused, and there is an uprising of the vassals. They are soon appeased, and Siegfried spends a whole year at Worms, without having hinted at his errand, or having seen his lady love, although she, from her window-lattice, had often beheld the handsome stranger as he returned victorious from the knightly exercise.

A time arrived when the Danish King Liudgast and his Saxon ally King Ludger demand tribute from Gunther, which he refuses to pay. War ensues, and Siegfried joins the Burgundians, and by means of the good sword Balmung, is chiefly instrumental in conquering the two kings, and effecting their capture. The victorious army returns to Worms; the captive kings swear fealty, and a great festival is appointed in honor of the victor. Kings and princes many, and more than five thousand vassals, meet on Whitsun-morning to joust and revel, and Kriemhild is present to grace the sports. Siegfried and Kriemhild now meet for the first time and walk wooingly side by side.

Meantime, tidings come over the Rhine of many fair maidens, one of whom King Gunther thought to win. He has set his heart on Brunhild, queen of Isenland, "far over the sea." She was very beautiful, but capricious. Any suitor had to compete with her, in hurling the spear, in leaping, and in throwing the stone. If successful, he could claim her for his wife; if not, he forfeited his own life. Siegfried objects to this enterprise, but is easily persuaded to accompany Gunther, when promised Kriemhild's hand as a reward. They set out, accompanied by the two warriors, Hagen and Dankwart. Siegfried pilots the vessel, and in twelve days they arrive at the palace of Isenstein. They disembark in view of many fair ones looking from the castle windows, in the midst of whom stood the snow-white maiden Brunhild. Siegfried, for reasons of his own, has stipulated that he shall act the part of vassal to King Gunther. His reception by the queen is somewhat cool, as he explains with polished courtesy, that he is present as an attendant on his sovereign lord, who has come to sue for her hand. The conditions of wooing are stated, and the ground is cleared for the contest. Brunhild performs prodigies of strength and agility, but Siegfried in the tarnkappe (cap of in-

visibility) and strong as twelve men, stands by Gunther, who goes through the motions and gestures, while Siegfried hurls the spear, and throws the stone. The Amazon has to confess with shame that she is fairly outdone. But she hesitates to go with Gunther, and large numbers of her vassals appear in arms before the castle. Siegfried slips down to the beach, puts on the tarnkappe, and pilots the vessel to Nibelungland, whence he quickly returns with a thousand picked men.

Brunhild delays no longer, but immediately sets out with the king to Worms, where, when she arrives, she receives a royal welcome from Queen Ute and Kriemhild. Two bridals are celebrated at the same time, for Siegfried receives his reward, and great festivities follow. But still Brunhild has an evil eye on Siegfried, and tells the king that it grieves her sore to see a vassal sitting by the side of the princes. Gunther replies that he is a king's son, with many lands and castles; but she is not satisfied. She is still sullen when they retire to the bridal chamber; and as the king does not reply to her liking when she further questions him, she binds him hand and foot, and suspends him from a peg on the wall. In the morning he tells his sorrow to Siegfried, who proposes to take his place that same night. Then Siegfried in his tarnkappe wrestles in the darkness with the queen and despoils her of her girdle and ring, without which she is powerless as any other woman. Of course, she is under the impression that it is Gunther who has vanquished her. Kriemhild questions her lord about his absence; he evades at first, but at last confesses, and presents her with Brunhild's ring and girdle. The honeymoon is over; Siegfried gives Kriemhild the Nibelung treasure as a bridal portion, and they return to Santen, where they are received with great rejoicings, and remain in peace for ten years.

Brunhild now pretends to wonder why Siegfried being a vassal does not render homage, and expresses a desire to see Kriemhild. At her request, they are invited, and cordially received by Gunther and his queen. Great festivities take place and all goes well for eleven days, when the two proud keen-tempered women begin quarreling over the merits of their respective husbands, and the matter of precedence. Kriemhild dresses her forty maidens in the finest apparel, orders out all her husband's knights, and walks foremost to the minster where mass is to be said. Brunhild, outdone in splendor, is furious, but, as queen, claims precedence of Kriemhild at the church-door, but the latter refuses to walk behind one who had been Siegfried's mistress. Brunhild waits at

the gate till after service, and demands proof of the accusation, whereupon Kriemhild produces the ring and girdle, which she knew had been come by innocently enough. Brunhild bursts into tears, and "rues full sore that ever she was born." Mischief is now afoot. Hagen, under treacherous professions of friendship, finds out the secret of Siegfried's vulnerability, and believing him to be a sincere friend, Kriemhild, in an evil hour, embroiders a little silken cross over the vulnerable spot between the shoulders, where the linden leaf fell when he bathed in the dragon's blood.

A great hunt is ordered in the Odenwald; Siegfried is to accompany the king. Kriemhild has evil forebodings and beseeches him not to go; he embraces her tenderly and bids her farewell. After a merry chase and a hunter's repast, they hie to a spring to drink. While Siegfried is stooping to drink, Hagen thrusts his spear through the silken cross embroidered on his garment, and flees pursued by the wounded man, who, with the spear still stuck between his shoulders, beats the traitor with his shield till it is broken in pieces. Then the hero's strength fails; he falls, and after a short struggle, during which he commends his wife to the care of her kin, he breathes his last. Kriemhild's grief is boundless; she can only sit in tears, and pour out sorrow and love in vain. For more than three years she spoke not a word to Gunther, nor once looked at Hagen; but at length a reconciliation is effected through Gernot and Giselher, and she is persuaded to send for the Nibelung treasure to Worms. She is so lavish with her gifts that Hagen fearing her influence among the vassals, has the hoard sunk in the Rhine. From this time forth the Burgundians, as possessors of the treasure, bear the name of Nibelung.

Thirteen years have passed, and Kriemhild still bewails the loss of her husband. She was about to retire to an abbey for the rest of her life when King Etzel, of Hungary (Attila the Hun), sends Rudiger to sue for her hand. At first she listens like a woman of stone, but when Rudiger hints at Etzel's power to avenge her wrongs, she is all attention, and suddenly consents. Hagen foreboding evil, bitterly opposes this match, which Gunther favors. Taking cold leave of her relations, Kriemhild sets out with her brothers Gernot and Giselher as chief of the convoy. They are met at Tuln by Etzel with a royal escort, among whom are Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and the king's own brother Blodel. The nuptials are celebrated when they reach Vienna, and seventeen days of festivities follow.

Seven years had passed in the land of the Huns, when Queen Kriemhild bore a son. Six more years pass before her plans for vengeance are fully laid. Her husband is affectionate and hospitable, she herself is universally esteemed for her kindness. She desires, or pretends to desire, to see her relatives. At her request, her easy husband sends his minstrels to invite the Burgundians to a great midsummer festival; they have strict injunctions from Kriemhild not to leave Hagen behind. Gunther and his brothers accept the invitation with pleasure; but Hagen is bitterly opposed to it. But when Giselher hints that he is afraid, the old warrior determines to go. With nine thousand vassals, a thousand and sixty knights in gay attire, and his brother Dankwart and Valker of Alzey in close attendance, Hagen sets out on the fateful journey. In twelve days they reach the Danube, where Hagen interviews the mermaids, strikes off the ferryman's head, ferries his men across and breaks the boat in pieces. After a fierce fight with the Bavarians, they reach Passau, where they are entertained by Bishop Pellegrin, and pass on to Bechlaren, where they are again hospitably received by Rudiger, whose daughter Dietelind is betrothed to Giselher.

On the confines of Etzel's territories, they are met by Dietrich of Bern, who has come to salute them and warn them of approaching evil. On arriving at Etzel's court, they are received by Kriemhild with treachery in her soul. She kisses Giselher and takes him by the hand; but Hagen she openly defies, and is openly defied by him. At this point a very fine picture is drawn of Hagen's friendship with Volker, the Fiddler, one side of whose fiddle-bow was a keen-edged sword. That night the Nibelungs had sumptuous lodgings, but Hagen and Volker keep watch. Volker, leaning his shield against the wall, takes his viol and plays the careworn men to sleep.

Next day a great festival is held. As the knights are taking their seats in the banqueting hall, Kriemhild urges Dietrich to revenge her on her enemies. He refuses. Etzel's brother Blödel is then induced, under promise of a beautiful lady for his bride, to fall upon the Nibelungs in their quarters. The Huns, with an overpowering force, slay all the Nibelung vassals and twelve knights. Dankwart alone is left; streaming with blood, he rushes to the hall. Hagen tells him to guard the door and not to let a single Hunnish knight come out alive. Just before Dankwart enters, Ortlieb, the king's son, has been shown to the guests. Hagen makes some disdainful remark, which causes anger.

Kriemhild incites the strife, and for answer sees her son's head smitten off by Hagen. A fierce hand-to-hand combat takes place. Valder joins Dankwart at the door to prevent the Huns coming in to help their fellows. The contest rages. Kriemhild calls on Dietrich to protect her, and for an instant the tumult ceases. Gunther, Dietrich, and the queen withdraw. The combat is renewed with double fury. The Huns surround the hall in large numbers. Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher beg their sister to be allowed to leave the hall and fight in the open air. She offers to spare their lives if they will deliver Hagen into her hands, but not one will consent. She then orders the Huns to fire the hall. The fighters quench the fire and slake their thirst with blood. The uproar continues at short intervals all through the night, ever followed by a brief but terrible silence.

In the morning six hundred Nibelungs are still alive. Rudiger reluctantly enters the hall by the queen's commands to finish the conflict. He and Gernot fall by each other's hand. At last only Hagen and Gunther are left, and they are faint and wounded. Dietrich binds them and brings them before the queen, beseeching her to spare their lives. She questions Hagen about the treasure, but he refuses to tell. Then she orders Gunther's head to be struck off, and holds that by the hair in front of him; but the only answer she received was: "Of the hoard knoweth no one but God and me; from thee, she-devil, shall it ever be hid." Upon this, with her husband's sword, Balmung, the enraged queen, strikes off his head. Old Hildebrand, the only one of Dietrich's men left, exasperated at her cruelty, springs upon her and stabs her to the heart, the king, Etzel, not opposing the deed. Such is the fearful catastrophe of the bloody tragedy of the Nibelungs.

Siegfried at King Gunther's Court.

Then spake the country's ruler, "He shall be welcome here,
Bold is the knight and noble, that I discover clear,
And much shall it avail him on our Burgundian ground."
Then thither went king Gunther where he Siegfried found.
The host and his companions so well receiv'd the guest,
That nothing there was wanting that courtesy expressed;
And low inclin'd the warrior to all in presence there,
Since they had giv'n him greeting so friendly and so fair.
"I wonder much," said Gunther, "and fain would understand,

Whence comes the noble Siegfried to this Burgundian land,
And what he here is seeking at Worms upon the Rhine."
To the king the guest made answer, "Concealment is no art of mine.
Afar I heard the tidings, e'en in my father's land,
That here with you were dwelling (fain would I know the band)
The best and prowest champions, so voic'd by all and some,
That ever king surrounded; therefore I'm hither come.
Your own renown I've heard too through all this country ring,
That never eye of mortal has seen so bold a king.
Your prowess and your knighthood are vouch'd by high and low,
Now ne'er will I turn homeward till this by proof I know.
I too am a warrior and shall a sceptre sway,
And I would fain bring all men perforce of me to say,
That I both lands and liegemen have nobly merited.
This to maintain I'll freely pledge my honor and my head.
Now since you are so famous for manhood and for skill,
Nought reck I, if my purpose be taken well or ill,
But all that's own'd by Gunther I'll win by strength of hand,
And force to my obedience his castles and his land."
The king was lost in wonder, and with him all the rest,
At such a strange pretension from that o'erweening guest,
Who claim'd his whole possessions that stretch'd so wide around.
His vassals heard the challenge, and for anger sternly frown'd.
"How," cried the valiant Gunther, "have I deserv'd this wrong,
That what my noble father with honor rul'd so long,
I now should yield to any, o'ermaster'd by his might?
Ill should I show, that I too can bear me like a knight!"
"I'll ne'er renounce my purpose," the fiery youth replied;
"If through thy might thy country cannot in peace abide,
I'll take on me to rule it, and what I hold in fee,
If thou by strength canst take it, shall alike submit to thee.
Let thy broad lands and also mine be laid in equal scale,
And whichsoe'er in battle o'er th' other shall prevail,
To him let all be subject, the liegemen and the land."
But Hagen sought, and Gernot, such purpose to withstand.

KRIEMHILDE.

SHE came out from her chamber; so comes the morning red
Forth from the gloomy clouds; upon her dress were spread
Bright gems; her glowing cheeks her secret love confessed;
Of all the maids on earth she the fairest was and best.

For as among the stars the full moon clearly gleams
And scatters every cloud with her bright and silver beams,
So 'mid the other ladies Kriemhilde's beauty shone;
The hearts of many heroes beat high as they looked on.

The chamberlains before her walked, in costly garments dressed,
To see the lovely maiden the warriors onward pressed;
As Siegfried stood expecting to look upon her face,
By turns despair and love found within his bosom place.

Thus said he to himself—"How could I ever deem
That I could win the maid?—'twas but an idle dream.
But if I cannot win her, then I were better dead,"
And with his thoughts his cheeks by turns were pale and red.

The servants found the hero bold,—Siegfried of Netherland,
And bade him boldly come in front of all the warriors' band;
"King Gunther to his presence is pleased to summon you,
That his sister may salute you, and give the honor due."

His soul rose high within him when he saw Kriemhilde there,
And rosy flushed his cheeks as spoke the maiden fair;
"I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave,"
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

To thank her for her kindness the hero bowed his head,
And all that he had longed to say was in a moment said;
For, as he bowed his head, a stolen glance was cast,
And suddenly from eye to eye the tender secret passed.

In all the summer season, or the pleasant month of May,
He never had such pleasure as on that happy day—
When he walked beside the maiden whom he came to make his bride,
When Kriemhilde whom he loved was walking by his side.

How Siegfried was Betrayed.

One day it fell that Siegfried close whisp'ring found the band,
When thus began to ask them the knight of Netherland,
"Why creep the king and chieftains so sorrowful along?
I'll help you to revenge it, if you have suffer'd wrong."
"Good cause have I for sorrow," Gunther straight replied,
"Ludegast and Ludger both have me defied.
With open force they threaten to ravage all my land."
Then spake the dauntless champion, "Their pride shall Siegfried's hand,
Both to your boot and honor, bring lower, and once more
I'll do unto those boasters e'en as I did before.
Ere I end, o'er castles, o'er lands, o'er all I'll spread
Wide waste and desolation, or forfeit else my head.
Do you and your good warriors sit by the chimney side;
With my knights here about me thither let me ride.
How willingly I serve you, my acts and deeds shall show,
And every one shall feel it who boasts himself your foe."
"Ah! how this promise cheers me!" the king dissembling said,
As though rejoic'd in earnest at that free-proffer'd aid.
Low bow'd to him the false one with fawning semblance fair,
Then return'd Sir Siegfried, "Take now no further care."

For the march the Burgundians prepar'd in show the while,
Yet Siegfried and his warriors 't was done but to beguile.
Then bade he straight make ready each Netherlandish knight.

They sought out the best harness and surest arms they might.
Then spake the valiant Siegfried, "Sir Siegmund, father mine,
Best tarry here in quiet till we return to Rhine.
Conquest, if God befriend us, we shortly back shall bring.
Meanwhile live blithe and merry with our good host the king."
The flags anon were hoisted, and forward all would fare;
Among the men of Gunther many a one was there
Who knew not his lord's secret, and thought no treachery.
There might you see with Siegfried a mighty company.
Their helms and eke their mailcoats upon their steeds were tied.
Many a knight of prowess ready was to ride.
Then Hagen, lord of Trony, as had before been plann'd,
Went to take leave of Kriemhild ere yet they left the land.
"Ah! well is me," said Kriemhild, "that I've a lord who lends
Such firm assistance ever to back my dearest friends,
As now does my brave Siegfried for my brethren's sake;
Therefore," said the lady fair, "good courage will I take.
My good friend, Sir Hagen, bear in remembrance still
How much I love my kinsmen, nor ever wish'd them ill.
For this requite my husband, nor let me vainly long;
He should not pay the forfeit, if I did Brunhild wrong.
My fault," pursued she sadly, "good cause had I to rue.
For it I have far'd badly; he beat me black and blue;
Such mischief-making tattle his patience could not brook,
And for it ample vengeance on my poor limbs he took."
"You'll be friends together," said he, "some other day.
But, Kriemhild, my dear lady, tell me now, I pray,
At my hands to your husband what service can be done.
Fain would I do it, lady, better love I none."
The noble dame made answer, "Fear should I not at all,
That by the sword of any my lord in fight would fall,
But that he rashly follows his fiery martial mood.
Else could no harm befall the noble knight and good."
"Lady," then answer'd Hagen, "since thus you harbor fear
Lest hostile force should slay him, let me yet further hear,
What best may serve our purpose the warrior to defend.
On foot, on horse, I'll watch him, his guardian and his friend."
Said she, "Thou art my cousin, and I alike am thine;
To thy good faith commend I this dearest lord of mine.
That thou wilt tend his welfare, assurance firm I hold."
Then told she him the secret far better left untold,
Said she, "My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb;

Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,
In its blood he bath'd him, and thence no more can feel
In his charméd person the deadly dint of steel.
Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands,
And keen-edg'd darts are hailing from strong heroic hands,
Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved make.
Ah! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's sake!
So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee
(For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me),
Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust.
See, in thy truth and honor how full, how firm my trust!
As from the dragon's death-wounds gush'd out the crimson gore,
With the smoking torrent the warrior wash'd him o'er.
A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough.
There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."
Then said the chief of Trony, "A little token sew
Upon his outer garment; thus shall I surer know
The spot that needs protection as in the fight we stand."
She thought his life to lengthen, the while his death was plann'd.
Said she, "Upon his vesture with a fine silken thread
I'll sew a secret croslet; by this small token led
Thy hand shall guard my husband, as through the press he goes,
And in shock of battle confronts his swarming foes."
"So will I do," said Hagen, "my honor'd lady dear."
She thought her lord to profit, and keep from danger clear,
But all she did to aid him serv'd but to betray.

Leave then took Sir Hagen, and joyous strode away.
What he had learn'd from Kriemhild his lord then bade him show.
"Put off this march," said Hagen, "and let us hunting go;
Now have I all the secret; now in my hand is he;
Could you but contrive it?" "For that," said Gunther, "trust to me."
The false king and his courtiers to hear his words were fain.
I ween, so base a treason knight ne'er will do again,
As then was done by Hagen, when to his faith for aid
So fair a lady trusted, and so foully was betrayed.

HAGEN KILLS SIEGFRIED.

King Gunther, with Hagen, Siegfried, and other followers, goes to hunt wild boars in a forest. Kriemhilde had a foreboding of evil, and entreated the hero not to join in the chase.

Then said the hero Siegfried, "Kriemhilde, do not mourn;
No evil thing shall happen me, and soon I will return;
Of enemies about the court I know not I have one;
Your brother owes me kindness sure for all that I have done.

But then again said Kriemhilde, "Oh, Siegfried, keep away.
I had another dream just before I woke to-day:
Two rocks fell down upon us as you walked along the vale,
And hid you from my sight as I woke, with weeping pale."

Then Siegfried folded closely Kriemhilde in his arms,
And kissed her many times, to banish her alarms,
Till she gave him leave to go; then he hastened to the chase—
But never more saw Kriemhilde her husband's living face.

After slaying several wild animals, the heroes went together to slake their thirst at a spring in the forest.

The spring was clear and cool and sweet: King Gunther stooped to drink
Beside the hero Siegfried, who kneeled upon the brink;
And when the king had quenched his thirst, he rose and stood again,
But Siegfried, while he bowed his head, by Hagen's hand was slain.

First Hagen took the hero's bow and falchion from his side,
And carried them away 'mid the forest leaves to hide;
Then, with javelin in hand, he looked upon the coat
Where the fatal spot was marked, and then suddenly he smote!

ETZEL MARRIES KRIEMHILD.

And now rode on King Etzel (with Dietrich at his side,
And a countless host of followers) to greet his chosen bride:
Thus to herself said Kriemhild, when she saw the endless throng—
"'Tis well; I shall have warriors now who will avenge my wrong!"

Then to the queen spake Rudiger:—"My lady, here we stay—
King Etzel comes; of followers, lo! what a vast array!
I will name to you the warriors most worthy of a kiss;
For you cannot give to all in a company like this!"

So saying, noble Rudiger gave to the queen his hand,
And from her steed she lighted down upon the Austrian land;
All the heroes stood aside, while through the glittering throng,
To meet the beauteous Kriemhild, King Etzel walked along.

And now her veil is lifted, and her subjects all behold
Her beauty shining out, as from a shrine of gold;
The beauty of her countenance a general pleasure spread;
"Queen Helke was not fairer," all the Hunnish warriors said.

When Etzel had saluted her, she turned, at Rudiger's sign,
And gave a kiss to Blödel, who was in the royal line;
And twelve most noble princes of such favor had a share;
But she looked with grace and kindness on all the heroes there.

And now the king commanded, for all the pleasure of his bride,
That o'er the plain of Tulna his companies should ride;

Christian knights and heathen warriors, in many-colored dress,
To make a martial spectacle, together onward press.

And now arose loud clangor from meeting spear and shield,
Soon many splintered lances were scattered o'er the field ;
Now many colors glittered together in the air ;
What sounds of arms and battle-cries were loudly ringing there ;

To see the splendid tournament forth went both king and queen ;
In the centre of the plain their pavilion was seen ;
It was decked with glorious colors, and on the grassy ground
A hundred tents for noble knights were stationed all around.

So with many noble tourneys they passed the merry day,
And the heroes went to rest in the evening cool and gray ;
There was stillness on the plain until morning clear and bright,
When King Etzel soon devised for his queen a new delight.

In procession to Vienna he bade his heroes go,
With all their clans in full array they made a wondrous show,
But more beauteous was the view of Vienna for the queen—
Here Austria's fairest ladies all in dresses gay were seen.

Of people out of many lands the crowd was now so great,
They could not all be entertained within the city gate ;
But Etzel's knights and warriors, at Rudiger's command,
Dispersed their various companies o'er all the neighboring land.

And here, in gay Vienna, on the feast of Whitsuntide,
Kriemhild, who had hid her sorrows all, was once again a bride ;
When she beheld the thousands who were all her subjects now,
Though sorrow still was in her heart, pride gathered on her brow.

So costly were the jewels which to many knights she gave,
So many were her gifts to Etzel's heroes brave,
They disbelieved the story of her loss so often told ;
"Our queen," said they, "has surely brought the Nibelungen gold !"

A festival of seventeen days was in Vienna held ;
The pageantry of every day all former days excelled ;
I cannot tell you half of the pleasures that were planned ;—
'Twas remembered as a wonder long in all the Austrian land.

Now Kriemhild was a queen again! With Etzel at her side,
She looked upon the host of men, her followers, with pride;
And thus she whispered to herself—"O'er such a mighty band
Even Siegfried, in his day of power, did never hold command!"

Yet in the midst of all this festival array,
The thoughts of Kriemhild often would wander far away,
And to hide the tears upon her face her head she would incline,
For her heart was still with Siegfried, in his castle on the Rhine.

GUDRUN.

Of the two great mediæval epics of popular origin the Nibelungenlied may be compared to the vast Mississippi, varying much in its prolonged course; now peaceful and bright, but again dreadful with its swollen flood; but the poem of Gudrun is like a shorter river, with smooth, yet strong, current. The latter poem is divided into three parts, and comprises altogether thirty-two chapters or adventures. It begins with the story of Hagen, son of Sigeband, King of Eijirland or Ireland. This Ireland is thought to have been a part of Holland.

While King Sigeband and his guests were enjoying a festival, Hagen, aged seven, was in charge of a noble maiden in the castle grounds. Suddenly a huge griffin swooped down upon the child and carried him off to a lonely island, as food for the young griffins. One of the brood, in hopping from bough to bough with the child, alighted on one which gave way. The boy was dropped, scrambled out of sight, and by and by made his way to a cave, in which were three noble maidens who had also escaped from the monster. Under their care he grew up. Once he chanced upon the corpses of some sailors on the strand. Among them was a knight in full armor. This dress the youth quickly put on. Scarcely had he done so, when he was attacked by the griffin. The monster was slain, and also a number of others that came to the rescue. While hunting one day Hagen was attacked by a dragon. Him he also slew, drank of the dragon's blood, and was endowed with superhuman strength.

After some time he and his companions hailed a ship, on board which they were taken and kindly treated by the captain, who turned out to be the Count Garadie, between whom and Hagen's father there was a mortal feud. The count, on learning the youth's parentage, thought to detain him as a hostage; but Hagen, after throwing thirty of the crew overboard and threaten-

ing the count, compelled him to steer to Ireland. When Hagen at last reached home, he was received with great joy by his parents, who had believed him dead. Sigeband and the count became friends; Hagen inherited his father's crown, and married Hilde, an Indian princess, who had been one of his companions on the island. They had a beautiful daughter named Hilde after her mother.

The story of Hilde forms the second division of the poem. She had many suitors, but as all had to enter the lists with Hagen, and all were conquered by him, she had to adopt other schemes. Hetel, King of the Hegelings in North Germany, had heard of the lady's charms, but was afraid to encounter the father. He wished to send one of his three staunchest retainers to do battle for him. They were Wat, Horant and Fout. But none of them dared to meet the fierce Hagen. They resorted to stratagem. A slendid cypress-wood vessel was built, and armed men were stowed in the hold. A suitable convoy of other craft also, containing armed men, accompanied the flag-ship to Hagen's sea-fortress, where the three delegates gave themselves out as merchants banished from Hetel's dominions. By their liberal dealings, and magnificent presents to the king, the queen, and her ladies, they found their way to the court, where Horant charmed the queen by his singing. Hilde secretly invited the minstrel to her apartments, and was apprised of Hetel's desire. She readily consented to accompany the three merchants. The king, queen and Hilde were invited to escort them to their vessels, as King Hetel was now reconciled. This they readily did. Hilde was purposely separated from her parents, and quickly boarded the cypress bark. Armed men sprang to the deck on all the vessels, and they set sail. Hagen had no ship ready to pursue, but next day he reached Hetel's shores with a shipload of warriors. A desperate battle was fought, in which both kings were wounded. They were reconciled by Hilde's entreaties, and she became Hetel's queen with the consent of her father.

The third section of the poem relates the story of Gudrun, the beautiful daughter of Hetel and Hilde. Many were the royal and noble wooers who sought her hand, but all were scornfully rejected by Hetel, who had now become as haughty and imperious as his father-in-law. The principal suitors were Siegfried of Moorland, Herwig of Seeland, and Hartmut, son of Ludwig, King of Normandy. The two first were repelled with scorn; Hartmut visited Hetel's castle in disguise, but was advised by

Gudrun to flee for his life. Suddenly Herwig made a descent on Hetel's castle with three thousand knights; a fierce contest took place; Hetel and Herwig had a hand-to-hand combat. However, peace was established through Gudrun; she was betrothed to Herwig, and the marriage was to take place in a year. As soon as Siegfried heard of the betrothal, he invaded Herwig's dominions with a powerful army. Herwig would surely have been overpowered by overwhelming numbers, had not Hetel come to the rescue. Siegfried was driven into a fortress and besieged. New complications now arose. Hartmut, hearing of Hetel's absence, renewed his suit to Gudrun, and when informed that she was betrothed to Herwig, destroyed the castle, and carried her off with sixty of her maidens. Word was sent to Hetel, who, with Siegfried and Herwig, pursued the Normans, and overtook them at Wülpensand Island at the mouth of the Schelde, where the Normans had anchored and gone on shore. The battle that ensued lasted from early morn till sunset, and in it Hetel was slain by Ludwig. During the night the Normans stole to their ships and escaped. The Hegelings and their allies were in no condition to pursue. Thirteen years elapsed, during which Gudrun and her maids suffered the worst indignities at the hands of Gerlint, Hartmut's mother. Meantime the Hegeling youth had grown up; an army of eighty thousand attacked the Norman castle, razed it to the ground, and returned in triumph to the land of the Hegelings with Gudrun and her sixty maidens, and with Hartmut with eighty of his knights as prisoners of war.

All ended happily; virtue was rewarded; vice received due punishment. Ludwig, who seized Gudrun by the hair and threw her into the sea, and slew her father Hetel, was himself slain by Herwig in the attack on the Norman castle. On the same day, the wicked Queen Gerlint had her head struck off by Wat. Hartmut was released, and married Hildeburg, Gudrun's companion in captivity. Hartmut's sister Ortrun was married to Gudrun's brother, Ortwein. Herwig's sister was married to Siegfried. Gudrun, of course, was married to Herwig. Thus four royal marriages were celebrated in one day, and peace was established among these savage sea-kings.

THE SINGING OF HORANT.

THOUGH Horant sang so sweetly as is here described, he told the princess Hilde that in his royal master's palace there were twelve singers who surpassed him, and that the king himself sang even more sweetly.

But when the night was passing and morn was drawing near,
Horant began again to sing, and therewith far and near
The birds all hushed their voices, because he sang so well,
And the people who were sleeping were roused as with a bell.

The cattle in the forest came from the pasture green;
The creeping things approaching through the grass were seen;
The fishes in the water were no longer sporting round;
But sweet the singer's voice to all hearing it did sound.

Whate'er he might be singing, it always charmed the ear;
In church the priest and choir could never sound so clear;
The church bells lost their sweetness comparéd with his song;
But every one who heard Horant wished to hear him long.

THE FINDING OF GUDRUN.

ON the day of the arrival of the Hegelings, a heavy snow had fallen. Gudrun and the other prisoners ask Gerlint remission of their task on the beach, but the shrewish queen sends them out on the shore to wash the clothes. They set out in tears. As they get to work, two strange knights land from a small boat, and they fly in a panic.

Then sprang they from their vessel and after them called fast:
"Ye lovely washerwomen, what means your sudden haste?
We are but foreign people, that see ye, an ye choose;
But should you hasten from us, the costly garments you might lose."

. . . . . .

They came in shifts enclothed. Very wet were they;
Better lived these noble ladies ere this dreary day;
Their long hair with the March wind was tossing to and fro:
Woe was the noble maidens, what though 'twere either rain or snow.

The sea was floated over with iceblocks everywhere,
Which were in pieces broken. Bitter was their care;
Though their shifts as white as ever is the snow
Outshone their lovely bodies, great doubt of mind did work them woe.

. . . . . .

Then shuddered in the sharp cold the beauteous maidens fair;
And spoke the princely Herwig: "Oh, would it might appear
No shame to you, most noble, if you our mantles bore!
O love-awaking maidens upon this wintry shore!"

Then spake queen Hilde's daughter: "God let you blesséd be
Because of both your mantles! On this frame of me
Clothes of man shall never by any eye be seen!"
(Often, had it been known, they might have sadder been.)

The princes ask about the Normans, and especially about Gudrun, a captive princess. At first the washerwoman says she is dead, but finally alludes to Herwig as her betrothed.

Then spake the high-born warrior: "Now gaze at this my hand—
Till you perceive the gold ring (as I Herwig am named)
Wherewith I was betrothed to hold in love Gudrun;
An so you be my own wife, most lovingly I'll bear you hence right soon."

. . . . . .

He looked upon her finger; he saw the gold ring there.
Herwig, the courtly, spake to Gudrun fair:
"No mother surely bare you but was of princely line;
Thus after many sorrows have I seen joy and pleasure mine."

With his arms he happed about that right glorious maid:
The news was unto each there, happy both and sad;
He kissed I know not how oft the virtue-teeming queen;
Both her and Hildeburg, the wretched maiden, lovely to be seen.

But the knights must not steal the captives, and a tearful parting ensues. The maidens forget their tasks until Hildeburg reminds Gudrun.

Then spake up queen Hilde's daughter: "I am too proud by far
That such as I for Gerlint her weeds wash any more;
To such a wretched labor I needs must feel disdain,
When once two kings have kissed me and in my arms embraced have lain."

. . . . . .

"So I shall bear these garments even to the flood,
(And well may they enjoy it," spake the maiden good,
"That I have had the fortune to be a queen to-day!)
I'll cast these on the billows that hence they freely drive away."

At the castle Gerlint scolds the lazy queens, who chatter on the beach with men, instead of attending to their work. Soon Gudrun is seen to have brought no burden back.

Then up and spake the she-wolf: "Where are those weeds of mine,
Since now so very lazy those same hands of thine
Are wound within thy kirtle all to my observing?
An I live a little longer, I'll teach another mode of serving!"

Then spake old Hagen's grandchild: "I have left them lie
Below there by the ocean. When that I did try
To carry them to castle, they bore too hard on me—
And by my troth I care not, tho' ne'er henceforth the same you see!"

Then out spake that she-devil: "Thou shalt not joy it so:
Before I turn to slumber, thou shalt come to woe!"
To bind the brooms with thorns and strip her then she bade,
A punishment unstinted Queen Gerlint would not spare the maid.

But Gudrun says, "If I am hurt this day, you shall rue it, if I ever in this land bear the crown!" Gerlint cannot believe her ears, for in seven years the princess had never wavered in her refusal to marry her son. She sends for Hartmut; he too is incredulous, but hastens to the room.

There stood, all in her wet shift, that most glorious maid,
And thus, with streaming eyes, a greeting of him made,
She steps right forth to meet him, and by him stands so close
That he, as if t' embrace her, his arms about sweet Gudrun throws.

She said: "Now nay, Sir Hartmut, you must not this forget,
That all the people know well, in whose sight we're set,
I am a wretched washmaid, and you might me disdain,
For you're a lofty monarch: how can you kiss me without blame?"

Gudrun then demands that her maids be bathed and sumptuously clad, and that a certain room be set apart, where the captives can enjoy

each other's society in a joyful feast. When all is ordered, the doors are fastened, and Gudrun begins the banquet. After all are well warmed with generous wine, she bids them watch for the morrow.

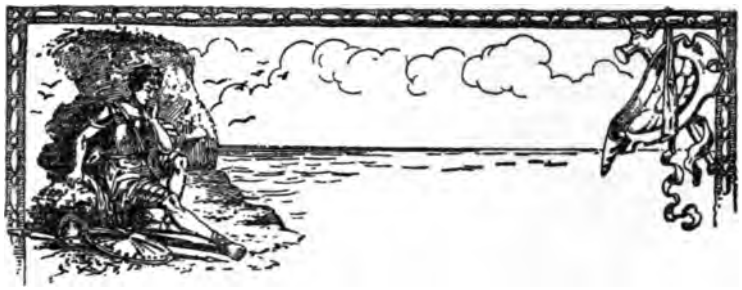
"This day have I from Herwig, my spouse, received the kiss,
And from Ortwin, my brother! Now all may ponder this:
Each maid of you that rich would be, without a care or sorrow,
Let this be her sole duty, to tell when darkness yieldeth to the morrow."

In the camp the Hegelings could scarcely believe the shameful treatment of their princess.

Then all her kindred wept there for the hapless maid.
But Waté, very ancient, wrathfully he said:
"You act most like to old wives that are faint of wit,
And all without a reason. For heroes this is never fit.

"Now, would ye help our Gudrun from her sorrow dread?
Why, color those same garments in strange fashion red,
Those same robes that she washéd with so white a hand;
In such wise let us serve her, and stop her woe in foreign land!"

FROM A MEDIÆVAL MANUSCRIPT.



EARLY IRISH LITERATURE.

IN the previous notice of Celtic Literature* attention was given chiefly to the ancient Welsh, though some mention was made of the Gaelic. The third division of the Celtic race belongs to Ireland, in part of which its language is preserved to the present day. The early history of Ireland is wrapped in obscurity, which the patient researches and shrewd conjectures of scholars have but partially dissipated. There was no written literature until after Ireland was converted to Christianity, and not until the eleventh century was the "Book of Invasions" compiled from the tribal traditions. There appear to have been five principal peoples, who arrived in the following order: The followers of Partholan, those of Nemed, the Firbolgs, the Tuatha dé Danann, and the Milesians or Scots. The Fomorians are also mentioned as invaders. Probably all of these belonged to the great Celtic race. The Milesians, followers of Milesius or Miled, came from the south, probably from Spain, not long before the Christian era. They excelled in war, and pushed their conquests not only over the island, but into Scotland and Wales. The earliest fragments of Celtic literature are ascribed to them; these were songs preserved by oral tradition.

Although there are some traces of the existence of Christianity at an earlier period, the conversion of the island is justly

*See Volume V., p. 187.

attributed to the zealous missionary labors of St. Patrick in the fifth century. Ere long the Irish Christians became noted for their faith, and their country was called "the Isle of Saints." From this remote quarter missionary monks were sent to Switzerland and Germany. In their own land many devoted themselves to scholarship, and displayed wonderful art in the illumination of manuscripts. But the destructive invasions of the heathen Norsemen, in the ninth and tenth centuries, interrupted all peaceful pursuits, and cut off the frequent intercourse with the Continent.

Celtic literature, so far as it has been preserved, is plainly divided into two divisions, the early Pagan and the Christian; and these again may each be divided into two parts. The scanty relics of the earliest Pagan songs comprise lays of the Milesian invaders and of the bard Cuchulainn. The later Pagan poetry belongs to the period of Fionn (or Fingal) and Oisin (Ossian) in the third century. The early Christian period extends from the fifth century to the ninth; the later Christian period from the tenth century until the English language superseded the Irish in its own home.

There were many strange devices in the structure of Celtic poetry. Rhyme was commonly used with many variations; thus, in the earliest fragment is found the peculiar kind of rhyme called "conaclon," by which the end of one line rhymes with the beginning of the next. Some of these Celtic fashions of verse are found also in Latin hymns of the same period, and the question of their origin is hardly settled. In a hymn of the seventh century the lines are alternately Latin and Irish. Alliteration was employed in Celtic poetry, though not as prominently as in Anglo-Saxon verse. Assonance, or vowel-rhyme, is also found as in Spanish. Our examples are taken chiefly from "Bards of the Gael and Gall," by Dr. George Sigerson, who has carefully followed the original metres.

AMERGIN'S INCANTATION.

WHEN the Milesians, for the second time, were approaching Erin, they were driven back by a strange wind. Amergin, the Druid poet, then made the incantation, whose "conaclon" rhyme is here imitated.

Fain we seek Erinn,
Faring o'er ocean's
Motions to mountains,
Fountains and bowers,
Showers, rills rushing,
Gushing waves welling,
Swelling streams calling,
Falling foam-thunder,
Under lakes filling:
Willing—(abiding,
Riding rounds, holding
Olden fairs meetly)—
Fleet to lift loyal
Royal king's towers,
Bowers for crowning;
Frowning foes over—
Rover Mil's warlike
Starlike sons therein.
Erinn shall longer,
Stronger, show honor,
On our Milesians.—
Wishing in trouble,
Noble isle's wooing,
Suing, we stay here;
Pray here to sail in,
Wailing maids royal!
Loyal chief-leaders,
Pleaders, blend prayer in.
So we seek Erinn.

FAND'S WELCOME TO CUCHULAINN.

CUCHULAINN, one of the earliest bards of Erin—perhaps of the first century after Christ—had assisted Labraid in overthrowing his enemies. On his return in his chariot the Princess Fand, who loved him, welcomed him with this song.

Stately stands the charioteer,
Beardless, young, who hasteth here;
Splendid o'er the plain he speeds
His careering chariot-steeds.

Not to him soft strains are good,
Riding, red with battle blood;
Than loud car that rushing reels
Louder whirr his whirling wheels.

As sight of those swift steeds fleeing,
Stand I still, silent, seeing:
Never hoofs like these shall ring,
Rapid as the winds of spring.

Fifty apples of fair gold
Glitter o'er his mantle's fold;
Never kings on sea or strand
Won their like by battle brand.

On his cheeks four dimples be:
One is gray as shallow sea,
One purple-pale, one like blood;
Brown is one as forest flood.

In his eyes shine seven rays,
Not forgot in poet's praise;
Brown his eyebrows' noble track,
Long his lashes, chafer-black.

His high head,—what head so good?
Erinn knows it, hill and wood—
Doth three waves of color hold,
Brown, blood-red, and crowning gold.

Crimsoned is his cleaving blade,
Bright the hilt of silver made;
Golden bosses gem the shield
White-rimmed, radiant o'er the field.

Foremost he in van of war,
Flashing first, where dangers are:
There is none who bears a brand
Can with true Cuchulainn stand.

Cuchulainn comes to greet us!
Murtemni's chief to meet us!—
They who bring him from afar,
Daughters of Aed Abrat are.

Blood drips from his lofty lance,
In his glance gleams battle fire;
Haughty, high, the victor goes,
Woe to those who wake his ire.

THE FAIR FORT OF CRÉDÉ.

THIS poem of the Fionn period (third century) is ascribed to Cael, son of Crimtann.

Pleasant is her fortress fair,
Men and maids and boys are there,
Druids and the Sons of Song,
Cupmen, doormen, skilled and strong.
Men for steed, and men for stall,
Men to rule the roast in hall;
Supreme o'er all sits Crédé,
Bright, beauteous, gold-haired lady.
Dear to me that pleasant dun,
With soft down to sit upon;
Were the will in Crédè's breast,
Happy here would be my quest.
Full fair the porch, where splendid
Blue wings and yellow blended;
Round the fountain is a wall
Of crystal and carmogal.
Bowl of juice of berry glints,
Whence her eyebrows black she tints;
Clear vats of ale are flowing,
Rich cups and goblets glowing.
Lime-white is her fortress wall,
Rugs and rushes deck her hall,
Silks are seen and mantles blue,
Gold and horns of glossy hue.
Her bower by lakelet beameth,
There gold with silver gleameth,
Wings, brown and crimson, cover
Blent bright, its roof all over.
Pillars twain of green stand there,
By the portal, passing fair;
Spoil of silver, famed of yore,
Forms the beam above the door.
On thy left is Crédé's chair,
Ever fairer and more fair;
By dainty bed 'tis shining,
Alpine gold round it twining.

O'er this chair, like a bower,
Crédé's couch seems to tower;
Orient-built by Tuil's device
With pure gold and gems of price.
Yet a bed beams on thy right
Built of gold and silver white;
From rods of light bronze, looping,
Fall fox-glove curtains drooping.
In that home, the household bright
Seem all destined to delight;
Never mantle dim or bare
'Neath the clusters of their hair.
Wounded men sink to slumbers,
Whilst blood their bodies cumbers,
When they hear birds of Faery
Sing o'er her bower airy.
If she grant me grace at all—
She, for whom the cuckoos call,
Then I, for thanks, will give her
More lays to live forever.

WHERE IS THE SWEETEST MUSIC?

THIS poem from the Dean of Lismore's Book belongs to the Fionn period, or time of triumph, as distinguished from the period of Ossian, or time of lamentation.

Noble news of Song and Valor
  Bear I Balor's fort within,
Little heed I who may hearken,
  If my song be heard of Finn.

Men were gay in golden Allin
  Hill and hall in, far and wide;
Feast was spread and music flowing
  And we saw our Finn preside.

Ossian staunch, and Diarmid stately
  Sate by Luay, greatly strong,
And their friends, at feast and foray;
  Ancient Conan, Oscar young.

"Speak, ye champion chiefs, rejoicing,"
  Rang the voice of Finn around,

"Tell me each, in answer meetest,
Where is sweetest music found?"

"There's one music fit for faming;
Give me gaming," Conan cried,—
Strong his hand for crash of combat,
But his head was sense denied.

"Song of Swords for war unsheathing,"—
With quick breathing came the word,
"Throng of blows when falling fleetest,"—
Seemed the sweetest Oscar heard.

"There is music more endearing,"
Dark-eyed Diarmid did declare;
"Naught comes nigh the voice's cadence—
When the maiden 's soft and fair."

"Sweeter song at dawning dewy—"
Said MacLuay, sharp of spear,
"When the bounding dogs are crying,
And we race the fleeting deer."

"This is Song and this is Music—"
Spoke our lofty Leader old,
"Blowing breezes 'mid moving banners
And an army 'neath their gold.

"Then I fear no bardic passion,
Ossian!" said our Captain strong,
"With my faithful Fianna round me—
This to me is Harp and Song."

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FINN.

THIS short poem, found in the Dean of Lismore's Book, is ascribed to Oisin. For other poems of Oisin see Volume I., p. 320.

I've seen the House of Finn,
No housefolk they of humble fame,
Last night—a Vision thin—
The Hero's household came.

I've seen the House of Art
Where towered apart his brown bright son,

Not one like worth could win—
  I've seen the House of Finn.

None sees what I have seen,
  Finn wield the wondrous sword of Luin,
What woe, that sight—unseen!
  I've seen the House of Finn.

The tale could never cease
  Of woes that rend my heart within,
Then let me Thou have peace—
  I've seen the House of Finn!

OSSIAN.

THIS great bard of antique Gaelic literature, of whose poetry we have already given a flavor, has been styled "The Homer of the Highlands." This sobriquet is due, however, to James Macpherson's pretended translations of the epics "Fingal" and "Temora," rather than to the legendary Ossian, or Oisin. When Macpherson published the poems in 1762–3, he was declared to be an impostor, palming off his own productions, and Ossian to be a myth. The true Oisin, or Ossian, belonged to Ireland only. And yet this is nothing against the honesty of Macpherson, who might easily have believed in this bard's actual existence in some antique, pre-Christian era of Scotland. Beginning with the fifteenth century Gaelic literature is full of allusions to Ossian, or Oisin, as a hero-warrior and bard, and—despite the doubts of Dr. Johnson and his school—a large body of Ossianic poetry has been indisputably found in Caledonia. In Macpherson's day, furthermore, the mass of oral legend was possibly greater. In the "Colloquy of the Ancients," in the Book of Lismore, and in the "Story of Oisin in the Land of the Young" (Fairyland), in the Book of Leinster (as far back as the twelfth century), and in "Leabhar na h-Uidhar," are found verses attributed to Ossian, and exploits told of his father Fionn, or Fingal. Irish lore is full of accounts of this Oisin, who had survived the battle of Gabhra (A.D. 283). By a daring anachronism St. Patrick is said to have loved to listen to him telling tales of those wild times.

But Macpherson himself, in one of his own prefaces, renounces this Irish Fionn, and will have nothing of him, refusing utterly to identify him with his own Scottish hero. Macpherson, who was not a great Gaelic scholar, undoubtedly believed that a Scotch Ossian had once lived. He collected scraps of oral tradition and bardic songs, and connected them together as well as he could, filling the gaps with matter of his own production. In the course of this liberal editing, in which he modeled his own contributory share upon classical poetry and Milton, he managed to mix up songs of entirely different epochs, owing to his ignorance of British history. Thus his epic hero, Fingal, created by such patchwork ingenuity, is represented most impossibly as a Caledonian monarch, who invades the Roman province in the third century, and who aids Cuthullin (who belongs to the first century) against the Norse, who did not sail against Erin until the ninth century. But on this account it would be unjust to denounce Macpherson as a forger, as Dr. Johnson did. Macpherson took unpardonable liberties with his material; but he did not deserve the extreme abuse showered upon him. As Sir Walter Scott believed, he probably wrote himself the landscape descriptions, and supplied the romantic vein of the entire poems.

James Macpherson (1736–1796) was born at Ruthven, in Inverness-shire, the son of a penurious farmer. After studying, under hardships, at King's College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh, without taking a degree, he managed to eke out a living as a village schoolmaster and private tutor. While at college he began to write verses. The most ambitious, "The Highlander" (1758), fell as flat as all the rest. But at Moffat, where he met John Home—author of "Douglas"—he showed that lover of ancient Scotland what purported to be the translation of a Gaelic fragment on "The Death of Oscar." More such "translations" followed at the request of Home and of Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk. Dr. Hugh Blair, of Edinburgh, pronounced this work to be genuine Gaelic poetry, and in July, 1760, Macpherson published his "Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands." Even Hume believed in Ossian, and Lord Bute

soon invited Macpherson to London, where, in 1762, appeared "Fingal," in six books, dedicated to his lordship. Macpherson had already hinted at the existence of such an epic concerning the invasion of Ireland by Swaran, King of Lochlin (Denmark), and a subscription fund had enabled him to travel twice through Scotland to collect its fragments orally. In 1763 appeared "Temora," at Lord Bute's expense.

These poems, despite Dr. Blair's enthusiastic "Dissertation" on the Ossianic poetry, admiringly comparing it to, and contrasting it with, the Greek Homer, awakened great doubt in many quarters, and Dr. Johnson severely attacked their authenticity in his "Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland" (1775). So savage was his literary assault that Macpherson sent him a challenge to a duel, and, that failing, threatened Johnson with a cane. The Great Cham of Literature only purchased a stout oak stick, and wrote Macpherson an indignant letter. Of Johnson's cudgel Macaulay wrote: "If the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, it would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, 'like a hammer on the red son of the furnace.'" Macpherson did little, indeed, to rebut the charges of forgery, although there is a vague statement that he deposited his original Gaelic manuscripts with his publishers, and challenged any one to bear the expense of their publication. These manuscripts were afterwards said to have been lost on his journey to Florida.

But to consider Ossian—Macpherson's Ossian. According to his "translator" the bard flourished about the latter end of the third and the beginning of the fourth century. Fingal, Ossian's hero, is said to have died in the year 283. In those days the Firbolg, or Belgæ, in the south, and the Cael, or Caledonians, to the north, held Scotland between them. Trathal, King of Morven, sent his famous brother Conar to the aid of the Irish king of Ulster, whose daughter had been ravished by the chiefs of Atha, Firbolgs, who sought to become sole lords of all Ireland. Fingal, one of Trathal's descendants, thus crossed from Scotland later to help Conar's kinsmen there against Colc-ulla, chief of Atha. While there Fingal fell in love with Roscrana, the Ulster princess, and

she became the mother of Ossian. Fingal crossed over again to help Cormac II., in whose minority occurred the invasion of Swaran. Cormac was afterwards murdered in his palace of Temora by the family of Atha, and Fingal made still another expedition and restored the line of Conar to the throne. This last achievement forms the subject of "Temora." "Events are embellished," remarks Macpherson, "but are yet true to history." "Temora" is not only the history of the first migration of Caledonians into Ireland, but also of the settlement of the Firbolg in that island under their leader Larthoni (*Cf.* "Song of Fonar the Bard," Book VII.). Fingal's sons were Ossian, Fillan, Ryno and Fergus. Fergus became first king of the Scots.

The great epic of "Fingal" opens with a frightened scout's report to Cuthullin of Swaran's landing. Cuthullin is waiting the ships of Fingal from "the lonely isle." Fingal arrives in majesty, and his character is developed as Homer developed that of Achilles. The rash Calmar has urged Cuthullin into the fray, and does not survive the disgrace of defeat. Fingal with his glittering spear hastens to Cuthullin's rescue, and the fierce, proud Swaran is overcome. In the last battle Gaul, a brave warrior, begs of Fingal the honor of the fight alone. Fingal retires magnanimously from the field, but Gaul is imperiled. Perceiving this, Fingal returns and saves the day. He has meanwhile fallen in love with Swaran's sister, Agandecca. She reveals to him a conspiracy against his life, and for that is put to death. But for love of her (her ghost having implored pity), Fingal mercifully pardons Swaran, whom he salutes as "thou brother of Agandecca." The whole poem occurs during the autumn on the shore of Lena. Fingal's love for Agandecca is sung in the song of Carril (Book III.). Fingal here and in all the poems is depicted as blessed with all the virtues of war and peace. He is known by the epithet of "Fingal of the mildest look." He is full of humanity, generosity, mercy, tenderness and solicitude. "My arm," he boasts, "was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel." Dr. Blair asserted: "We may boldly defy all antiquity to show us any hero equal to Fingal."

The story of "Temora" is of posterior date to "Fingal." It describes Fingal's descent on the coast of Erin and the three battles by which he defeats the bloody assassin of Cormac and usurper of the throne. Fingal's son Fillan is killed. He is the youngest of his sons, thirsty for glory, but he falls in his first battle. Of him Fingal says to his warriors: "A young beam is before you; few are his steps to war. They are few, but he is valiant; defend my dark-haired son. Bring him back with joy; hereafter he may stand alone. His form is like his fathers; his soul is a flame of their fire." Dying, Fillan murmurs to Ossian: "Ossian, lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above me, lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields, fallen without renown. Let thy voice alone send joy to my flying soul." And in this poem we see Fingal, too, the aged warrior, winning triumphs on the last of his battle-fields.

The smaller historical poems, which are generally of the elegiac kind, recount other exploits of Fingal. In Carric-thura, Sulmalla of Lumon, and Cathloda, Fingal sails against the warriors of the Scandinavian coast and the isles of the Orkneys. He even meets the god Odin (Loda) and wounds that foreign deity. In Carric-thura, Fingal saves Cathulla from Frothal's siege. In Comala, he defeats the Roman Caracalla, son of Severus (211 A.D.). In "Oithona" Gaul is the hero and regains his ravished mistress. In "Carthon," Clessamor's son Carthon is captured by Comhal, Fingal's sire, in a raid on the Britons. Seeking revenge later Carthon is killed unwittingly by his own father. In "Croma" Ossian himself goes to the relief of Crothar and kills Rothmar. "Berrathon" is Ossian's swan-song, "the last sound of the voice of Cona." Ossian is portrayed as an aged and blind harper, prince and hero, chanting these lays of olden time, in the twilight of life, to Malvina, the wife of his son Oscar.

The scenery of these poems is the heath by the seashore, the mountain shaded with mist, the torrent in the valley, the oaks and mossy tombs of warriors. Ossian's mythology comprises many ghosts, airy spirits who visit the living. Thus Crugal appears: "A dark-red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by

the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream." In one of the poems there occurs a shower of blood. The sound of death is also heard in the strings of Ossian's harp. The airy hall of Fingal is described in "Berrathon."

It is easy to see, even from this brief review, how romantically Ossian (or Macpherson) has treated these barbarous times and heroes. As Macpherson declared: "Fingal exercised every manly virtue in Caledonia, while Heliogabalus disgraced human nature at Rome." We behold no debasing passions in any of Fingal's warriors.

Dr. Blair, formerly revered as an authority in rhetoric, remarked: "Homer is most sublime in actions and battles; Ossian, in description and sentiment. He is even ahead of the polite and refined Virgil. . . . We find tenderness, and even delicacy of sentiment, greatly predominant over fierceness and barbarity. Our hearts are melted with the softest feelings, and at the same time elevated with the highest ideas of magnanimity, generosity and true heroism. . . . Two great characteristics of Ossian's poetry are tenderness and sublimity. It breathes nothing of the gay or cheerful kind; an air of solemnity and seriousness is diffused over the whole. He moves perpetually in the high region of the grand and the pathetic. . . . His poetry, more perhaps than that of any other writer, deserves to be styled, 'The Poetry of the Heart.' "

It was as "Poetry of the Heart" that Ossian attracted and conquered the literary mind of all Europe a century ago. The Romanticists of Germany, Italy, and France saw not the incongruousness of such a hero as Fingal in a barbaric land and age. To them he represented lordly human nature untrammeled by civilization and convention. They hailed him as a revelation of their own theories, and reveled in his sensibility and romantic tenderness. Thus Ossian became a potent literary factor of the close of the eighteenth century. The "Stormsters" of Germany eulogized him;

Schiller admired his "great nature;" Goethe treated of Fingal in his Song of Selma in the "Sorrows of Werther;" Coleridge and Byron imitated Ossian; Lamartine, Hugo and the Cénacle read him constantly. Even Napoleon Bonaparte relished Ossian's songs in Abbé Cesarotti's Italian translation. "The eagerness with which these poems have been received abroad," stated Macpherson, "is a recompense for the coldness with which a few have affected to treat them at home."

It may be added that Macpherson, thanks to Lord Bute, was then rich. As agent for an East-Indian nabob he amassed a fortune. He pursued his literary work to the end, with a History of Britain and a translation of the Iliad—received with ridicule. He also attempted to answer "Junius," and wrote for Lord North's ministry a reply to the Declaration of the Continental Congress of the new American nation.

CROMA.

MALVINA, the daughter of Toscar, is overheard by Ossian bewailing the loss of her husband Oscar, whom she sees in her dreams. Ossian, his father, attempts to remove her grief by reciting one of his own early exploits, when he went to aid Crothar, the blind King of Cromar, against the invader Rothmar.

"It was the voice of my love! seldom art thou in the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, O father of Toscar of shields! Unfold the gates of your clouds: the steps of Malvina are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast! from the dark-rolling face of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the tree; the dream of Malvina fled. But she beheld her love when his robe of mist flew on the wind. A sunbeam was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger; it was the voice of my love! seldom comes he to my dreams!

"But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian! My sighs arise with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers; no leaf of

mine arose! The virgins saw me silent in the hall; they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said, thou first of the maids of Lutha! Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?"

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth. When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music of bards, and thy song is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar! and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tales of Ossian, O maid! He remembers the days of his youth!

The king commanded; I raised my sails, and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's sounding bay in lovely Innisfail. High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar, king of spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar had raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in war, for the chief of Croma was the friend of his youth. I sent the bard before me with songs. I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the chief amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed.

His gray locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times; when the sound of our arms reached his ears Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

"Ossian," said the hero, "the strength of Crothar's arm has failed. Oh, could I lift the sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the first of men; but Crothar had also his fame. The king of Morven praised me; he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the king had slain in his wars. Dost thou not behold it on the wall? for Crothar's eyes have failed. Is thy strength like thy father's, Ossian? Let the aged feel thine arm!"

I gave my arm to the king; he felt it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears came down. "Thou art strong, my son," he said, "but not like the king of Morven! But who is like the hero among the mighty in war? Let the feast of my hall be spread; and let my bards exalt the song. Great is he that is within my walls, ye sons of echoing Croma!" The feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but sorrow swelled in the midst of his voice.

"Son of Fingal! beholdest thou not the darkness of Crothar's joy? My soul was not sad at the feast, when my people lived before me. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed. He left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal! in the wars of his father. Rothmar, the chief of grassy Tromlo, heard that these eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose! He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in my wrath, but what could sightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past; days wherein I fought and won in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase: the fair-haired Fovar-gormo. He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the

soul of the youth was great; the fire of valor burned in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose—'King of Croma,' he said, 'is it because thou hast no son, is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo's arm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel my strength; I have drawn the sword of my youth, and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the sons of Croma: let me meet him, O my father! I feel my burning soul!' 'And thou shalt meet him," I said, "son of the sightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo.' He went; he met the foe; he fell. Rothmar advances to Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears."

"This is no time to fill the shell," I replied, and took my spear! My people saw the fire of my eyes; they all arose around. Through night we strode along the heath. Gray morning rose in the east. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor wanting are its winding streams. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We bound along the vale. They fled. Rothmar sunk beneath my sword! Day had not descended in the west, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands, and joy brightened over all his thoughts.

The people gather to the hall! The shells of the feast are heard. Ten harps are strung; five bards advance, and sing by turns the praise of Ossian; they poured forth their burning souls, and the string answered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great, for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence; the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great, for the gloomy Rothmar had fallen!

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian. "King of spears," he said, "my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly, but met death as he went forward in his strength. Happy

are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall, or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honored in song; the young tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged wither away by degrees; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgot. They fall in secret. The sigh of their soul is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in their youth, when their renown is around them."

CUTHULLIN'S COUNCIL OF WAR.

(From Fingal, Book I.)

CUTHULLIN, general of the Irish tribes in the minority of King Cormac, is informed of the landing of Swaran, King of Lochlin, and calls a council of chiefs. They resolve to fight, but on the march three heroes are missing. Fergus arriving tells of the death of the other two.

"Hail," said Cuthullin, "sons of the narrow vales! hail, hunters of the deer! Another sport is drawing near: it is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast! Or shall we fight, ye sons of war! or yield green Erin to Lochlin? O Connal, speak, thou first of men! thou breaker of the shields! thou hast often fought with Lochlin: wilt thou lift thy father's spear?"

"Cuthullin!" calm the chief replied, "the spear of Connal is keen. It delights to shine in battle, to mix with the blood of thousands. But though my hand is bent on fight, my heart is for the peace of Erin. Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, the sable fleet of Swaran. His masts are many on our coasts, like reeds on the lake of Lego. His ships are forests clothed with mists, when the trees yield by turns to the squally wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. Connal is for peace. Fingal would shun his arm, the first of mortal men! Fingal who scatters the mighty, as stormy winds the echoing Cona; and night settles with all her clouds on the hill!"

"Fly, thou man of peace!" said Calmar, "fly," said the son of Matha; "go, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the spear never brightens in war! Pursue the dark-brown deer of Cromla: stop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena.

But blue-eyed son of Semo, Cuthullin, ruler of the field, scatter thou the sons of Lochlin! roar through the ranks of their pride. Let no vessel of the kingdom of snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore. Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise! roar, whirlwinds of Lara of hinds! Amid the tempest let me die, torn, in a cloud, by angry ghosts of men; amid the tempest let Calmar die, if ever chase was sport to him, so much as the battle of shields!"

"Calmar," Connal slow replied, "I never fled, young son of Matha! I was swift with my friends in fight; but small is the fame of Connal! The battle was won in my presence! the valiant overcome! But, son of Semo, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of Cormac. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till Fingal shall arrive on our coast. Or, if war be thy choice, I lift the sword and spear. My joy shall be in the midst of thousands; my soul shall lighten through the gloom of the fight!"

"To me," Cuthullin replies, "pleasant is the noise of arms! pleasant as the thunder of heaven, before the shower of spring! But gather all the shining tribes, that I may view the sons of war. Let them pass along the heath, bright as the sunshine before a storm, when the west wind collects the clouds, and Morven echoes over all her oaks! But where are my friends in battle? the supporters of my arm in danger? Where art thou, white-bosomed Câthba? Where is that cloud in war, Duchômar? Hast thou left me, O Fergus! in the day of the storm? Fergus, first in our joy at the feast! son of Rossa! arm of death! comest thou like a roe from Malmor? like a hart from thy echoing hills? Hail, thou son of Rossa! what shades the soul of war?"

"Four stones," replied the chief, "rise on the grave of Câthba. These hands have laid in earth Duchômar, that cloud in war! Câthba, son of Torman! thou wert a sunbeam in Erin. And thou, O valiant Duchômar! a mist of the marshy Lano, when it moves on the plains of autumn, bearing the death of thousands along. Morna! fairest of maids! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock! Thou hast fallen in darkness, like a star, that shoots across the desert; when the traveler is alone, and mourns the transient beam!"

"Say," said Semo's blue-eyed son, "say how fell the chiefs of Erin. Fell they by the sons of Lochlin, striving in the battle of heroes? Or what confines the strong in arms to the dark and narrow house?"

"Câthba," replied the hero, "fell by the sword of Duchômar at the oak of the noisy streams. Duchômar came to Tura's cave; he spoke to the lovely Morna. 'Morna, fairest among women, lovely daughter of strong-armed Cormac! Why in the circle of stones; in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs along. The old tree groans in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee: dark are the clouds of the sky! But thou art snow on the heath; thy hair is the mist of Cromla, when it curls on the hill, when it shines to the beam of the west! Thy breasts are two smooth rocks seen from Branno of streams. Thy arms, like two white pillars in the halls of the great Fingal.'

"'From whence,' the fair-haired maid replied, 'from whence Duchômar, most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows and terrible! Red are thy rolling eyes! Does Swaran appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchômar?' 'From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark-brown hinds. Three have I slain with my bended yew. Three with my long-bounding dogs of the chase. Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my soul: I have slain one stately deer for thee. High was his branchy head, and fleet his feet of wind.' 'Duchômar,' calm the maid replied, 'I love thee not, thou gloomy man! hard is thy heart of rock; dark is thy terrible brow. But Câthba, young son of Torman, thou art the love of Morna. Thou art a sunbeam, in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Câthba!'"

"'Long shall Morna wait,' Duchômar said, 'long shall Morna wait for Câthba! Behold this sword unsheathed! Here wanders the blood of Câthba. Long shall Morna wait. He fell by the stream of Branno. On Croma I will raise his tomb, daughter of blue-shielded Cormac! Turn on Duchômar thine eyes; his arm is strong as a storm.' 'Is the son of Torman fallen?' said the wildly-bursting voice of the maid;

'is he fallen on his echoing hills, the youth with the breast of snow? the first in the chase of hinds! the foe of the strangers of ocean! Thou art dark to me, Duchomar; cruel is thine arm to Morna! Give me that sword, my foe! I loved the wandering blood of Cathba!'

"He gave the sword to her tears. She pierced his manly breast! He fell, like the bank of a mountain stream, and stretching forth his hand, he spoke: 'Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac! Thou hast slain me in youth! the sword is cold in my breast! Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina the maid. Duchômar was the dream of her night! She will raise my tomb; the hunter shall raise my fame. But draw the sword from my breast. Morna, the steel is cold!' She came, in all her tears she came; she drew the sword from his breast. He pierced her white side! He spread her fair locks on the ground! Her bursting blood sounds from her side: her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay. The cave re-echoed to her sighs."

"Peace," said Cuthullin, "to the souls of the heroes! their deeds were great in fight. Let them ride around me on clouds. Let them show their features of war. My soul shall then be firm in danger; mine arm like the thunder of heaven! But be thou on a moonbeam, O Morna! near the window of my rest; when my thoughts are of peace; when the din of arms is past. Gather the strength of the tribes! Move to the wars of Erin!"

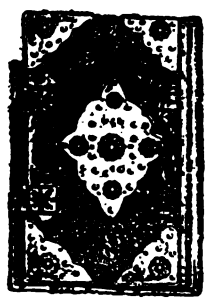
Froissart's Book.

I, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, had, during my stay in Abbeville, a great desire to see the Kingdom of England; more especially since it was a time of truce. Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of King Edward, and that good Lady Philippa, his queen, with their children. I had taken care to form a collection of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated. I was also minded to go to England from a desire to see King Richard, whom I had not seen since the time of his christening in the cathedral of Bordeaux; and my book of poesy, finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, I took as a present for him. Having provided myself with horses, I crossed from Calais to Dover, on the 12th day of July, and on Wednesday by nine o'clock arrived at Canterbury, to visit the shrine of St. Thomas and the tomb of the late Prince of Wales, who had been buried there. I heard high mass, made my offerings at the shrine, and returned to my inn for dinner; when I heard that the king was to come on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas. I thought, therefore, that it would be well to wait his arrival, which I did; and on the morrow he came in great state, accompanied by lords and ladies, with whom I mixed; but they were all new faces to me. I did not remember one of them; times and persons had greatly changed since I was last in England, eighty-and-twenty years past. I addressed myself to Sir Thomas Percy, High Steward of England, whom I found gracious and of agreeable manners, and who offered to present me to the king. . . .

On being introduced to the king I was graciously and kindly received. He took all the letters I presented to him, and having read them attentively, said I was welcome, and since I had belonged to the household of the late king and queen, I must consider myself still as of the royal household of England. This day I did not offer him the book I had brought, for Sir Thomas Percy told me it was not a fit opportunity, as he was much occupied with serious business. . . . .

On the Sunday the whole council went to London except the Duke of York, who remained with the king, and Sir Richard Sturry. These two, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Percy, mentioned me again to the king, who desired to see the book I had brought for him. I presented it to him in his chamber, and laid it upon his bed. He opened it and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver-gilt, richly worked with roses in the center. The king asked me what the book treated of. I replied—Of love. He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud; for he read and spoke French perfectly well; and then gave it to one of his knights to carry to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it. . . .

—*Froissart's Chronicles.*



A MEDIAEVAL BOOK.

THE RENAISSANCE

CHAPTER I.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The word *renaissance* means literally "rebirth." By the Italian Renaissance we refer to that period—approximately from 1300 to 1550—when art, letters, and other forms of mental activity awoke from their lethargy of the Middle Ages and quickly attained a remarkable development. Although tendencies had long been working in this direction, artists now broke loose from restraints which had hampered them for centuries. Untrammeled by either the spirit or the rulings of Church Fathers, men laid bare the conceptions of their souls on canvas with such marvelous skill that the world has since wondered and never again witnessed the like. Poets and prophets poured forth their messages in the language of the people, and the masses, to whom Latin—the language of books—was unknown, were roused to some vague sense of their possibilities. Geographers and astronomers felt the impulse and set about their searchings with a zeal which opened the way for discovery. All manifestations of intellectual life were stimulated and intensified.

From Italy the so-called new thought spread into France, thence to England and northwestern Europe. Scholars abandoned the barren methods of scholasticism and set themselves to mastering the difficulties of the Greek language and the content of Greek philosophy. Sculptors caught a fleeting glimpse of the spirit which had actuated old Greek sculptors and added the vigor of their own age. Everywhere in place of stupor there was activity; in place of imitation, originality; in place of blind faith, investigation.

It is not difficult to account for the fact that the Renaissance had its beginnings in Italy of the fourteenth century rather than in some other European country. Here the spirit of

political unity had thus far failed to develop. Italy was still a mere geographical expression and was composed of many little states and communes. For centuries the struggle carried on intermittently between Emperor and Pope had here been most intense. Questions that had elsewhere been deliberated upon had in Italy been fought out. The Emperor had sought to reduce Italy to submission and to establish some degree of unity there; the interests of the Pope had led him to oppose this plan, to repulse so far as possible the Emperor's claims, and to keep Italy divided. Two parties, or factions, early developed in consequence of this struggle: the Ghibillines, or supporters of the imperial policy; and the Guelfs, the adherents of the Pope. The first party was naturally composed of those whose personal interests made them dependent upon the Emperor; the Guelf was, generally speaking, the people's party. It included artisans, craftsmen, members of the guilds, besides some nobles whose advantage lay in checking the power of the Emperor. This party invariably resented and repelled the efforts of the Emperor to interfere in Italian affairs or to settle the differences of Italian states. To be sure, as time went on these party distinctions were lost sight of; indeed, we may find instances of Ghibillines rushing to the support of some papal action or of the Guelfs temporarily espousing the cause of the Emperor. From age to age the early significances of either party were forgotten while others took their place. The very meaning of the names Guelf and Ghibilline finally became obscure.

It is difficult for us today, living in a land where order is almost uniformly maintained, to understand the lengths to which party feeling went in Mediaeval Italy. Strife was the rule rather than the exception, and frequently the streets of the Italian communes were filled with bloody combats between Guelf and Ghibilline. Often the Guelfs were successful in exiling the Ghibilline leaders, and any attempt on their part to re-establish themselves was accompanied by riots and civil disorder. Hatreds were intense and little toleration was shown.

This political discord, so fatal to the development of national feeling and unity, was nevertheless favorable to intellectual expansion. Men were unaccustomed to yielding submis-

sion, whether willing or sullen; they were schooled in thinking out problems for themselves and grew bold in standing out upon their rights. This alertness toward political issues extended to other fields of mental activity and resulted in a remarkable literature expressed in the vernacular—long held unworthy of dignified writing.

"As regards literature, the subdivision of Italy into numerous small States and the energetic self-assertion of the individual, were distinctly favorable. Though the want of a great public, such as can alone be found in the capital of a free, united nation, may be reckoned among the many reasons which prevented the Italians from developing the drama, yet the rivalry of town with town and of burgher with burgher, court life with its varied opportunities for the display of talent, and municipal life with its restless competition in commerce and public affairs, encouraged the activity of students, historians, statisticians, critics, and poets. . . . It was the highly perfected individuality of the Italians that made them first emerge from mediaeval bondage and become the apostles of humanism for the modern world. . . .

"In proportion as Italy lost year by year the hope of becoming a united nation, in proportion as the military instincts were extinguished by despotism, in precisely the same ratio did she evermore acquire a deeper sense of her intellectual vocation."[1]

Varied were the forms of mental grasp and wide was the scope for executive ability. Commerce was the leading industry in many Italian cities, and instead of abandoning commercial interests when his fortune had been made, and of disclaiming the humble rounds of trade by which he had ascended, the Italian retained his hold upon mercantile concerns and was proud of his galleys and far-reaching caravans. The craftsmen and artisans were proud of their callings and were honored in being chosen to prominent positions in their guilds for a brief term of office. The daring and venturesome found room for their particular genius as leaders of military bands. As commerce grew, men of affairs became more and more reluctant to abandon their own interests to go to fight for Duke, Pope or Emperor—even to fight for freedom of their own

[1] Symonds: Renaissance in Italy, v. II, 8.

city. Consequently a system of mercenary troops arose led by daring men known as *condottieri.* These made a profession of fighting and were at the service of the highest bidder.

Not alone do the political conditions then existing or the varied expression of life explain why the Renaissance began in Italy. The Crusades brought marked results to Europe generally, but nowhere was their influence more strongly felt than in the cities of northern Italy. Such centers as lay in the direct path of the crusading bands were taxed to their utmost to meet the demands suddenly laid upon them. Vessels were in great demand to transport the human freight. Captains who carried crusaders thither returned with shiploads of Syrian goods. Trade throve mightily and Italian ports acquired vast riches. Thus they were able to purchase freedom from annoying feudal dues or oppressive taxes, and we find such centers early becoming practically independent. Towns of this kind as a natural consequence became favorable spots for the fostering of free thought, free life and free activity.

Again, the crusaders came in touch with a civilization and culture in the East far transcending any they had known before. Much ancient learning that had disappeared in Italy had survived in Constantinople. Greek thought had lived on in the East, although it had largely died out in the West. Many who returned brought copies of Greek masterpieces with them. Men began to delve into the wisdom of the ancients. Scholars who had found the learning of the Middle Ages barren plunged into Greek philosophy and metaphysics. Greek became the passion of men, and many, like Petrarch, who scarcely understood the language, treasured volumes unintelligible to them with a veneration which our age could not understand.

No longer could the Church hold thought bound; investigation in one direction led to inquiry in another. Abelard's maxim had become trite: "By doubting we are led to inquire; by inquiry we perceive the truth."

"The intellect, after lying spellbound during a long night, when thoughts were as dreams and movement as somnambulism, resumed its activity, interrogated nature, and enjoyed the pleasures of unimpeded energy. Without ceasing to be Christians, the men of the Revival dared once again to exer-

cise their thought as boldly as the Greeks and Romans had done before them. More than this, they were now able, as it were, by the resuscitation of a lost faculty, to do so freely and clear-sightedly. The touch upon them of the classic spirit was like the finger of a deity giving life to the dead."[2]

The art of printing contributed largely to the diffusion of learning and stimulated the desire for it. As early as 1465 a printing press was set up in Italy and in a comparatively short time the number of volumes printed proved surprisingly large. This, together with the use of the vernacular, made it possible for new ideas to be quickly transmitted from one center to another.

As has been said, the revival of learning and the rapid progress it made penetrated beyond the borders of Italy to regions quite remote. Scholars in France, England, Flanders, and the Netherlands were infatuated with it. Poems and prose, already abundant in France, appeared now in various languages of the people; painting was for a while largely confined to Italy, but gradually spread into Flanders, the Netherlands and elsewhere; in science we find Roger Bacon first applying modern methods of investigation in England; Spain espoused the cause of the first great Italian navigator and aided him to open a new world to human vision. In religion alone the revival was slowest, and the religious Renaissance belongs properly to the Protestant Reformation.

[2] Ibid., 47.

CHAPTER II.

FLORENCE.

Florence is an inland city, surrounded by hills, lying in the valley of the Arno. Tuscany, the province in which it lies, was the old home of the Etruscans, and was earlier known as Etruria. It has been recently suggested that the people of Florence may have inherited some of their artistic skill from the early inhabitants of this region, but that is a theory which it would be difficult to substantiate now.

It appears that on the site of the present Florence there was once an Etruscan trading post, known by the name of *Campo Martis*. This may have later been destroyed, for there are evidences that the Romans rebuilt this town not earlier than 200 B. C. By 15 A. D. it had grown to sufficient importance to take some share in affairs.

The origin of the name Florence is uncertain. For years the legend has been perpetuated that it came from *flores liliorum*—due to the profusion of lilies which grew in the surrounding meadows. However, it is more reasonable to assume that *Florentia*—as it was long called—came from *Fluentia*—a name given because of the junction of the Arno and the Mugnone at this point.

Few facts survive concerning Florence prior to 1000 A. D. Since the town lay on the direct route to Rome as one approached from the north, it gradually grew in size and importance. From early times the people of Florence were torn by internal troubles. These increased in intensity and bitterness as years went by.

Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, ruled the city from 1076 to 1115. She was a staunch supporter of the Pope, and in the investiture struggle rendered material assistance to the papal cause.

We know that Fiesole was conquered and added to Florentine territory in 1125. Ten years later, a republic was prac-

tically established. The conditions obtaining under the rule of the Countess Matilda were such as to foster a spirit of independence; another great school for developing administrative ability was to be found in the trade guilds. Since these guilds were intimately bound up with the history of Florence, we may do well to touch upon them briefly.

The *Arti Maggiori,* or the Greater Guilds, comprised seven of the most influential and wealthy trades and crafts: the Guild of Judges and Notaries; Dressers and Dyers of Foreign Cloth; Cloth Manufacturers; Silk Manufacturers; Bankers and Money Changers; Doctors and Druggists; and Furriers. At the head of these stood the *Calimala,* or Dressers and Dyers of Foreign Cloth. They were known as the Calimala from the street in which their shops were located. Their origin is especially interesting and indicates how skillful were the workmen of this time.

"The manufacture of woolen stuffs had been carried on in Italy from an early date, but the Tuscan hillsides being more suitable for vineyards and olive groves than pasture, the supply of home wool was unequal to the demand. To supplement the deficiency the enterprising Florentine merchants brought large quantities of cloth from foreign countries, especially from France, Flanders, Holland, and England. But these purchased goods were coarse and ill-finished, and neither in make nor colour did they satisfy the refined Florentine taste. Accordingly workshops were established in which they were carded, shaved, milled, pressed, and dyed afresh, and as the wool of which they were made was finer than any that Italy could produce, when thus finished they were superior to home-made materials. This was the nature of the work done by the members of the great Calimala guild. And to such a pitch of perfection did they carry the art of 'finishing', that cloth bearing the Calimala trade-mark commanded a high price all over Europe, and was often sold at a profit in the country where it had been made. They were also noted for their skill as dyers, and among their finest products was the crimson cloth of which the *lucco* (a hooded cloak worn by Florentine magistrates and legislators), was made. . . . The Calimala guild required a label to be placed on every piece of cloth put

on the market, on which its exact measurement and any imperfections had to be specified."[1]

These guilds elected officers bi-annually, and to these was given considerable responsibility in supervising matters of trade. They also caused the enactment of statutes relative to protection of their guild.

The *Arti Minori* finally comprised fourteen guilds: Mercers and Linen-drapers; Butchers; Shoemakers; Master Masons and Carpenters; Blacksmiths; Ironmongers; Tanners; Oil-merchants; Locksmiths; Armourers; Saddlers; Innkeepers; Wine-merchants, and Bakers. These gained gradually the political importance which they originally lacked.

The trade guilds not only possessed representative government, but they had each its standard and arms for its members, so each could muster a sort of militia. No understanding of the history of Florence would be possible without taking the history of these guilds, their achievements and strifes, into account.

The Florentines early gave indication of their independent spirit. Both Pope and Emperor claimed over-lordship, but their claims were rarely substantiated. We find the haughty citizens refusing to receive messengers from the Emperor, saying: "The Emperor is nothing to us!" We also find them ignoring the counsel of the Pope unless it coincided with the wishes of the majority. Two political parties, the Guelfs and the Ghibillines, came into existence here, as elsewhere in Italy.

As has previously been explained, the Guelfs were long the supporters of the Pope against the Emperor; the Ghibillines, the imperial adherents. However, the time came when the Pope entered into alliance with the Ghibillines against the Guelfs.

In early years the feudal lords and their followers espoused the cause of the Ghibillines, and fierce was the struggle between the two parties within the city. Now one side triumphed; now the other. Street brawls were too ordinary to excite comment; men were killed and injured constantly. Houses were invaded and the inmates slain. One who writes of the conditions says: "Men who lived through these times

[1] Florence, F. A. Hyett, 33.

used to tell how at every hour of the night and day life was equally insecure; how it was doubtful whether it were more necessary to guard your door or your windows and roof; how every man suspected an enemy to be hidden behind the curtains of his bed or even in it."

While there were plenty of exceptions, the people's party, or the Guelfs, gradually gained ground. They forced the feudal lords out of the city into strongholds in the hills and mountains. To offset the guilds the nobles had their Societies of Towers. Nevertheless, citizenship was finally conditional upon membership in one or another of the guilds—which the feudal lords were compelled to join if they would share in municipal affairs. We may judge of the triumph of the Guelfs when in 1293 A. D. we find Giano della Bella bringing forward the famous Ordinances of Justice. These provided that one must practise the trade or craft to which he belonged. Not only did this exclude the nobles from office, but certain restrictions were placed upon them: for example, in times of disorder they were obliged to remain at home on pain of being exiled.

By 1323 the organization of the government was well defined. The constitution provided for a pure democracy; however, the wealthy usually exercised great influence. The Signory stood at the head of the government: it was a kind of superior council made up of a Gonfalonier of Justice and six priors. The Signory had chief control of affairs and the right of initiating legislation. There was also a body made up of twelve members which constituted a privy council to the Signory. A Podesta was added, he being an executive officer chosen for one year, from some outside state. The Florentines regarded it necessary to have a foreigner in their midst to mediate between conflicting elements. Broils and riots continued until 1346, after which time they were less frequent and sometimes for years together peace was maintained in the city.

Two calamities shortly overtook Florence. The first was the famine caused by the total failure of a harvest. Prices rose above the possibilities of the majority. The municipal authorities set to work to relieve the extreme need; public ovens were provided, and men worked day and night to pro-

vide bread, which was sold at a nominal price. Quite a considerable debt was contracted.

We are told that 90,000 people were helped by the city before normal conditions returned. Two years later the Great Plague was brought into Italy from the East. Florence again was stricken. There were not enough living to bury the dead, and the sick had none to care for them. When the terrible scourge at last abated, three-fifths of the population had been wiped out. Yet it is marvelous to find how quickly the city recovered herself, and how soon she was once more warring with her neighbors.

Reference has already been made to the Condottieri system which grew up in Italy, replacing the earlier militia service. There were several reasons for this. In mediaeval times the feudal lords constituted the important part of the army. Then, as always, the rank and file were essential in winning victories, yet the knights took the lead, and the result depended largely upon their numbers and courage. During the protracted struggles between nobles and the people, the number of the feudal lords had been greatly reduced. They were not only forced to seek protection in their mountain castles, but often their property was confiscated and used to reimburse the Guelfs for losses they sustained when the nobles were in the ascendency.

Again, the Emperor not infrequently made incursions into Italy with the intention of reducing various portions of the peninsula to submission, or perhaps to replenish his empty treasury. It was not uncommon for detachments of his army to desert to the enemy, or to fall away from his command. Adventurers found it not a difficult matter to gather around them men who loved fighting for its own sake—men whose trade was war. They were in frequent demand, for men much preferred to pay soldiers to fight for them than to leave their own business and go to war. The system was accompanied with many evils. These bands were mere companies of plunderers in time of peace. Cities paid them large prices rather than have them swoop down upon their lands for support. Naturally when a large number of men whose trade was war existed in a country —foreigners, with no patriotism whatever—they did what

they could to induce others to make war. One year a company would be fighting in the service of the Pope; the following year might find the same soldiers aiding the Emperor. One year they might serve one duke, the following, his enemy.

Since a condottiere's wealth consisted of his soldiers, he wished to keep them from being killed. Moreover, it was more advantageous to take prisoners and hold them for ransom than to kill them. The result of this was that "bloodless battles" became the order of the day. The battles were mere shams. Only a dozen men might be killed during a long engagement.

There could be little loyalty expected of soldiers such as these, yet there were certain codes to which even they were expected to conform. They were not supposed to desert upon the eve of battle nor to stop in the midst of battle to demand their pay; yet both were done occasionally. They developed war tactics; many modern methods of fighting originated with the condottieri. Each town or province that needed their help was glad to hurry them away as soon as possible. Florence, like her neighbors, found occasional need of them; sometimes, too, we find sums paid them to remain away from her territory.

From earliest times the Florentines had been jealous of Pisa—a seaport that shut Florence off from maritime trade. It is evident as we follow her beginnings that she would never rest until Pisa was subdued. This was brought about in 1406.

It was largely due to an excellent banking system that Florence became powerful in Italy. Our present system of banking can be traced back to mediaeval Florence. Not only were there plenty of exchanges in Florence itself, but wherever her commerce led, there agencies were established. To avoid transmission of specie, local clearing-houses were maintained. The Florentines were the papal bankers, and owing to their honesty and integrity, families like the Bardi, Pitti and Medici held places corresponding to that held today by the Rothschilds. Dukes borrowed of them, kings obtained large loans, and from their position as heavy money loaners, banking families of Florence grew into world importance.

In connection with the matter of finance, it is interesting to

note that Florence was the first commonwealth to incur a national debt. Finding themselves heavily involved, her citizens funded their several debts into one bearing interest at 5 per cent, secured on the revenue, salable above or below par, according to the credit of the state.

In 1420 Giovanni de Medici was elected Gonfalonier—not without strong opposition, however. The Medici family had long been bankers and were already wealthy. They had been steadfastly prevented from becoming office-holders, for Florentines justly felt that it was a dangerous practice to allow rich men to gain great political power. Giovanni held to a very conservative policy. He uniformly refused to take advantage of his position and shortly gained the confidence of all. Holding himself strictly to the letter of the law, he refused office after office, and discharged such duties as were put upon him in a most becoming manner. Those who always see in the Medici men whose sole thought was the promotion of personal interest interpret this very policy of Giovanni as the acme of shrewd statesmanship. It was not so regarded by his contemporaries. They found Giovanni de Medici a conservative man whose charity was proverbial, who refused to use his wealth as a stepping-stone to political aggrandizement, and who, when he died, was mourned by all.

Tradition says that as he lay dying he gave his sons his parting admonition, which had they followed, Florence would have fared better. Historians today differ as to their acceptance of the story, but Machiavelli preserved it in this fashion:

"Nothing makes my death so easy and quiet to me as the thought that I have been so far from injuring or disobliging any person that I have done them all the good offices I was able. The same course I recommend to you. For matters of office and government, if you would live happy and secure, my advice is that you only accept what the laws and the people confer upon you: that will create you neither envy nor danger; for, 'tis not what is given that makes men odious, but what is usurped, and you will always find a greater number of those who, encroaching upon other people's interests, ruin their own at last, and in the meantime live in perpetual disquiet. By these arts, among so many factions and enemies,

I have not only preserved, but augmented my reputation in the city. If you follow my example you may maintain and increase yours. But if neither my example nor persuasion can keep you from other ways your ends will be no happier than several others who in my memory have destroyed both themselves and their families."[2]

The conservative policy of this first great Medici was by no means adhered to by his successors. Cosimo at once filled the place left vacant by his father's death. He proved in the long run more ambitious and less cautious. Political treachery soon led to his temporary imprisonment and exile. Much of the period of exile was spent in Venice, where he lived like a foreign prince. Reverses of fortune, so frequent in Florence, made possible his recall, after which he remained at the head of affairs in his native city throughout his life.

While Giovanni de Medici had not opposed the new learning and had given his sons every advantage, nevertheless he belonged to the age just passing away and was not himself imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance. His son Cosimo was keenly alive to all the various phases of the Revival. No scholar appealed to him in vain for aid to carry on his studies; artists were encouraged and their paintings eagerly bought; libraries were founded and to a great extent the Medici wealth was lavished in beautifying Florence and bringing cultural advantages to her citizens.

Giovanni's other son, Lorenzo, died early. The great banking system built up by the steady industry and prudent investments of this family, together with its accompanying responsibilities, fell to Cosimo's son, Piero—nicknamed the Gouty. Poor health allowed him to hold his position but a few years, and small popular favor attended him. His pride was in his son Lorenzo, often called the Magnificent. Even Cosimo had been comforted and gratified by the promise of his grandson, whose versatile qualities early manifested themselves. At the age of sixteen he was ready for diplomatic service, and was sent on several embassies to neighboring cities. Gifted to a remarkable degree, Lorenzo commanded wide popularity throughout his life. Writer, poet, keenly ap-

[2] Machiavelli, Hist. of Florence, IV.

preciative of the artistic, generous and open-handed, he encouraged learning and lent a strong influence in the cause of Renaissance movements.

Because of the financial power of the Medici family, holding as they did kings and kingdoms under obligation, Lorenzo was able to muster sufficient strength to direct public affairs in Florence and to wield wide influence outside his small but important state. The forms of the republic were preserved, but the democratic spirit was all but gone.

Two opposing attitudes have been taken by modern historians who have written concerning the life of Lorenzo de Medici and his times: some have seen in him only the despot who robbed the people of their rights and Florence of her liberty. Others have been lost in admiration of the man and the far-sighted plans of his family and have passed over the relative position held by Lorenzo, in beholding a family of merchants who by prudent investments were able at last to control the state and intermarry with many of the nobles of neighboring courts.

There is much to be said in support of the idea that at this time Florence had reached a stage of development when a one-man rule was bound to come, and if so, fortunate it was for that city if the one in power was possessed of sufficient mental grasp and divining qualities to understand the controlling forces of his generation and to use his influence for the furtherance of learning—then at its height.

During Lorenzo's life the forms of the republic were preserved. After his death his weak son betrayed the city to the foreigner, incurring the just hatred of his fellow-townsmen. For several generations the Medici continued in power and the republic ceased to exist even in the semblance of former days.

CHAPTER III.

VENICE.

The waters of the Po and of several other streams hurrying through the plains of Lombardy on their way to the sea have for ages carried with them quantities of soil, rocks and shells. Part of the load has been dropped before the mouths of the rivers were reached; much has been carried out beyond the shore line, forming a kind of sand bar, or better, a chain of islands. Lagoons separate the sandy islands from the mainland, and canals or narrow waterways divide island from island.

The Veniti dwelt at an early time in that part of Italy which lies at the head of the Adriatic Sea. When Rome conquered the peninsula they were added to her dominions, but their commerce was little interfered with. Padua was the greatest of their cities, although numerous were the towns and villages around the Adriatic.

When Attila and his Huns spread into Europe, leaving desolation and despair in their train, terrified ones from various towns of Venetia took refuge on this chain of islands, beaching their boats and dwelling in them until danger was past. The settlement thus brought into being was never again abandoned, but grew eventually into the city of Venice.

"A few in fear
Flying away from him, whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis."

Those who came thither represented various conditions of life, but all assiduously set themselves to the task of making homes where nature's curious formations had insured safety. Fish were abundant and had long supplied a commodity of trade. Salt, too, was obtainable in the vicinity. Seamen for generations and instinctively traders, it was not long before these sturdy men controlled the trade up and down the rivers, from islands to mainland and from port to port along the sea. A letter survives written about 523 A. D., by Cassiodorus, in which he characterized their industry and thrift:

"To your other advantages it is added that you can always travel a safe and tranquil course; for when through the angriness of the winds the sea is closed to you, there opens another way through the pleasantest rivers. Your ships fear not the harsh gusts. . . . With pleasure I recall how I have seen your habitations situated. The noble Venetian towns, already filled with nobles, border on the south Ravenna and the Po; toward the east they enjoy the smiling Ionian shore, where the alternating tide now covers and now bares the surface of the fields. There are your houses like aquatic birds, now on sea and now on shore; and when the aspect changes suddenly, these dwellings scattered far and wide, not produced by nature, but founded by the industry of men, are like the Cyclades. The solid earth is there held together by woven willow boughs, and you have no doubts in opposing so frail a barrier to the waves, when the shore does not suffice, on account of its lowness, to hold back the mass of waters. Your inhabitants have abundance only of fish; rich and poor live together in equality. The same food and similar houses are shared by all; wherefore they cannot envy each other's hearths, and so they are free from the vice that rules the world. All your emulation centers on the salt works; instead of ploughs and scythes, you turn cylinders, whence comes all your gain. Upon your industry all other products depend; for though there may be somebody who does not seek gold, there never yet lived the man who desires not salt, which makes every food more savory. Therefore, repair your ships, which you keep ditched like animals to your walls."

The dogged independence of these island citizens was from

the first apparent. In turn Eastern Emperor, Lombards, Franks and the Pope all strove to establish over-lordship, but to little or no purpose. The Venetians, being a commercial people, were very politic and would give ear to any who brought a request, but brooked no commands. Yielding submission to none, attentive to the will of the Church only when it pleased her own interests, Venice became unique among the nations.

Holding aloof from outside entanglements, she had her share of internal strife. Twelve little settlements united to form the future city. Great rivalry existed between these various hamlets. Some burned with the desire for equality; others brought thither strong aristocratic tendencies. The government, so far as it concerned the whole, was at first vested in twelve tribunes, chosen one from each settlement. So keen were the jealousies arising, it shortly appeared that unity would come only as a result of welding the community together under one executive and a *Doge*—from *dux*—or duke—was elected in 697 A. D.

To the Doge was given wide authority over the administration of the state, the army and ecclesiastical appointments. The tribunes remained, but their duties now were local, corresponding in a general way to ward officers in a modern city. The *arrengo,* or popular assembly, convened for matters of importance, elected the Doge in the beginning and later gave approval to the Doge already chosen by a council. The first Doge continued in office for twenty years, and considerable progress toward unity was made under his administration. At his death the Venetian Republic was firmly established.

In 828 the body of St. Mark was stealthily brought into Venice from Alexandria. In the Middle Ages to possess the body of a saint brought coveted fame, and St. Mark was by many regarded as important as St. Peter. The fortunate citizens directly relegated St. Theodore, their former patron, to a secondary position and eventually built for the glory and honor of St. Mark a splendid cathedral. St. Mark's is inseparably connected with the city's vicissitudes and successes. However formal and meaningless worship in the Middle Ages may now and then have become, such was never the case in

Venice. St. Mark was dearly loved and venerated by all faithful worshippers.

"Be thou unique!" was the message the Fates were believed to have given this Sea-city, and there were many particulars in which it would be impossible to parallel Venice. Feudalism never developed in this state, for feudalism is a system of land tenure and in Venice there was no land. Even as the State reached out territorially, commerce was the predominating feature. Argosies were the means to wealth, and wealthy princes were the aristocrats. A large proportion of the citizens was always away on the sea—not at home in the islands.

From the first there was a tendency to make the Doge a hereditary ruler, but the people long successfully opposed this. Some serious combats arose on several occasions when a Doge, more ambitious than ordinary, tried to establish his line. In 1171 the aristocratic party was strong enough to limit the power of the people in electing the Doge. Rather, the city was divided into six wards: from each two tribunes were chosen; each submitted a list of forty nobles in his ward; these 480 so chosen elected the Doge and submitted their choice for ratification to the arrengo, or assembly. In 1297 a measure was brought forward and passed to the effect that only one whose father or grandfather had served on the Great Council was eligible for membership in it. This made the Council electing the Doge practically a closed body, and the names of such as were eligible were contained in a record known as the Golden Book. In time, even the form of offering the name of the chosen Doge to the popular assembly for ratification was dropped.

We must not infer that as Venice merged from a Republic into an oligarchy the gradual change was necessarily harmful to the people at large. On the contrary, it would be difficult in all history to discover a state where government was more wisely or more justly administered than in Venice. Each who served the State was responsible for any act committed during his term. Upon the death of a Doge, a special commission, known as the Inquisitors of the Doge, examined his acts, and if in any particular he was found blameworthy, his heirs could

be fined. There is one case at least on record where the surviving heirs were heavily fined because a Doge had not lived so magnificently as became his exalted position.

Very famous became the so-called Council of Ten. The council came into being in this way: In 1310 a plot was made to overthrow the government. The State had been carrying on a losing war on the mainland. The plague had taken off many of her troops. Two nobles planned to seize control of affairs and convert the government into a despotism. The plot was discovered, but so great was the consternation occasioned by the bold design that a Council of Ten was appointed to apprehend those whose evil plots might endanger public safety. Very sinister indeed became the reputation of this council. As we read Venetian stories we can imagine the Ten to be at their detective work if but a shadow falls over the canal or a quiet splash of an oar is heard in the darkness. Undoubtedly the Ten over-reached their authority now and then, and in their eagerness to fulfil their duties, or perhaps taking advantage of their office, worked the undoing of some who in reality were innocent. Nevertheless, the Doge and his councillors sat with them and had they become too forbidding it is safe to conclude they would not indefinitely have been tolerated.

A few facts in the history of Venice's story do little or nothing to explain to us her one-time splendor. It was the wondrous beauty of the city that infatuated and held men. "The Queen of the Adriatic" she was called, and men loved and cherished her. Individuals were as nought compared to the welfare of that city of loveliness. Her superb position offered every advantage in an age when water routes were preferable by far to routes by land. Venice lay in the path of the longest sea-route and the shortest land-route in traveling to the East—land of spices, silks and treasures. The Crusades, affecting all the northern ports of Italy, greatly enhanced her prosperity. Indeed, the Fourth Crusade was actually diverted from its purpose and became a struggle for extending Venetian commerce. Nor in this age was there anything sordid nor repulsive in the idea of promoting trade by religious undertakings.

He who would appreciate the Venice of the Renaissance must become acquainted with her art, her architecture, her marvelous frescoes in public and private hall; he must travel in spirit, at least, up and down the lagoons, in their ever-changing lights and colors, and repeople the city with those in whose hands the fortunes and pride of the city once lay. In the glory of her sunsets, in the mellow light of her moonlit lagoons a realization of the charm of Venice will finally overpower him.

COSTUME OF A DOGE.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY ITALIAN WRITERS.

"Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be,
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community;
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be."

This sonnet, rendered into beautiful English verse by Shelley, is one of many exquisite gems written centuries ago by Dante. First of the great Italian poets, he stands on the borderland between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. In so far as he looked eagerly for the establishment of a world empire with Rome as its center, he belonged to the old order already passing away. So, too, in many of his ideals and conceptions Dante held to the past. In so far as he clearly saw that no nation could become great until it had a literature in its spoken language, he heralded the Renaissance in Italy. In his romantic and chivalrous vision of love he looked forward and not back.

Dante's life proved most unhappy. Were one to compare it with another, probably Michael Angelo's career offers several parallels. Exiled by the fickle Florentines from his beloved city for political reasons, he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, bereft of family, country and fortune. Honors that other cities would gladly have bestowed upon him he

uniformly declined, valuing only those that Florence failed to show to him while he lived.

Nevertheless, this very sorrow gave occasion for the strength, fortitude and genius of the man to manifest itself. Homeless and without a country, he turned from the temporal and material to the realm of the soul. His possessions confiscated, friendless and almost penniless, Dante rose above physical comforts and lost himself in a poet's world, finding there his comfort and satisfaction.

Dante Alighieri was born in 1265 of the lesser nobility. When nine years old he first saw Beatrice Portinari, whose winsome beauty made a deep impression upon him. Nine years later he saw her again, and he has told us the story of his passionate love in the Vita Nuova—or New Life. Only a few times did Dante see Beatrice, but the effect upon him was tremendous, almost shattering his health. Sometimes he was transported with joy; at other times he was overcome with sorrow. Of her delicate beauty we learn vaguely through sonnets such as the one which opens with the lines:

"So gentle and so noble doth appear
My lady when she passes through the street,
That none her salutation dare repeat
And all eyes turn from her as if in fear.
She goes her way, and cannot help but hear
The praise of all,—yet modest still and sweet."

One so good and fair soon faded and died, and after the shock of her death Dante grew much calmer in mind and spirit. Beyond the reach of earthly power, he could dream about her to his heart's content and in time she became a shadowy vision, the embodiment of his ideal. After her death the poet vowed to glorify her as never woman had been glorified by man, and this was the object with which he undertook his immortal poem, the *Divine Comedy.*

Like the *Vita Nuova,* the *Divine Comedy* was written in Italian. Its plan was not original with Dante. Others before had taken imaginary journeys through heaven and hell. His work was remarkable for its treatment and for the fact that it included much of the learning common to the Middle Ages.

The poem falls into three parts: Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Each contains thirty-three cantos; the general theme is the salvation of the human soul. The poet dreams that he is led by Virgil through Hell and Purgatory. In these realms he sees the dire result of sin and the agonies through which the soul must pass ere it purifies itself for Paradise. Into Paradise Virgil is powerless to lead him; Beatrice alone can guide her lover into this blissful realm.

Continual references to people and events long since forgotten make it difficult for the modern reader to appreciate the full content of the poem. One must either devote himself assiduously to the task of ferreting out such references as may now be understood, or he must glide over many of the allusions and seek the general development of the poem. Many of the descriptions are beautiful indeed and clear to all at first sight. Take for example Dante's approach to the Earthly Paradise, led thither by Virgil. Ere he enters, night overtakes him and he sleeps:

"And ere in all its parts immeasurable
  The horizon of one aspect had become,
  And Night her boundless dispensation held,
Each of us of a stair had made his bed;
  Because the nature of the mount took from us
  The power of climbing, more than the delight.
Even as in ruminating, passive grow
  The goats, who have been swift and venturesome
  Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed,
Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot,
  Watched the herdsman, who upon his staff
  Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them;
And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors,
  Passes the night beside his quiet flock,
  Watching that no wild beast may scatter it,
Such at that hour were we, all three of us,
  I like the goat, and like the herdsmen they,
  Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.
Little could there be seen of things without;
  But through that little I beheld the stars
  More luminous and larger than their wont.

Thus ruminating, and beholding these,
Sleep seized upon me,—sleep that oftentimes
Before a deed is done has tidings of it."

So many passages might be cited that it is necessary to refer the reader to the complete poem—it being impossible by brief quotations to give any conception of Dante's style or mastery of description. It is not enough to say that these two productions were written in the vernacular. It would be quite as true to say that before Dante there was no complete Italian language. Just as Chaucer aided greatly in formulating the English language, so Dante in a more complete sense created from the Tuscan tongue an Italian language.

PETRARCH.

Petrarch was born nearly forty years after Dante. His father had been exiled at the same time as the earlier poet, and had taken his residence at Avignon, whither the papacy had recently removed. His father intended Petrarch for the legal profession, and was greatly enraged when he discovered that his son was spending more time with the classics than with legal lore. In a passion he tossed his books into the fire—sparing only Virgil and Cicero at Petrarch's earnest entreaty.

Somewhat later Petrarch took orders in the Church. It does not appear that he ever became a full priest, but he advanced sufficiently to receive benefices.

On April 6th, 1327, Petrarch, entering the church of St. Claire, saw Laura kneeling in prayer. In a rather more human way, she seems to have inspired him as Dante had previously been inspired by Beatrice. Laura, it is true, treated Petrarch with coldness, but she supplied the subject for many of his sonnets and for the development of his sentiment. That he loved her is unquestionable, but however fond one becomes of Petrarch's writings, the conviction grows upon him that Petrarch's love of self exceeded any regard he may have experienced for another. Someone has suggested that when Petrarch talked of Laura he was occasionally thinking of *laurel*. Yet unquestionably Petrarch deeply loved Laura and he was continually torn between his passionate regard for her and his ever-reverting thought that such feelings were sinful

for one of his vows. As for the subject of his devotion, she was already married and paid not the slightest heed to the sonnets in which Petrarch sang her praises. Her beauty, cruelty and coldness, together with his distress and sufferings, supply the burden of his songs.

In the following sonnet, rendered into English by Macgregor, Petrarch tells of his infatuation when he first saw Laura:

"Sun never rose so beautiful and bright
When skies above most clear and cloudless showed,
Nor, after rain, the bow of heaven e'en glowed
With tints so varied, delicate and light,
As in rare beauty flashed upon my sight,
The day I first took up this am'rous load,
That face whose fellow ne'er on earth abode—
Even my praise to paint it seemed a slight!
Then saw I Love, who did her fine eyes bend
So sweetly, every other face obscure
Has from that hour till now appeared to me.
The boy-god and his bow, I saw them, friend,
From whom life since has never been secure,
Whom still I madly yearn again to see."

Many a poem tells of his anguish by day and night. Note, for example, the following:

"O'er earth and sky her lone watch silence keeps,
And bird and beast in stirless slumber lie,
Her starry chariot Night conducts on high,
And in its bed the waveless ocean sleeps.
I wake, muse, burn, and weep; of all my pain
The one sweet cause appears before me still;
War is my lot, which grief and anger fill,
And thinking but of her some rest I gain.
Thus from one bright and living fountain flows
The bitter and the sweet on which I feed;
One hand alone can harm me or can heal;
And thus my martyrdom no limit knows,
A thousand deaths and lives each day I feel,
So distant are the paths to peace which lead."

In 1348 Laura died and some of the poet's most beautiful sonnets were written after death had removed her. Like Dante, he found a certain relief from suffering, but returning spring long brought a recurrence of his first associations concerning her.

"The spring returns, with all her smiling train:
The wanton Zephyrs breathe along the bowers,
The glistening dewdrops hang on bending flowers,
And tender green light-shadows o'er the plain;
And thou, sweet Philomel, renew'st thy strain,
Breathing thy wild notes to the midnight grove;
All nature feels the kindling fire of Love,
The vital force of spring's returning reign.
But not to me returns the cheerful spring!
O heart! that know'st no period to thy grief,
Nor nature's smiles to thee impart relief,
Nor change of mind the varying seasons bring:
She, she is gone! All that e'er pleased before,
Adieu! ye birds, ye flowers, ye fields, that charm no more!"

Petrarch wrote more than three hundred sonnets, ballads and songs, all of which were expressed in the vernacular. For this reason he felt that they would not long survive, while his fame he expected to rest upon his Latin writings. The reverse has proven true. Today only the student reads Petrarch's prose writings, either in Latin or in modern translations, while his poems have wide popularity.

The ancients delighted in life, and were satisfied to trust to nature and her promptings. One of the strong charms the Greeks still hold for us is their utter naturalism, free and unrestrained. The Middle Ages witnessed a complete reaction in this regard. Early Christianity brought in new ideals and for centuries the natural life was largely crushed out. Human passions were regarded as sinful and natural enjoyment as abhorrent. The ancients were distinctly *human* and those who during the Renaissance sought to bring back their spirit and a love for their writings were called *humanists*. Petrarch has often been called the Father of the Humanists, and rightly, for he probably did more than any one other man to revive the

classics and to create a veneration for them. He was a master of Latin, but did not know Greek. Some even go so far as to say that this inability of Petrarch to understand Greek writings accounts for the fact that Greek thought and writings have had a slighter hold upon modern thought than Latin. Such a theory can easily be carried too far. Undoubtedly the fact that Latin survived throughout the Middle Ages when Greek was, generally speaking, forgotten in the West, explains the matter much more truly.

Petrarch was very sensitive and vain. He never read Dante, supposedly because he resented a rival, dead or living. His genius won him many friends among the influential and gifted of his age. Kings, Princes and Popes did him honor. Cities vied with each other in offering him distinguishing attention. In exchange for his library—some two hundred volumes, which he spent many years collecting—Venice gave him a palace. Paris and Rome both offered him the poet's laurel. He accepted the invitation of Rome, and on Easter Sunday, 1340, "in the presence of an immense company of people, he was crowned at the capitol, amid the blare of trumpets and the acclamations of the assembled multitudes. This scene may be considered as the climax of Petrarch's victorious career."

Among his prose writings, his letters deserve considerable attention. Petrarch was a profuse letter writer. He wrote to many distinguished men of his age, and when these were exhausted, wrote to dead men of antiquity. Some of the letters to ancient philosophers and sages convey very fair impressions of Petrarch's limitations and abilities. Some were addressed to Cicero, whom he dearly loved.

To Marcus Tullius Cicero.

"Your letters I sought for long and diligently, and finally, where I least expected it, I found them. At once I read them over and over, with the utmost eagerness. And as I read I seemed to hear your bodily voice, O Marcus Tullius, saying many things, uttering many lamentations, ranging through many phases of thought and feeling. I long had known how excellent a guide you have proved for others; at last I was to learn what sort of guidance you gave yourself.

Now it is your turn to be the listener. Hearken, wherever you are, to the words of advice, or rather of sorrow and regret, that fall, not unaccompanied by tears, from the lips of one of your successors, who loves you faithfully and cherishes your name. O spirit ever restless and perturbed! in old age—I am but using your own words—self-involved in calamities and ruin! what good could you think would come from your incessant wrangling, from all this wasteful strife and enmity? Where were the peace and quiet that befitted your years, your profession, your station in life? What Will-o'-the-wisp tempted you away, with a delusive hope of glory; involved you, in your declining years, in the wars of younger men; and after exposing you to every form of misfortune, hurled you down to a death that it was unseemly for a philosopher to die? . . .

These shortcomings fill me with pity and shame. Like Brutus, I feel no confidence in the arts in which you are so proficient. What, pray, does it profit a man to teach others, and to be prating always about virtue, in high-sounding words, if he fails to give heed to his own instructions? Ah! how much better it would have been, how much more fitting for a philosopher, to have grown old peacefully in the country, meditating, as you yourself have somewhere said, upon the life that endures forever, and not upon this poor fragment of life; to have known no fasces, yearned for no triumphs, found no Catilines to fill the soul with ambitious longings! All this, however, is vain. Farewell, forever, my Cicero.

Written in the land of the living; on the right bank of the Adige, in Verona, a city of Transpadane Italy, on the 16th of June, and in the year of that God whom you never knew the 1345th."

Again note the opening lines in his letter to Homer:

To Homer.

"Long before your letter reached me I had formed an intention of writing to you, and I should really have done it if it had not been for the lack of a common language. I am not so fortunate as to have learned Greek, and the Latin tongue, which you once spoke, by the aid of our writers, you seem of late, through the negligence of their successors, to have

quite forgotten. From both avenues of communication, consequently, I have been debarred, and so have kept silent. But now there comes a man who restores you to us, single-handed, and makes you a Latin again.

Your Penelope cannot have waited longer nor with more eager expectations for her Ulysses than I did for you. At last, though, my hope was fading gradually away. . . . This friend of ours, however, if he lives, will restore you to us in your entirety. He is now at work, and we are beginning to enjoy not only the treasures of wisdom that are stored away in your divine poems, but also the sweetness and charm of your speech. One fragment has come to my hands already, Grecian precious ointment in Latin vessels. . . . "

For the age in which he lived, Petrarch was quite a traveler. His descriptions of France, Italy and the Low Countries are full of interest for the modern reader.

Boccaccio.

Dante belonged to the nobility; Petrarch to the middle class and Boccaccio to the lower social order. His mother appears to have been of gentle birth; his father was a merchant. Boccaccio was born near Florence—the city of all three writers—in 1313. His father attempted to associate his son with him in business; failing in this, he set him to studying law. One proved as distasteful as the other, and Boccaccio became interested, through scholars in the city of Naples, in literary pursuits. He became a profuse reader, but never displayed discrimination in the selection of authorities. Unlike Petrarch, he was devoted to Dante, to whose writings he himself was greatly indebted.

It had now become almost the necessary setting for a man of genius to have some fair lady to whom he might pour out the songs of his soul. Perhaps it would be too much to say he sought and found, but in any event, Marie, daughter of Robert, king of Naples, was she upon whom he bestowed his adoration. He called her Fiammetta. Rossetti has translated one of his sonnets to the Lady Marie:

"Love steered my course, while yet the sun rode high,
On Scylla's waters to a myrtle-grove:
The heaven was still and the sea did not move;
Yet now and then a little breeze went by
Stirring the tops of trees against the sky:
And then I heard a song as glad as love,
So sweet that never yet the like thereof
Was heard in any mortal company.
'A nymph, a goddess, or an angel sings
Unto herself, within this chosen place,
Of ancient loves;' so said I at that sound.
And there my lady, 'mid the shadowings
Of myrtle-trees, 'mid flowers and grassy space,
Singing I saw, with others who sat round."

In another sonnet both his love for Fiammetta and for Dante is immortalized.

"Dante, if thou within the sphere of Love,
As I believe, remain'st contemplating
Beautiful Beatrice, whom thou didst sing
Erewhile, and so wast drawn to her above;
Unless from false life true life thee remove
So far that Love's forgotten, let me bring
One prayer before thee: for an easy thing
This were, to thee whom I do ask of it.
I know that where all joy doth most abound
In the Third heaven, my own Fiammetta sees
The grief which I have borne since she is dead.
O pray her (if mine image be not drowned
In Lethe) that her prayers may never cease
Until I reach her and am comforted."

Boccaccio is noted as the first great writer of Italian prose; also, as perhaps the first to herald the birth of the novel. His Decameron—Ten Days—consists of a series of stories related for the entertainment and amusement of a company of young people. The circumstances were—according to the tale—that seven young ladies and three young men, dismayed by the terrible ravages of the Plague then infesting Italy, repair to

a country home to pass the hours in songs and happy conversation, and thus dispel the gloom elsewhere so depressing on account of the alarming pestilence. Ten stories are told each day for ten succeeding days. Some are serious, some gay; many are satires on prevailing follies of the times, particularly on the vices and corruption of the monks and clergy. Before a division came in the Church, criticisms against the Church were not forbidden. Only after the Protestant Reformation was there any attempt made to prevent the circulation of this book. Several of the stories are so strongly tinctured with the gross immorality of the age that they are objectionable to modern taste, and it has been necessary to prepare a modern collection of such as are now readable. However, this work of Boccaccio's had a far-reaching effect on modern literature, and several writers borrowed the idea of the story-series as a basis of their writings. Most notable of these was Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales* were suggested by the *Decameron.* In American literature, Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn* might be similarly cited.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.

Cimabue, whose dates are uncertain, but are approximately 1240-1302, has long been called the Father of Italian painting. At least we may say that his work marks a breaking away from the old Byzantine style. His famous Madonna and Child is not particularly attractive to us today, and yet the picture provoked great admiration when it was produced. We read that the Florentines formed a procession to accompany its removal from the artist's studio to the Church, and that the occasion was one of joyful thanksgiving.

The picture preserved many Byzantine characteristics: the face was still long and melancholy, the hands long and stiff, the eyes aslant; nevertheless beyond all this the face bore an expression; this at least was new. In contrast to wooden, blank faces, this conveyed a sense of humanity. The artist had also loosened the draperies a little, and the figure was better proportioned.

However, Cimabue was destined to be far eclipsed by his pupil, Giotto, in whose later work it is indeed impossible to find traces of the master's influence. A story for centuries perpetuated relates that as the courtly Cimabue was riding in the country one day he came upon a shepherd lad, so engaged in sketching one of his sheep on a huge stone that he remained unaware of the stranger's presence. Recognizing the boy's native talent, Cimabue sought out the father and gained permission to take Giotto back to Florence with him to study his art. So rapid was the pupil's progress that he soon surpassed his teacher.

During his early years Giotto continued painting in Florence, where he came in touch with the work of many artists. From them he appears to have learned what to avoid, perhaps, for his pictures show little imitation. When he was about thirty years of age Pope Boniface VIII., needing painters for the decoration of St. Peter's, sent messengers to Florence to ascertain what were Giotto's abilities. Told that the Pope

wished a specimen of his work, it is said that Giotto seized a brush and with one skilful stroke described a perfect circle. This he gave the messenger without a word. Either for his skill or daring, the Pope ordered him to come to Rome, where for some time he was occupied. Unfortunately little of the work he did here remains.

Some of Giotto's most masterly painting is to be seen today in the Upper and Lower Churches of Assisi.

Assisi will be remembered as the home of St. Francis. During his life St. Francis had been dearly loved, and after his death his followers were anxious to raise a fitting memorial to his memory. The Lower Church was founded as early as 1228, and was built as the repository for the saint's remains. In 1230 the body of St. Francis was entombed there. The Upper Church, above the first, was founded in 1253. The frescoes of these two churches illustrate Italian painting during the first century of its development.

Before the birth of Giotto the best artists of Italy had been engaged in making beautiful the walls of these churches. Cimabue had done some of his best work here; some of it still remains. In the Upper Church the middle and upper portion of the wall on the left had been decorated by a series of sixteen fresco paintings, setting forth the principal stories of the Old Testament: the Creation, Temptation, Expulsion from the Garden, Noah and the Ark., etc. Correspondingly, on the right scenes from the life of Christ had been painted. Giotto was given the task of painting a series of fresco pictures below these on both walls, illustrating the life of the beloved St. Francis. This was a most welcome undertaking. In the first place, the life of St. Francis offered many dramatic possibilities. Again, the rules governing the portrayal of sacred personages, such as Christ and the Patriarchs, were less binding upon a modern personage like St. Francis. In twenty-eight scenes the principal events in the saint's career were set forth, to the gratification of his loyal order.

Far indeed are Giotto's portrayals from any special ease and grace; a tree or two conveys the notion of a forest; a few boulders give the impression of mountain ranges. Nevertheless, with striking clearness and definite lines the main fea-

tures of the pictures are shown; the story is evident; the figures are unmistakable. Animals and birds show motion; the people's faces are expressive. Color had not yet been mastered; horses were sometimes painted red and trees blue; still the general color effect was not unpleasing and the pictures as a whole were gratifying indeed.

In the Lower Church Giotto painted four pictures to fill in the four divisions of the ceiling. For subjects he chose the three vows of the Franciscan order: Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and the Glorification of St. Francis. These allegorical paintings are most interesting and far in advance of any previously done. In Arena Chapel, Padua, others of his paintings are to be seen. His portrait of Dante was a great favorite with the Florentines.

Giotto's followers were known as the Giottoesques. For many years they continued to imitate him, to the detriment of Italian art. Taddeo Gaddi is one of the best known of this school; Puccio Capanna and Giottino also belonged to it.

One other achievement of Giotto's was remarkable. In 1334 he was appointed architect of the Florentine Duomo. In this capacity he designed the beautiful Campanile, or bell-tower. Two hundred and ninety-two feet high, it is divided into four stories. The first story was ornamented with statues; in the three other stories beautiful windows mullioned with exquisitely-twisted columns appear. Those in the fourth story are higher than the rest, to give the whole a slender appearance. Probably nothing formed of stone has ever compared with the windows of this campanile in lace-like effect. The whole was to have been crowned by a spire, but Giotto died before this was put in place. There in the very midst of Florence it stands to-day, the joy of the traveler, the pride of the Florentine. Each year the elements leave it only more mellowed by the flight of time.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight and a desire,—
The builders' perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

FRA ANGELICO.

He who is known as Angelico was not so named by his parents. They called him Guido. Later when he entered the Dominican order he was given the name Giovanni, or John. His Dominican brothers grew to call him Fra Angelico because he painted angels so beautifully.

Angelico was born in 1387, and died in 1455. No painter ever lived a more saintly life. As a boy he and his brother roamed over the hills outside of Florence and there he caught glimpses of nature's harmonious colorings that long abode in his memory. The deep blue of the sky was later used for an angel's robe; the gold of the sun for an angel's harp.

For political reasons the Dominican order of Florence was exiled to Fiesole. After some years the brothers were allowed to return to the city and San Marco was given them for their dwelling place. It had fallen into ruin and Cosimo de Medici at his own cost had the old monastery repaired for their use. To Fra Angelico was given the task of beautifying with sacred paintings the cells for the brothers of his order. It is quite in keeping with the character of the man that some of his finest work should have been done in these cells, away from the public eye. Not only is San Marco remembered today for the pictures created by this artist, but also because here was the church from whose pulpit Savonarola thundered forth his reproaches and prophecies to the people of Florence.

Probably the majority of people remember Fra Angelico as the painter of the trumpet angels, so frequently seen in copies of various degrees of merit. He was asked to paint a Madonna for one of the Florentine guilds. He produced what is known as the Tabernacle Madonna—doors opening as to a tabernacle, revealing the mother and child. These, however, are not the most remarkable features of the picture; rather, a broad band of gold was brought around the whole, between the inner and outer frame. Upon this gold band were painted angels—some playing upon instruments, some blowing trumpets, some with tambourines. Neither male or female are they, but celestial beings of great joy. It was said of Angelico that he painted visions he saw in Paradise, and certain it is that

he regarded his mission as called of God. Before touching a brush he always devoted some time to prayer and never altered a stroke once made because he believed it was inspired. His hand held the brush that was given its impulse in heaven. What matters it that critics tell us he knew nothing of anatomy, and that his angels were fortunately robed, since otherwise they would be impossible? The fact remains that Angelico caught a vision of the spirit and painted the dreams of his soul on canvas. These visions have been dear to the hearts of men ever since—ignorance of anatomy notwithstanding.

Just as Angelico was in his element portraying angels with ecstatic expressions and picturing meadows riotous with lovely flowers, so was it impossible for him to depict evil. Like many another artist he attempted to execute the Last Judgment. One side of the painting is beautiful—happy beings wander always in flowery meads; the side wherein is depicted the unfortunate ones who have sinned and are turned from Paradise is less successful. Someone has said: "His devils are very harmless chaps who are quite satisfied with innocent pinching and squeezing, and do even this good-naturedly, as if ashamed of their profession." Yet of all the Paradises ever reduced to canvas, Fra Angelico's probably attracts us most—a place of eternal delight, happy beings and flowered fields.

Masaccio bears the same relation to the fifteenth century that Giotto bore to the thirteenth. Born in 1401 and dying in 1428, he did not live long enough to carry out his own conceptions fully, but he left them for the following century to assimilate. Masaccio studied nature and tried to imitate her. Until the time of St. Francis men of the Middle Ages had given little or no attention to the world in which they lived. The Church had taught that this world was but a preparation for the one to come, that much of its beauty was merely a delusion and a snare, and thoroughly pious men, like Bernard of Clairvaux, prided themselves on being able to rise above nature's allurements. We read that the saintly Bernard walked all day by the side of a beautiful lake nor once lifted his eyes to behold the glorious panorama spread out before him. With his inordinate love of all things living and for the beauty of

the country where he lived, St. Francis did more than any one other man to bring back a love of nature in men's hearts. Masaccio did more than any other during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to demonstrate the fact that artists are successful in painting pictures in proportion as their paintings are faithful copies of nature. In the few brief years in which he worked he adhered strictly to this principle, and some of his followers were profoundly influenced by his example.

Fra Filippo Lippi.

Fra Filippo Lippi was also a monk, but beyond this we shall find few similarities between him and Fra Angelico. One lived a pure and saintly life; the other found the rules of his order very burdensome. One saw visions of Paradise and painted them for men whose imaginations were less subtle; the other found earthly visions quite satisfying. One pictured angels, neither men nor women; the other painted the faces of his peasant acquaintances for Madonnas, and for cherubs took as models the chubby urchins of the street.

Filippo Lippi's parents died when he was a mere babe. While yet a child his aunt took him to the monastery of the Carmelites and left him to be trained for service by the brothers. Never did one less adapted to the life of the cloister take the vows. Fortunately it was found that the youth had a gift for painting, and he was allowed to follow this impulse. So clever did he prove himself that the brothers were fain to overlook weaknesses that in another might have been more severely punished. Finally Filippo's utter inability to abide by the rules of the monastery became so manifest that he was allowed to go his way and fill commissions with his brush.

Churches were being constantly erected. Their style of architecture provided walls that required decoration, and fresco painting was by far the least expensive method known. Cosimo de Medici befriended Filippo Lippi and Popes gave him commissions, as did also many small churches and private people. However, it was extremely difficult to get him to continue with a given amount of work until he finished it. His habits of life were far from orderly. He persuaded the nun who posed for his Madonnas to elope and marry him. Finally, it is said, the

Pope gave them both a relinquishment of their vows and sanctioned the marriage. Filippino Lippi, their son, was also an artist.

Filippo Lippi supplied an important link in the chain of Renaissance artists. There is no trace of the predominating spiritual in his pictures. On the other hand his work shows a fidelity to the truth taught by Masaccio—that perfection in art is the result of careful imitation of nature.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL.

The Realistic School, founded by Masaccio, brought a decided change into the realm of painting. As we have seen, this master imitated nature and strove after correct form. The golden backgrounds, retained by Fra Angelico, gave way to landscapes. To be sure Giotto had attempted something in this direction in the thirteenth century, but the realistic school no longer followed the direction current in Giotto's time: "for one who would portray mountains, let him seek out two or three large stones and copy them." Details were now carefully worked out. Each tree, leaf, flower and stem stands out distinctly in the pictures painted by Filippo Lippi and his followers.

"The logical reaction against an art to which natural scenery had for so long been strange, and which permitted only golden backgrounds, was just such a richly-detailed landscape, which in its reverential pantheism thought the smallest leaf with its sparkling dewdrop equally important with the proud palm, and the pebble with the mighty cliff; which would not permit cloudy atmosphere to darken the brightness of things, and which in a single work would fain have sung the whole richness of form and color in the universe."

Andrea del Sarto, whose tragic story Browning has so graphically told, belonged with these artists. He added a certain softness and delicacy of beauty all his own. Here also belongs Sandro Botticelli.

BOTTICELLI.

Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447. He studied with Filippo Lippi, but he was endowed with a fine feeling and sensitive nature that his teacher never possessed. He loved natural beauty and was happily successful in seizing hold of its secrets and subtle effects in his pictures.

Botticelli's first paintings were of a sacred character.

Gradually he fell away from Madonnas and drifted into mythological subjects. Ruskin says that he of all Italian painters was best able to delineate equally well the pagan beauty of the ancients and the spiritual beauty of the Madonna.

For many years Botticelli was aided and encouraged by the Medici, living for years in the family and meeting them on familiar terms. For one of the Medici palaces he painted many of his mythological pictures. Allegories were also favorites of this artist, and of all these, best known by far is his Spring. Just what the painting signifies cannot be determined. Flora, goddess of flowers, advances, shaking blossoms from her gown, while others spring up at her feet. The three Graces dance around in the joy of perpetual youth. Wonderful indeed is the filmy drapery that clings to the fair sisters and reveals the perfect contour of each form. Mercury is present and Zephyrus, chasing away blustery winter. The face of Flora is weird and her significance is difficult to understand. For a time in recent years Botticelli remained neglected. Even now some admire, others fail to appreciate, his style. To the complete chain each link is essential. So was each painter necessary for the unfoldment of Renaissance art. Each important artist left his special imprint on the general subject; each contributed his portion—whether great or small—and left future ages the richer for his gift.

The later years of Botticelli were filled with sadness. Indeed, his whole life was shadowed by a certain melancholy which left him only for an intensity he felt under the influence of Savonarola. After the death of that somewhat misguided prophet, he declined rapidly in health and spirit. His allegorical painting entitled *Calumny* is the masterly creation of a mind almost unsettled.

Leonardo da Vinci.

In taking up the career of Leonardo we come upon a very prince of painters. Born in the fortress of Vinci, not far from Florence, in 1452, his father was a nobleman, his mother a peasant. Born out of wedlock, he was taken by the father and given every opportunity for education. Long after he had become famous we find Leonardo having his mother interred with great pomp.

It was an easy matter to interest this young lad in study. All his life he remained curious, seeking out animals, insects, plants, people, and studying them all. It was perhaps unfortunate that he was gifted in so many ways. Poet, scientist, engineer, sculptor, musician, painter—what could not this versatile man do? His restless nature prompted him to turn from one field of activity to another and the result was that few complete specimens of his work remain. In his day Leonardo was called a wizard; people felt that it was not natural for one man to know as much as he did. He computed the height of a tower by measuring its shadow and this in the minds of some proved conclusively that he was in league with the devil.

There is a tradition that when a boy Leonardo's father picked up a large piece of wood that had been cut from a fallen tree. As his son had already displayed considerable artistic ability, the father asked him to paint him something. The youth was seized with a desire to paint such a terrible scene that the beholder would be struck with dismay. Accordingly he chose the Medusa's head for his subject. For days he collected snakes and cared for them in his laboratory; every insect and crawling thing, each creature whose wings displayed curious colors—these were carefully gathered together and studied in all sorts of wriggling attitudes. Finally the head was done. Years later the Duke of Milan purchased it for a goodly sum, but it has long since disappeared.

Leonardo studied with the best artists of the age, but he soon surpassed them all. He was chosen by the Duke of Milan to dwell at his court, paint pictures, make bronze statues, draw up fortifications, and fill many functions. For twenty years he remained and here executed his masterpiece—*The Last Supper.* This is a subject which many have attempted to put on canvas or fresco; yet there is but *one Last Supper,* and that is Leonardo's. It was painted on the end wall in the refectory of a monastery in this northern city. Difficult indeed was the task of making a group of men around a table *live,* yet he who had undertaken the work was equal to it. He seized upon the moment when Christ said to his disciples: "One of you shall betray me!" In that little circle of friends the words fell like a thunderbolt. Who could do so? Each gives expression to

his surprise—with one exception. Judas does not like the turn the conversation has taken. Already his hand is closed over the bag of silver. It was the psychological moment that appealed to Leonardo, who for months dreamed over his subject, and painted rapidly and fiercely at brief intervals.

Unfortunately the great mind that grappled with all the problems of his day could not stay for details. The plaster was not properly prepared for the paint, and in a comparatively short time began to flake off. The soldiers of Napoleon stabled their horses in the monastery wherein this wonderful example of human genius was treasured, and amused themselves by throwing stones at the heads of the twelve apostles. Today one has to imagine what the picture must once have been. Happily, a copy of it was made before time and man had done their worst, and from this copy one can divine what the original must once have been.

In the Louvre today we may see another of Leonardo's great pictures—*Mona Lisa,* of all portraits most frequently mentioned. Four years the artist labored with it; even then he said it was unfinished. Her smile has been the admiration and despair of artists. Character readers have sought in vain to fathom its meaning. Aptly has it been said that he who solves it will have penetrated the secret which lies at the heart of nature. In strong contrast to pictures which lay hold of merely the physical—as for example, some of Rubens'—this imprint of mind upon the features of an animated being must always stand forth impressively.

CHAPTER VI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, greatest of all sculptors, was born of Florentine parents in 1475. At his birth his father was living temporarily away from the city, but here Angelo spent the greater portion of his life.

It is said that the child drew as soon as he could use his hands. His family, however, belonged to the lesser nobility who had become important through mercantile pursuits, and Angelo's desire to study art was severely frowned upon. When thirteen, having steadfastly held to his purpose, the lad was allowed to enter the studio of a Florentine master. Not long after, he with a companion was sent to study in the gardens of the Medici. As we have frequently noted, the Medici did much to foster learning and encourage art in Florence. Artists were chosen to remain in their service and instruct those favored by their patronage. The years spent in the household of Lorenzo de Medici were probably the happiest of Angelo's life. His temperament was somewhat moody at best, and the lack of encouragement in his dearest desire on the part of his family embittered him while still young.

During Angelo's youth and for years before and after, the zeal for things ancient set men to digging for old Greek remains now and then brought to light from within the earth. Several of our most renowned pieces of statuary had been recovered and all were alert for other treasures. Angelo carved a Cupid so beautiful that someone urged him to have it buried and subsequently brought to light. The idea appears to have amused the young sculptor, who permitted it to be done. When brought to light it excited favorable comment and was purchased by a Roman cardinal. Thereupon Michael Angelo returned to him his money, acquainting him with the deception. Impressed with his integrity, the cardinal invited him to come to Rome. Thither Angelo went and here much of his work was done.

Returning to Florence after a brief visit to the Eternal City, the citizens turned over to Angelo a huge block of marble which they had previously given to one or two other artists who found the task too prodigious for them. They instructed him to produce something from it worthy of the city. Nothing daunted, he built a house over the marble and shut people out from his work until it was completed. When done and the shed removed, they beheld the statue of David. It was a colossal piece of labor and admirably executed. For centuries it stood in wind and weather, the pride of the City of Lilies. In comparatively recent times it was found that the elements were affecting it, and it is now enclosed.

Some time after, the chief officer of Florence asked Angelo and his rival at the time, Leonardo da Vinci, to produce frescoes for opposite sides of a public building. There was a healthy spirit of rivalry in the contest—for into such the task soon resolved itself. The paintings were never produced, but the cartoons—large paper drawings from which frescoes were to be made—were finished and long exhibited to the delight of all who saw them. Angelo chose the subject of a detachment of soldiers bathing in the Arno, suddenly surprised by a call to arms; Leonardo presented a mighty battle around a fallen standard. No one attempted to decide which was best conceived or delineated. All artists, even Raphael, spent as much time as possible in studying them both.

Michael Angelo's reputation was already well established when he received injunctions from Pope Julius II. to come to Rome. Arriving, he was immediately given the commission of building a tomb for His Holiness. Julius II. had been a soldier and his military characteristics clung to him. He gave orders and expected them to be carried out. He wished to make himself immortal by the erection of a mighty tomb, three stories high, covered with statues. Angelo was dispatched to Carrara to procure marble suitable for the purpose. For many months he busily marked out blocks suited to his use. When he began his work, Julius had a temporary bridge laid between Angelo's workshop and the Vatican, that he might watch developments.

Ill-wishers of the great sculptor soon convinced the Pope

that it was an ill omen to build a tomb during one's life. Suddenly we find Angelo denied access to the Pope, and in the night he galloped away from the papal states, to a place of safety. Repenting of his folly, Julius sent imperious mandates after the flying artist, but in vain. Angelo refused to return to Rome. Nevertheless, he was ultimately persuaded to do so, and there found to his amazement that he was summoned, not to complete the tomb, but to paint the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. In vain he remonstrated that he was a worker in stone—not colors; that he was a sculptor, not a painter. Julius II. was determined, and Angelo set about the task.

The Sistine Chapel was a room approximately 131 feet by 44. It was of simple architecture, but already remarkable for its frescoes. The side walls were divided into three divisions. The lowest tier was hung by tapestries; the second, decorated with frescoes by famous Italian painters. These illustrated Old Testament stories. The third and highest tier was covered by portraits of the popes. Angelo's work was to make the ceiling—a great blue sky sprinkled over with stars—worthy of the rest. Angelo conceived the idea of taking the general theme: the preparation of the world for the coming of Christ. Nine spaces he filled with scenes from the Bible exemplifying the creation of man and his history; the others, with the prophets and the sibyls of antiquity who were supposed to have foretold Christ's coming. The whole was wonderfully done, and has often been considered the most satisfactory project ever undertaken by a painter. Four years found it finished, but the strain upon the artist had been very great.

Angelo hoped at last to be left alone to complete the tomb for Julius, who had in the meantime died. Leo X. now filled the papal chair, and he was a Medici. He wished to erect a memorial chapel in connection with the San Lorenzo, for Lorenzo and Guiliano. In despair, Angelo finished his Moses and two other figures for Julius' tomb, while the whole was reduced to one-sixth of its original size and finished with the aid of others. Alas for the vanity of the pope who had St. Peter's torn down because it proved too small to contain his proud memorial! He does not rest today in St. Peter's at all.

The tombs of Lorenzo and Guiliano were made beautiful by Angelo's chisel. Someone criticised him, it is said, because in the statues made of either man, the features were not quite faithful. Angelo is reputed to have answered that in a thousand years none would care whether or not they were true likenesses. Instead, he ennobled them and made them models of manhood. Guiliano's tomb was ornamented by two recumbent figures—Day and Night. The artist carved them when he was in a most despondent mood concerning the future of his city. A contemporary, charmed with the figure Night, wrote something like this:

"The Night thou seest here, posed gracefully
In act of slumber, was by an Angel wrought
Out of this stone; sleeping, with life she's fraught:
Wake her, incredulous wight; she'll speak to thee."

But Angelo made answer:

"Dear is my sleep, but more to be merer stone,
So long as ruin and dishonour reign;
To hear naught, to feel naught, is my great gain;
Then wake me not: speak in an undertone."

Lorenzo's tomb bears the figures called Twilight and Dawn. All four, together with the figures of the Medici, are among Angelo's masterpieces.

Paul III. commissioned Angelo to paint the Last Judgment as an altar piece for the Sistine Chapel. This seemed a task congenial to one whose whole life had been one disappointment, whose friends had been removed by death, and whose country appeared to be on the verge of ruin. To understand its irrevocable doom, it is necessary to remember the artist's outlook at the time.

One friend enlightens the later years of Angelo's life—the Countess Vittoria Colonna. After a brief married life, her husband died, leaving her disconsolate. She and the great sculptor became fast friends. She utterly refused to consider his offer of marriage, and their friendship remained one of the most beautiful in history. Some of Angelo's most exqui-

site sonnets were written to Vittoria, and the interest she took in his work was comforting, indeed, to this unhappy man.

RAPHAEL.

Turning to the life of Raphael after studying that of Angelo is like turning from the restless sea, chafing constantly upon the shore, tossed and fretted to and fro, ever moaning, never quiet, to the flow of a peaceful river that moves along through happy meadows, sunlit hills and tranquil woodlands. Possessed of rare beauty, popular throughout his life, attended by fortune and favor, Raphael's years sped along so pleasantly that those who believe true genius must inevitably be accompanied by heavy crosses and vain strivings, have been perplexed as to whether he was a genius at all. That he drew like an angel there was no disputing; that he probably produced the greatest painting which the world has ever seen many believe —but he did it all so easily that the vast majority, who find life frequently disappointing, have better understood the stern master of stone.

Raphael was born in 1483, near Florence. His father was an artist, and when a young lad, Raphael worked in his father's studio, grinding colors and cleaning brushes. His mother died when he was quite young and the father married again. Contrary to tradition, his step-mother proved his steadfast friend, caring for him and looking after his interests after her husband died. Raphael was sent to study the art that he dearly loved with Perugino. In 1505 he came to Florence, then the great art center of Italy. Angelo and da Vinci were already famous, and a score of lesser painters were making still more attractive the City of Lilies.

It would seem that Raphael was unusually fond of Madonna pictures, for he painted at least one hundred. The Madonna of the Goldfinch was one of the first to bring him fame. After he had done considerable work in Perugia, the Pope called him to Rome to decorate a suite of rooms in the Vatican. While Raphael was thus occupied, Angelo was painting his soul into the Sistine ceiling; but there was no friendship between the two artists. It is said that Angelo was jealous of his art and could not tolerate a rival. Stories remain of unfriendly words

passing between these men. Angelo scorned Raphael's retinue of admiring students, who often attended him when he went abroad. "There you go, like an officer with his posse!" Angelo is credited with having said as he met Raphael in the street. "Yes, and you—like the executioner, alone," Raphael replied. And thus it was: the handsome young artist, surrounded by friends, making no enemies—unless Angelo be considered one —on the one hand; the other, with his face furrowed with care and anxiety, repelling many by his abrupt manner, solitary and alone.

Leo X. commissioned Raphael to draw cartoons for tapestries to be hung in the Sistine Chapel. They pictured ten acts of the Apostles and were sent to Flanders to be woven in silk, wool, and gold. One year was consumed in making them. On special occasions they were hung in this beautiful chapel. However, in 1527 Rome was sacked and these tapestries were stolen. An attempt was made to extract the gold threads in them by burning the curtain. The experiment with one proved unsuccessful. From one to another they exchanged hands and were at last recovered, faded and shorn of their earlier beauty.

Raphael's fame rests largely upon the two Madonnas by which he is generally known: the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna. For years he sought in vain for a model that would personify his ideal of the mother and child. At last, late one afternoon, far in the country, he saw a woman with her two children, one in her arms, the other at her knee. Snatching the cover of a wine cask, he sketched the picture with a few lines, then hurried home to fill it out. The result was the famous Madonna of the Chair. This typifies tender motherhood, the human element being particularly emphasized.

The last painting finished by Raphael was his Sistine Madonna. It was painted for a banner, but was used as an altar piece. In this the spiritual element is predominant. As the curtains are drawn back, the Mother is seen advancing on the clouds, offering her Child to the world, quite conscious of the trials before him. It is said that the two little cherubs were not orginally in the picture, but were added by the artist after seeing two little boys leaning forward over the railing before his picture.

CHAPTER VII.

CORREGGIO, THE FAUN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

Antonio Allegri da Correggio was born in 1494. His life passed very quietly in northern Italy. He traveled little and lived in but three towns—Correggio, his birthplace and by whose name he is generally known; Modena, whither his family removed when the plague broke out in Correggio, and Parma, where he did his best work. Critics have sometimes tried to show that his painting was influenced by some of the great Renaissance masters, but it is certain that he never saw them and probably never saw their productions.

While a boy he studied with his uncle, but the uncle was such an indifferent painter that he quickly outstripped him and developed his own native genius. When but nineteen he received his first important commission—to paint the Madonna of San Francisco for a monastery in Correggio. One hundred ducats of gold were paid the young artist, and how well he executed his early undertaking we may still see if we visit the Dresden gallery.

In 1518 Allegri went to Parma, the art center for that part of Italy. The town was important, lying on the direct route north and south; it possessed much natural beauty, with its varied aspect of hills, plains, and flowing rivers. Several churches and convents in the vicinity offered a field for the young artist's abilities.

Three qualities are characteristic of Correggio's paintings: his mastery of foreshortening and chiaroscuro, and the joy of his characters, be they men or angels. By foreshortening we mean representing objects in a slant position, so that on a plane surface one appears to be farther front than another; chiaroscuro refers to the use of light and shadow. His use of light and shade has probably never been excelled. More apparent to the average beholder is the happiness imprinted upon his faces. His Madonnas are not lost in thought—his angels not

pensive; they are all jubilant, smiling, happy, finding sufficient joy in living.

Correggio was a simple soul who did not attempt to fathom the mysteries of the universe; he was not despairing over a world that needed reform, like Angelo; he was not feverishly searching in a laboratory for some secret that might reveal the wonders of the world about him, like Leonardo. Undisturbed with the turmoil of this life and unconcerned about the next, he loved beauty and painted it. His women are beautiful women; his angels, joyous angels who bear glad tidings.

In Parma Allegri's first commission was to decorate the chief room of a convent. The religious fervor of mediaeval years had passed and we do not find the abbess selecting sacred subjects for her frescoes. The ceiling was painted to represent an arbor; trellises were heavy with vines, and here and there clusters of grapes seemed to hang down. All lines converged at the center, where the family arms of the abbess were painted. Through the trellis openings were left at regular intervals, and in these chubby Cupids played. The whole was finished by a series of paintings set in semi-circular spaces, these being filled in with pictures of Athena, Hera, Dionysus and other Greek deities. Finally over the great fireplace he painted a large picture of Diana riding in her chariot, drawn by snow-white steeds. Greek love of life and beauty permeated the entire room and made it most attractive.

The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine is probably best known of his easel pictures. The legends connected with this saint are still popular. Left an orphan when little more than a child, her people wished her to form a marriage alliance, but the maiden found none of her suitors to her liking. The situation preyed upon her mind, and one night she dreamed that the mother of Christ came to her with the child in her arms. The baby slipped a ring on Catherine's finger, which was still there when she awoke. Satisfied that this tokened a symbolical union of her soul with the love and purity of the infant Christ, Catherine gave herself up to a religious life. Many times the story has been told on canvas, but Correggio's conception is most tender and beautiful.

Probably the most wonderful Christmas picture that has

ever been produced is Correggio's Holy Night. The birth of Christ has been a favorite theme with artists—especially those of the early Italian Renaissance; but the simplicity and joy of Correggio's Nativity has never been surpassed. The Christ-child lies in a hay-filled manger, pillowed on his mother's arm. Behind her are shepherds, and still farther in the background the eternal hills over which the first light of morning breaks. Light emanating from the child illumines the stable and causes the shepherdess standing near to shield her eyes from such brilliancy. Overhead a group of happy angels proclaim the joyful news of a prophecy fulfilled. This picture is also preserved today in the Dresden gallery.

"To Correggio nature had no hidden meaning; he saw her and loved her, and put his whole soul into transferring her sensuous beauty to canvas. Tradition says that he covered his canvas with gold before beginning his picture, that the landscape setting might sparkle and glisten with that golden-green luster so noticeable in many of his pictures. There is a fascination in his wonderful display of color equal to that of the rainbow tints; he never startles, but soothes, as the ripple of the little stream over the pebbles soothes the tired mind. He awakens no passion; inspires no intense longing; gives no intellectual stimulus, for with him to be alive is joy enough."[1]

TITIAN.

The greatest painters of the Renaissance were Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Correggio, and lastly, Titian. Each had contributed his special perfections—accurate lines, mastery of light and shade, scientific knowledge allied with art, etc., and it was now left for Titian to unite many of these qualities and add his own superb use of color.

Born in 1477, Titian lived until 1576, painting almost until the end. Even then he was carried off by the plague which swept down upon Venice, claiming 40,000 victims. Otherwise it would appear that Titian might have passed his centenary. During this hundred years many events of mighty bearing upon the future transpired. In the year of his birth, Caxton printed his first book in England; when 15 years of age,

[1] Pictures and Their Painters, 133.

Columbus discovered America and added another world to that of the ancients. Later Charles V. became emperor and Spain reached her widest expansion; Luther posted his ninety-five theses and created such a stir that men still feel the effects of his religious movement. Finally, the Netherlands asserted their independence from the hated tyranny of Spain and established their own government. Surely this was a great century for a man of genius to live through. Frequently men's lives are so brief that they catch at best but a glimpse of the vast plan of the universe. For this reason it is gratifying to come now and then upon one stronger than his fellowmen, who pauses a little longer and encircles with his vision a little wider horizon.

Titian was born in Cadore—in the mountains which divide Italy from the Austrian Tyrol. Rugged and wild is nature in this region; ragged peaks, bare rocks, deep caverns, precipitous gorges and rushing streams were imprinted upon the boy's mind and pictured by the mature man. From infancy he displayed a genius for drawing, and a legend still lives on in Cadore that as a child Titian crushed flowers and from their juices painted a Madonna. At the age of nine he was sent to Venice to study with his uncle, who appears to have been a worker in mosaic. The greater part of his life was spent in this Queen City of the Adriatic, yet throughout his years he occasionally visited the little village, seventy miles north of Venice, where his early childhood had been passed.

In the periods we have been studying there were no such institutions as we have today in the way of art schools, where young aspirants may learn from experienced teachers and artists exhibit their productions. On the contrary, youths studied with some master in the locality or in the nearest art center, and established artists, as a rule, came under the patronage of a prince or duke who ordinarily maintained a court and wished to bring about his court men gifted in a variety of ways. Such protection and patronage was almost essential, particularly if the artist did not possess independent means—and few did. It is necessary to remember this in order to understand the persistence of one like Titian in seeking the favor of those in power. Unlike Rembrandt, Titian had a

wholesome regard for fame, favor and money. He seemed to have possessed a clear business sense, seldom found in a man of his talents. Like Erasmus and other scholars of the times, he occasionally made some concessions to dignity in order to secure liberal means. Perhaps it should be added to his credit that in the end he was generally much more successful than was his literary contemporary.

Venice has ever made colorists of artists. Those whose colors have been subdued before coming to the city have straightway become intoxicated with the marvelous display of opalescent hues and have painted gorgeous sunsets, gay canals and rainbow mists. Having water-ways in the place of streets, the reflection in Venice is greater than in other cities. Not only is blue sky above; the world is paved with sky beneath. Mists rising from the sea catch the sun's rays and produce curious and bewitching effects. Those who dwell in the midst of such splendor become themselves infected with its charm and don gay attire. Gondolas became so sumptuous that the thrifty merchant fathers of the city were obliged to legislate against large sums being used for the purpose of making the tiny boats attractive.

Moreover, the Venice of Titian's day was a delight, apart from the bright tints of its canals. Princely palaces and costly municipal buildings arose on every hand, beautiful without and more beautiful still within. Frescoes by talented artists made decorative walls and ceilings. Architecture adapted itself to the local conditions and to the wealth of the community. Altogether Venice was even more truly than today a place to dream about. Unquestionably Titian's mastery of color was largely due to his removal to this city in his impressionable years.

One of his first paintings was also one of his best—The Tribute Money. The Hebrews were at the time of Christ paying tribute to Rome. They hated this tribute tax as men in all ages have hated the fee demanded of them by one stronger in power. Wishing to get Christ into trouble by getting him to denounce the hated tribute, a crafty Pharisee came to him one day and asked: was it lawful to pay Caesar this tribute? Christ quickly divined the deceitful spirit that under-

lay the question, and he quietly pointed to the coin in the Pharisee's hand. "Whose image is engraven on the coin?" he asked. The Pharisee replied that it was Caesar's. Then came the well-known reply: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Both characters are plainly delineated on the canvas.

The German artist Dürer visited Venice about this time. He painted so carefully that pores of the skin were said to be visible, and hairs lay apart from each other. How true it may be we may not know, but the story circulated that Titian painted this Tribute Money for the purpose of convincing the world that he too could paint hair to perfection.

In the fresco having for its theme the "Battle of Cadore," Titian reproduced much of the scenery peculiar to his beloved mountain country. This painting was ordered by the Venetian officials for the House of the Council. It represented a battle occasioned by the refusal of those dwelling in Cadore to recognize the authority of the Emperor. In the battle that followed their asserted freedom, they successfully withstood the attack of the imperial troops and won the day. Titian had considerable trouble over this painting, for the reason that he would put it aside whenever more remunerative work offered, causing the Venetians such delay that they finally lost all patience.

Among his allegorical pictures, the Three Ages of Man was very successful. In this painting little children are shown, falling asleep among the flowers; not far away, a shepherdess plays on a flute to charm her shepherd lover; beyond the hill, under the slight shade of a dying tree, an old man sits and looks long at a skull which a plough has perhaps turned up.

Titian married one Cecelia, who became the mother of four children. One son led a dissipated life and was the grief of his father. The mother died early in life, while her place was partially filled by Lucretia, Titian's dearly loved daughter. This daughter was painted by her father. She is shown beautifully attired, carrying a tray of fruit in her hands.

One of his popular paintings was that of Flora—a beauteous maiden whose neck seems to be of ivory and whose hair is pure gold. At least one hundred paintings remain from Titian's brush, many of them portraits. The Physician of Parma is the

subject of a fine portrait of a scholarly man, who understood, so we feel as we look upon his picture, whatever was known of medical science in his generation. Even Philip of Spain secured a noble portrait from Titian. Many queens and princes sat for him, and for years his time was filled to overflowing.

Among his sacred subjects, The Presentation in the Temple is probably considered greatest, while his Assumption of the Virgin is another masterly production.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDIAEVAL MUSIC—SEVERAL-PART MELODY.

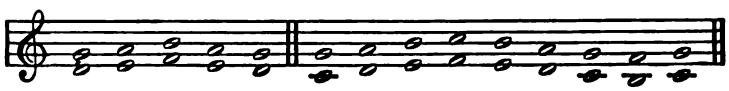
The first period in the history of church music may be said to have included those years in which the liturgic chant (Plain Song) was the only permitted form in the Catholic worship. We now come to a second period—that in which the unaccompanied chorus was employed in the parts of the service in which the chant was not obligatory. The custom of writing notes and the practice of singing more than one part of a melody at the same time had their beginnings in these years.

The earliest system of notation consisted of little pen-strokes which were much like our shorthand characters of to-day. These little "neumae" were developed from the Greek accent marks, and were placed over the words merely to aid the singer's memory and to give him a relative idea of the pitch, rather than to regulate the time. The art of printing had not been applied to musical notes, communication was difficult, and the knowledge of this musical system was spread only by means of the monastery schools. It is not hard to imagine the utter confusion that must have been caused by this haphazard method of notation. No two singers agreed on the pitch of a note, and there was no attempt to regulate its time. The first step in the way of progress was the employment of a line to indicate the pitch of certain notes. The first one to be determined was F; finally another line was used and C became established. From this system of lines added to aid the singer's memory grew our musical staff. Then followed the development of the clefs, although they were at first movable and could indicate a variety of pitches. It was a great advancement for the art of music when the length of notes became fixed and they were no longer altered according to the individual fancy of every singer.

In its earliest stages music was melodic and, no matter how many voices were employed, but one melody was heard. Soon

it became apparent that there would have to be a readjustment of melody if it were to be sung by both men and boys, because of the great difference in the compass of their voices. The Greeks had happened upon a plan of singing in octaves, and this they called "magadizing." The octave is the simplest consonant interval and was naturally the first to be employed. In the early Christian churches melodies of greater range came to be used, thus preventing the practice of singing in unison or octaves. Some method had to be devised by which they could sing their religious tunes in a more agreeable way, and this the monks in the monasteries undertook to accomplish.

If it is satisfactory for the voices to sing in unison or in octaves, they argued, why can we not let one group of voices sing the melody as before, and another group take it up at an interval of four or five tones above or below? For example:

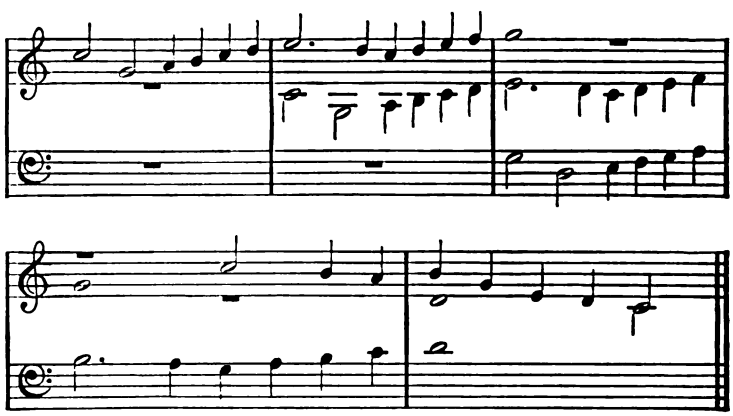


This plan seems to have been generally approved and so, for them, the problem was solved. To our ears, accustomed to modern harmonies, this "Organum," or advanced magadizing, would sound intolerably harsh and unmusical; but to them it was not distasteful, and it allowed a choir of monks to sing the same melody simultaneously, notwithstanding the differences of their voice range. At first the melody was simply duplicated at a distance of a fourth or fifth, the two voices moving in parallel motion. Gradually composers came to see the advantage of writing the parts in opposite or "contrary" motion. Until the end of the eleventh century the voices of choral music were carried through from beginning to end, without the variety and relief of having one part discontinued even for a measure. The same volume of sound was heard throughout the composition and must have been very monotonous and wearing to the hearer.

"Composers seem to have thought that it was an advantage to keep the parts going; and when they gave any voice a rest of long duration, it was generally less for the sake of artistic

effect than because they found it so difficult (in a triplum or quadruplum) to keep all the parts in continual activity. One part, indeed, was necessarily kept going. For it was the almost universal practice that each movement was developed upon some ready-made melody, such as a plain chant, or even a secular tune put into long notes. This was generally put in the tenor . . . and if this canto fermo stopped there was nothing left to build upon."[1]

Strictly speaking, counterpoint did not begin until the custom arose of letting the melody voices follow one another successively, instead of simultaneously. The theme (usually adapted from a plain-song) would be given out in one voice, then taken up by a second (this is called a "response") at a distance of a fourth or a fifth, which acted as an accompaniment to the first, while a little farther on a third part would imitate the original melody, the other two parts being woven into accompanying consonances.



In the early stage of notation the notes were made to look like points, instead of having rounded heads, and this is the origin of the term "counterpoint"—*punctus contra punctum,* literally "point against point." The principle of imitation, or giving out of the theme by one voice after another, was the basis of the canon and fugue, later carried to such perfection by Johann Sebastian Bach.

[1] Parry, The Art of Music, 105.

Counterpoint is based on the study of single notes or *melody,* while harmony has to do with combinations of tones, or *chords.* In its broadest sense counterpoint means adding accompanying parts to a given melody. In harmony we think of a succession of tones in perpendicular form, and not their progression in melody.

As long as music was promoted only within the churches and monastery schools it was entirely vocal and quite devoid of any rhythmic quality. This was not without its advantages, for it was the indirect cause of the invention of harmony. Dance music, even today, demands but little in the way of harmony; but choral music, sung by voices of different pitch, requires the aid of harmonic structure. A rhythm which was independent of the dance measure could never have been developed had it not been that choral music felt its need.

"It is perfectly easy to keep instruments or voices together when the music is regulated by a dance rhythm, but in pure choral music, such as was cultivated from the tenth century till the sixteenth, one of the most beautiful effects, which composers sought after most keenly, was the gliding from harmony to harmony by steps which were so hidden that the mind was willingly deceived into thinking that they had melted into one another."[2]

In this way modern harmonized forms began in counterpoint and the two developed side by side, one strengthening the other. Gradually the ear became trained to more refined intervals, and then thirds and sixths began to be used. The progress of part writing was slow and it developed under difficulties, for there were no models from which to copy. The music of the Middle Ages was not artistic; it was experimental.

Two centuries later we find that the desire to carry the art of counterpoint to its utmost resulted in productions that far more resembled mathematical problems than they did musical compositions. This period (1400-1550) was known as the "Age of the Netherlanders," because the work was carried on by musicians of Northern France and the Low Countries. While some music was produced indicating that a few composers were striving for a truly musical effect, on the whole it

[2]Parry: The Art of Music, 90.

must be admitted that music became the exercise ground for the fertile minds of scholars and theorists, rather than the field of labor for real musicians.

"Counterpoint single, double, quadruple, augmented and diminished, direct, retrograde and inverted, became the joy of composers. The notation became equally bewildering. . . . Rhythm was obscured and the words hopelessly lost in the web of crossing parts. Composers largely occupied themselves with the mechanical side of their art. Technical cleverness was the uppermost aim, rather than beauty or devotional expression."[3]

The practice of borrowing tunes from secular as well as religious sources led to an absurd abuse. The composition took its name from the borrowed air, and masses and motets by such names as "Mass of the Armed Man," and "Adieu, My Love Mass" were not uncommon. No irreverence was intended by such adaptation of melody and name; composers seem to have simply failed to see the inartistic and really humorous aspect of the practice.

The complexity of this musical algebra was amazing, and wonderful was the skill required in teaching and handling it. When the effort to create new forms and solve new puzzles had reached its height, the work of the Netherlanders was finished. Insomuch as it taught composers the thorough mastery of counterpoint, it was useful and even necessary. It is sometimes asked why the music of this period, which has aroused the true admiration among contrapuntists of all times, is not presented to the world to-day. The answer is not hard to find. Only a small part of these old works have ever been printed and, of those that were put in permanent form, many have been lost. Then, too, there are fashions even in church music, and with the influx of the fascinating Italian melody and warm tone-color which permeated all Europe in the seventeenth century, the more austere and complex forms were forgotten.

The Music of the People.

Every art is the combination of two elements—(1) the invention of ideas and fancy, and (2) mechanical skill. In order

[3] Dickinson, Music in the Western Church, 150.

to have a progressive music we must have the scientific knowledge of the theorist and the spontaneous melody of the people; these two factors necessarily act and react upon one another. The invention of melodies must be accompanied by a thorough groundwork of harmony and counterpoint.

In the Middle Ages the work of the scientific musician was not to create melodies, but to give borrowed tunes a carefully conceived form and contrapuntal treatment. On the other hand, the common people possessed a wealth of beautiful ideas but lacked the scientific skill to work them out. So long as musical theorists labored only within the walls of the monasteries, music lacked that spirit that only contact with the real joys and struggles of life can give.

The period from the eleventh to the fourteen centuries was one of great brilliancy in European history. With the awakening of men's energies and the revival of learning came an increase in culture and wealth, and a rapid expansion of all the arts. The order of knighthood appeared, bringing chivalry with its conception of honor and courtesy. The knightly calling not only demanded a knowledge of the use of arms, but also an acquaintance with the gentle arts of poetry and song.

Secular musicians—and by these are meant all whose labors were carried on outside the church—of the Middle Ages were wanderers over Europe. They were the strolling minstrels, troubadours, minnesingers and master-singers, their names differing according to the nation and station in life to which they belonged. This song-minstrelsy had its origin in the French court and first found expression with the troubadours in Province. Probably because of its proximity to Spain this district led all others in the spirit of chivalry and love of gayety; in any event it became the rallying ground for the finest arts of the age.

The troubadour was a poet rather than a musician. Often he was totally unskilled in music and had to employ someone to sing and play his poems for him. These assistants, or minstrels as they were called, comprised a large and varied group; they belonged to the lower ranks of society, while the troubadour was of knightly calling. A few possessed both poetical

and musical ability, as in the case of Adam de la Hâle, of the thirteenth century. The troubadour's song was of love, exalting woman's beauty, and the few melodies that have come down to us show true musical feeling, strong rhythm and a scale system much like our own. The troubadours helped more than any other class of musicians to keep instrumental music alive, and in this work performed great service.

On the journeys from castle to castle, or from town to town, the minstrels were in constant attendance upon the gay troubadours. Not only did they sing their knight's lays, but often performed the duties of an upper servant; at the banquet table the minstrel sat below his master, who, being of noble birth, was entitled to every attention.

Speaking of the great class of minstrels, Mr. Chambers in his *Mediæval Stage* says: "They wandered at their will from castle to castle, and in time from borough to borough, sure of their ready welcome alike in the village tavern, the guildhall and the baron's keep. They sang and jested in the market places, stopping cunningly at a critical moment in the performance to gather their harvest of small coin from the bystanders. In the great castles, while lords and ladies supped or sat around the fire, it was theirs to while away many a long evening with courtly *geste* or witty sally. At wedding or betrothal, treaty or tournament, their presence was indispensable. The greater festivities saw them literally in their hundreds, and rich was their reward in money and in jewels, in costly garments, and in broad acres. They were licensed vagabonds with free right of entry into the presence-chambers of the land."

The accomplishments of the minstrel were varied and often included the arts of our present-day juggler. One of the ablest, Robert le Manis, said: "I can play the lute, the violin, the pipe, the bagpipe, the syrinx, the harp, the gigue, the gittern, the symphony, the psaltery, the organistrum, the regals, the tabor and the rote. I can sing a song well and make tales and fables." Because he was constantly strolling about the country and could call no place his home, the bard of this age could claim the protection of no country. He was an outlaw in the eyes of society, looked upon as an entertainer solely, and never taken seriously.

It is but a short distance across the Rhine into the Fatherland, and the lay of the troubadour soon found a counterpart in the minnesong. Before the German minnesingers could gain their titles there was rigorous training to be undergone. Many of them were, like the troubadour, of noble birth and received a knight's training. When about seven years of age the would-be songster entered the service of some knight, waiting upon him as a page and learning the accomplishments of a gentleman. At the age of twenty-one, his past record being irreproachable, he was knighted at his lord's castle, receiving his title and his sword, upon which he swore to protect woman and the holy cause of religion, and thus equipped set out in the world independently.

"This ceremony being concluded, the young knight was by custom compelled to saunter forth into the world, and generally by poverty to keep on sauntering in this fashion all his life long. Then he perfected himself in the art of composing songs and playing some stringed instrument, which became both a source of infinite enjoyment, and an unfailing source of revenue if the knight was poor. With his art he paid his boarding-bills; his art furnished him with clothes, horses and equipments. More than all, his art won him the love of his lady."[4]

The song of the minnesinger was, like that of the troubadour, in praise of woman, and was even more extravagant in lauding her virtues. Although the poetry of the Germans was superior, their melody was not so spontaneous. Generally speaking, the minnesingers were musicians and did not have to depend upon minstrels to sing their poems for them.

"At a time when cities had as yet barely come into existence in Germany, and the castles of the lords were the chief gathering-places of the vast floating population of the crusading times, these minnesingers, with little or nothing beside their sword, fiddle, or harp, and some bit of love-ribbon or the like from the sweetheart, wandered from village to village and castle to castle, everywhere welcomed with gladness, and receiving their expected remuneration with the proud unconcern of strolling vagabonds. Throngs gathered to hear their songs, retained them in memory, and transmitted them to the succeeding generation."[5]

[4] Kroeger, The Minnesinger in Germany, 7. Ibid., 5.

For the most part, they were unable to read or write, and we owe nearly all our knowledge of their songs to tradition. How these unlettered knights could develop the art of song and poetry to such a degree of excellence is a marvel. No such grace and beauty of song appeared again in German literature until Goethe heralded the dawn of a second brilliant period of poetry. It is impossible to give in an English translation the musical beauty of these lyrics, but the following stanzas will serve to give an idea of their style. The first is attributed to Ulrich von Lichenstein.

"Summer glow
Lieth low
Upon heath, field, wood and grass.
Here and there
In the glare,
White, red, gold peeps from the place.
Full of joy
Laughs the sky,
Laughs what on the earth doth rove.
Happy man
He who can
Live so all things him move
To love, to love."

The two following were writen by Walther von der Vogelweide, who seems to have been one of the most gifted and popular of the minnesingers:

ECSTASY OF LOVE.

"I am now so full of joy,
That into any folly I might throw me;
For there's a chance that I
Can win my lady signs of love to show me.
Look! thus rise my hopes and blow me
Far higher than the sunshine floats;—be
Gracious, maid, unto me.

Ne'er I on the fair one glanced
But with love's glow my eyes 'gan sparkle clearer.
This always to me chanced;
And e'en cold winter to my heart grew dearer.
Others deemed't a churlish cheever,
What time to me it seemed as if May had
Indeed drawn nearer.

This most pleasant song I've sung
In honor of my lady, and unchary.
She must thank me for't ere long,
Then for her sake will I be ever merry.
Though she wound my heart unwary;
What of it? whether't hurteth me? It may
Do the contrary.

No one may so far succeed,
To part me ever from the love I bear her.
If I were turned from her indeed,
Then where should I find maiden nobler, dearer,
One more guileless, debonnairer?
Than Helen or Diana she is better famed
And fairer."

The death of the German Emperor Henry VI. changed the whole character of the times, and the care-free minstrel days came to an end. The country was in confusion and rent by party dispute, some favoring Otto of Bavaria, and others his rival, Philip, for the next ruler. This verse, taken from a poem written to encourage Philip, shows the poet to have been a thoughtful and keen observer of the affairs of the day:

"I heard a water skimming,
And saw the fishes swimming;
I saw what in the world there was;
Fields and woods, leaves, reeds, and grass.
What crawleth and ascendeth,
And feet to th' earth downbendeth.
This saw I, and I tell you that
None of these all live without hate.
The beasts, and e'en the crawling
Worms e'er are fighting and bawling

Thus e'en the birds do. Still I see
That in one thing they do agree—
They'd hold themselves destroyed,
Lest they one court employed.
Hence king and law they choose by a word,
And order servant man and lord.
Ah, woe thee, German nation!
How great thy degradation!
The very fly her king doth own;
And lo! thine honor goeth down;
Repent thee, O repent thee!
Thy selfish princes rent thee, alack!
O Philip, take the emperor's crown, and tell the others
to stand back."

The poetry of the minnesinger reached its height in the middle of the thirteenth century, and completely died out in the fourteenth. The performances of these musical bards of Europe, till about the year 1450, had been of a low moral order, for they were the most irresponsible people of a coarse and careless age. Although they kept alive the love of pure melody, their work must not be overestimated; their importance is greater in the history of human culture than it is in the history of music.

Gradually the strolling musicians were brought under control; slowly they came to settle in cities, where they became useful citizens. In most of the European cities they, like all skilled artisans, formed companies or guilds, somewhat similar to the present-day trade unions. To this order belonged all grades and classes of music lovers, from the apprentice to the poet, and, highest of all, the master-singer. The latter class rendered final decisions on all matters pertaining to music, and made rigid and precise rules for their mechanical compositions. The regulations governing their composing were so artificial that their productions could not live.

Of the many thousands who attained the rank of master-singer only one is remembered today. Wagner has made imperishable the name of the greatest of the guild workers—Hans Sachs—in his great comic opera, "Die Meistersinger von

Nuremberg." In this he gives us the following description of a master-song:

"Each master-created stave
Its regular measurement must have,
By sundry regulations stated
And never violated.
What we call a section is two stanzas;
For each the self-same melody answers;
A stanza several lines doth blend,
And each line with a rhyme must end.
Then come we to the "After Song,"
Which must be also some lines long,
And have its especial melody,
Which from the other different must be.
So staves and sections of each measure
A master-song may have at pleasure.
He who a new song can outpour
Which in four syllables—not more—
Another strain doth plagiarize,
He may obtain the master prize."

The same impulse that produced this music made the folk-song possible among the common people. The folk-song differs from the so-called art song in that its authorship is unknown, and so it seems as if it came from the heart of the people. Probably many of them have more than one author—that is, they have been altered and added to from time to time. They are simple and unaffected, and it is in them that we find the real musical character of a nation.

The German folk-song was independent of the minnesong, and has had a great influence upon higher musical art. Composers of all times have turned to the people's melodies for themes and inspiration. That these simple folk-tunes are capable of a high degree of development is beautifully illustrated in the works of Johann Sebastian Bach.

FLORENCE.

"Florence is like a lily in the midst of a garden gay with wild flowers; a broken lily that we have tied up and watered and nursed into a semblance of life, an image of ancient beauty —as it were the *memento mori* of that Latin spirit which contrived the Renaissance of mankind. As of old, so today, she stands in the plain at the foot of the Apennines, that in their sweetness and strength lend her still something of their nobility. Around her are the hills covered with olive gardens, where the corn and the wine and the oil grow together between the iris and the rose; and everywhere on those beautiful hills there are villas among the flowers, real villas such as Alberti describes for us, full of coolness and rest, where a fountain splashes in an old courtyard, and the grapes hang from the pergolas, and the corn is spread in July and beaten with the flail. And since the vista of every street in Florence ends in the country, it is to these hills you find your way very often if your stay be long, fleeing from the city herself, perhaps to hide your disappointment in the simple joy of country life. More and more as you live in Florence that country life becomes your consolation and your delight: for there abide the old ways and the ancient songs, which you will not find in the city. And, indeed, the great treasure of Florence is this bright and smiling country in which she lies: the old road to Fiesole, the ways that lead from Settignano to Compiobbi, the path through the woods from S. Martino a Mensola, that smiling church by the wayside, to Vincigliata, to Castel di Poggio, the pilgrimage from Bagno a Ripoli to the Incontro. There, on all those beautiful gay roads, you will pass numberless villas whispering with summer, laughing with flowers; you will see the contadini at work in the poderi, you will hear the rispetti and stornelli of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries sung perhaps by some lovesick peasant girl among the olives from sunrise till evening falls. And the ancient ways are not forgotten there, for they still reap with the sickle and sing to the beat of the flail; while the land itself, those places "full of nimble air, in a laughing country of sweet and lovely views,

where there is always fresh water, and everything is healthy and pure," of which Leon Alberti tells us, are still held and cultivated in the old way, under the old laws, by the contadino and his padrone. This ancient order, quietness, and beauty, which you may find everywhere in the country round about Florence, is the true Tuscany. The vulgarity of the city, for even in Italy the city life has become insincere, blatant, and for the most part a life of the middle class, seldom reaches an hundred yards beyond the barriera: and this is a charm in Florence, for you may so easily look on her from afar. And so, if one comes to her from the country, or returns to her from her own hills, it is ever with a sense of loss, of sadness, of regret: she has lost her soul for the sake of the stranger, she has forgotten the splendid past for an ignoble present, a strangely wearying dream of the future.

Yet for all her modern ways, her German beer-houses, her English tea-shops, her noisy trams on Lung' Arno, her air as of a museum, her eagerness to show her contempt for the stranger while she sells him her very soul for money, Florence remains one of the most delightful cities of Italy to visit, to live with, to return to again and again. Yet I for one would never live within her walls if I could help it, or herd with those barbarian exclamatory souls who in guttural German or cockney English snort or neigh at the beauties industriously pointed out by a loud-voiced cicerone, quoting in American all the appropriate quotations, Browning before Filippo Lippi, Ruskin in S. Croce, Mrs. Browning at the door of S. Felice, Goethe everywhere.

No, I will live a little way out of the city on the hillside, perhaps toward Settignano, not too far from the pine woods, nor too near the gate. And my garden there shall be a vineyard, bordered with iris, and among the vines shall be a garden of olives, and under the olives there shall be the corn. And the yellow roses will litter the courtyard, and the fountain shall be full of their petals, and the red roses shall strew the paths, and the white roses shall fall upon the threshold; and all day long the bees will linger in the passion-flowers by the window when the mulberry trees have been stripped of leaves, and the lilies of Madonna, before the vines, are tall and like

ghosts in the night, the night that is blue and gold, where a few fire-flies linger yet, sailing faintly over the stream, and the song of the cicale is the burden of endless summer. Then very early in the morning I will rise from my bed under the holy branch of olive, I will walk in my garden before the sun is high, I will look on my beloved city. Yes, I shall look over the near olives across the valley to the hill of cypresses, to the poplars beside Arno that tremble with joy; and first I shall see Torre del Gallo and then S. Miniato, that strange and beautiful place, and at last my eyes will rest on the city herself, beautiful in the mist of morning: first the tower of S. Croce, like a tufted spear; then the tower of liberty, and that was built for pride; and at last, like a mysterious rose lifted above the city, I shall see the dome, the rosy dome of Brunellesco, beside which, like a slim lily, pale, immaculate as a pure virgin, rises the inviolate Tower of the Lowly, that Giotto built for God. Yes, often I shall thus await the Angelus that the bells of all the villages will answer, and I shall greet the sun and be thankful. Then I shall walk under the olives, I shall weigh the promised grapes, I shall bend the ears of corn here and there, that I may feel their beauty, and I shall bury my face in the roses, I shall watch the lilies turn their heads, I shall pluck the lemons one by one. And the maidens will greet me on their way to the olive-gardens, the newly married, hand in hand with her husband, will smile upon me, she who is heavy with child will give me her blessing, and the children will laugh and peep at me from behind the new-mown hay; and I shall give them greeting. And I shall talk with him who is busy in the vineyard, I shall watch him barefoot among the grapes, I shall see his wise hands tenderly unfold a leaf or gather up a straying branch, and when I leave him I shall hear him say, "May your bread be blessed to you." Under the myrtles, on a table of stone spread with coarse white linen, such as we see in Tuscany, I shall break my fast, and I shall spill a little milk on the ground for thankfulness, and the crumbs I shall scatter, too, and a little honey that the bees have given I shall leave for them again.

So I shall go into the city, and one will say to me, "The Signore must have a care, for the sun will be hot, in returning

it will be necessary to come under the olives." And I shall laugh in my heart and say, "Have no fear, then, for the sun will not touch me." And how should I but be glad that the sun will be hot, and how should I but be thankful that I shall come under the olives?

And I shall come into the city by Porta alla Croce for love, because I am but newly returned, and presently through the newer ways I shall come to the oldest of all, Borgo degli Albizzi, where the roofs of the beautiful palaces almost touch, and the way is cool and full of shadow. There, amid all the hurry and bustle of the narrow splendid way, I shall think only of old things for a time, I shall remember the great men who founded and established the city, I shall recall the great families of Florence. Here in this Borgo the Albizzi built their towers when they came from Arezzo, giving the city more than an hundred officers, Priori and Gonfalonieri, till Cosimo de' Medici thrust them out with the help of Eugenius IV. The grim, scornful figure of Rinaldo seems to haunt the old palace still. Out in the Piazza once more, I shall turn into Borgo S. Lorenzo, and follow it till I come to Piazza di S. Lorenzo, with its bookstalls where Browning found that book, "Small quarto size, part print, part manuscript," which told him the story of "The Ring and the Book." There I shall look once more on the ragged, rugged front of S. Lorenzo, and entering, find the tomb of Piero de Medici, made by Verrocchio, and thinking awhile of those other tombs where Michael Angelo hardby carved his Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn, I shall find my way again into the Piazzo del Duomo, and, following Via Cerretani, that busy street, I shall come at last into Piazza S. Maria Novella, and there on the north I shall see again the bride of Michaelangelo, the most beautiful church in Florence, S. Maria Novella of the Dominicans. Perhaps I shall rest there a little before Duccio's Madonna on her high altar, and linger under the grave, serene work of Ghirlandajo; but it may be the sky will be too fair for any church to hold me, so that passing down the way of the Beautiful Ladies, and taking Via dei Serpi on my left, I shall come into Via Tornabuoni, that smiling, lovely way just above the beautiful Palazzo Antinori, whence I may see Palazzo

Strozzi, but without the great lamp at the corner where the flowers are heaped and there are always so many loungers. Indeed, the whole street is full of flowers and sunshine and cool shadow, and in some way, I know not what, it remains the most beautiful gay street in Florence, where past and present have met and are friends. And then I know if I follow this way I shall come to Lung' Arno—I may catch a glimpse of it even from the corner of Via Porta Rossa over the cabs, past the Column of S. Trinita; but the morning is gone: it is already long past midday, it is necessary to eat.

Luncheon over, I shall follow Via Porta Rossa, with its old palaces of the Torrigiani (now, Hotel Porta Rossa), and the Davanzati into Mercato Nuovo, where, because it is Thursday, the whole place will be smothered with flowers and children, little laughing rascals as impudent as Lippo Lippi's Angiolini, who play about the Tacca and splash themselves with water. And so I shall pass at last into Piazza della Signoria, before the marvelous palace of the people with its fierce, proud tower, and I shall stand on the spot before the fountains where Humanism avenged itself on Puritanism, where Savonarola, that Ferrarese who burned the pictures and would have burned the city, was himself burned in the fire he had invoked. And I shall look once more on the Loggia dei Lanzi, and see Cellini's young contadino masquerading as Perseus, and in my heart I shall remember the little wax figure he made for a model, now in Bargello, which is so much more beautiful than this young giant. So, under the cool cloisters of Palazzo degli Uffizi I shall come at last on to Lung' Arno, where it is very quiet, and no horses may pass, and the trams are a long way off. And I shall lift up my eyes and behold once more the hill of gardens across Arno, with the Belvedere just within the old walls, and S. Miniato, like a white and fragile ghost in the sunshine, and La Bella Villanella couched like a brown bird under the cypresses above the grey olives in the wind and the sun. And something in the gracious sweep of the hills, in the gentle nobility of that holy mountain which Michelangelo has loved and defended, which Dante Alighieri has spoken of, which Gianozzo Manetti has so often climbed, will bring the tears to my eyes, and I shall turn away towards Ponte Vecchio, the

oldest and most beautiful of the bridges, where the houses lead one over the river, and the little shops of the jewelers still sparkle and smile with trinkets. And in the midst of the bridge I shall wait a while and look on Arno. Then I shall cross the bridge and wander upstream towards Porta S. Niccolo, that gaunt and naked gate in the midst of the way, and there I shall climb through the gardens up the steep hill

> . . . "Per salire al monte
> Dove siede la chiesa" . . .

to the great Piazzale, and so to the old worn platform before S. Miniato itself, under the strange glowing mosaics of the facade: and, standing on the graves of dead Florentines, I shall look down on the beautiful city.

Marvelously fair she is on a summer evening as seen from that hill of gardens, Arno like a river of gold before her, leading over the plain lost in the farthest hills. Behind her the mountains rise in great amphitheaters—Fiesole on the one side, like a sentinel on her hill; on the other, the Apennines, whose gesture, so noble, precise and splendid, seems to point ever towards some universal sovereignty, some perfect domination, as though this place had been ordained for the resurrection of man. Under this mighty symbol of annunciation lies the city, clear and perfect in the lucid light, her towers shining under the serene evening sky. Meditating there alone for a long time in the profound silence of that hour, the whole history of this city that witnessed the birth of the modern world, the resurrection of the gods, will come to me.

Out of innumerable discords, desolations, hopes unfilled, everlasting hatred and despair, I shall see the city rise four square within her rosy walls between river and the hills; I shall see that lonely, beautiful, and heroic figure, Matilda the great Countess; I shall suffer the dream that consumes her, and watch Germany humble in the snow. And the Latin cause will tower a red lily beside Arno; one by one the great nobles will go by with cruel alien faces, prisoners, to serve the lily or to die. Out of their hatred will spring that mongrel cause of Guelph and Ghibelline, and I shall see the Amidei slay Buondelmonte Buondelmonti. Through the year of victories I shall

rejoice, when Pistoja falls, when Siena falls, when Volterra is taken, and Pisa forced to make peace. Then in tears I shall see the flight at Monteaperti, I shall hear the thunder of the horses, and with hate in my heart I shall search for Bocca degli Abati, the traitor, among the 10,000 dead. And in the council I shall be by when they plot the destruction of the city, and I shall be afraid: then I shall hear the heroic, scornful words of Farinata degli Uberti, when in his pride he spared Florence for the sake of his birth. And I shall watch the banners at Campaldino, I shall hear the intoxicating words of Corso Donati, I shall look into his very face and read the truth.

And at dawn I shall walk with Dante, and I shall know by the softness of his voice when Beatrice passeth, but I shall not dare to lift my eyes. I shall walk with him through the city, I shall hear Giotto speak to him of St. Francis, and Arnolfo will tell us of his dreams. And at evening Petrarch will lead me into the shadow of S. Giovanni and tell me of Madonna Laura. But it will be a morning of spring when I meet Boccaccio, ah, in S. Maria Novella, and as we come into the sunshine I shall laugh and say, "Tell me a story." And Charles of Valois will pass by, who sent Dante on that long journey; and Henry VII., for whom he had prayed; and I shall hear the trumpets of Montecatini, and I shall understand the hate Uguccione had for Castracani. And I shall watch the entry of the Duke of Athens, and I shall see his cheek flush at the thought of a new tyranny. Then for the first time I shall hear the sinister, fortunate name Medici. Under the banners of the Arti I shall hear the rumor of their names, Silvestro who urged on the Ciompi, Vieri who once made peace; nor will the death of Gian Galeazzo of Milan, nor the tragedy of Pisa, hinder their advent, for I shall see Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici proclaimed Gonfaloniere of the city. Then they will troop by more splendid than princes, the universal bankers, lords of Florence: Cosimo the hard old man, Pater Patriae, the greatest of his race; Piero, the weakling; Lorenzo il Magnifico, tyrant and artist; and over his shoulder I shall see the devilish, sensual face of Savonarola. And there will go by Giuliano, the lover of Simonetta; Piero the exile; Giovanni the

mighty Pope Leo X.; Giulio the son of Guiliano, Clement VII.; Ippolito the Cardinal, Alessandro the Cruel, Lorenzino his assassin, Cosimo Invitto, Grand Duke of Tuscany, bred in a convent and mourned for ever.

So they pass by, and their descendants follow after them, even to the poor, unhappy, learned Gian Gastone, the last of his race.

And around them throng the artists; yes, I shall see them all. Angelico will lead me into his cell and show me the meaning of the resurrection. With Lippo Lippi I shall play with the children, and talk with Lucrezia Buti at the convent gate; Chirlandajo will take me where Madonna Vanna is, and with Baldovinetti I shall watch the dawn. And Botticelli will lead me into a grove apart: I shall see the beauty of those three women who pass, who pass like a season, and are neither glad nor sorry; and with him I shall understand the joy of Venus, whose son was Love, and the tears of Madonna, whose son was Love also. And I shall hear the voice of Leonardo; and he will play upon his lyre of silver, that lyre in the shape of a horse's head which he made for Sforza of Milan; and I shall see him touch the hands of Monna Lisa. And I shall see the statue of snow that Buonarotti made; I shall find him under S. Miniato, and I shall weep with him.

So I shall dream in the sunset. The Angelus will be ringing from all the towers, and I shall have celebrated my return to the city that I have loved. The splendor of the dying day will lie upon her; in that enduring and marvelous hour, when in the sound of every bell you may find the names that are in your heart, I shall pass again through the gardens, I shall come into the city when the little lights before Madonna will be shining at the street corners, and streets will be full of the evening, where the river, stained with fading gold, steals into the night to the sea. And under the first stars I shall find my way to my hillside. On that white country road the dust of the day will have covered the vines by the way, the cypresses will be white half-way to their tops, in the whispering olives the cicale will still be singing; as I pass every threshold some dog will rouse, some horse will stamp in the stable, or an ox stop munching in his stall. In the far sky, marvelous with

infinite stars, the moon will sail like a little platter of silver, like a piece of money new from the mint, like a golden rose in a mirror of silver. Long and long ago the sun will have set, but when I come to the gate I shall go under the olives; though I shall be weary, I shall go by the longest way, I shall pass by the winding path, I shall listen for the whisper of the corn. And I shall beat at my gate, and one will say *Chi è,* and I shall make answer. So I shall come into my house, and the triple lights will be lighted in the garden, and the table will be spread. And there will be one singing in the vineyard, and I shall hear, and there will be one walking in the garden, and I shall know.

—*Edward Hutton.*

VENICE.

"Venice herself is poetry, and creates a poetry out of the dullest." It was a poet who spoke, and his clay was instinct with the breath of genius. But it is true that Venice lends wings to duller clay; it has been her fate to make poets of many who were not so before—a responsibility that entails loss on her as well as gain.

She has lived—she has loved and suffered and created; and the echoes of her creation are with us still; the pulse of the life which once she knew continues to throb behind the loud and insistent present. The story of Venice has been often written; the Bride of the Adriatic, in her decay as in her youthful and her mature beauty, has been the beloved of many men. "Wo betide the wretch," cries Landor through the mouth of Machiavelli, "who desecrates and humiliates her; she may fall, but she shall rise again." Venice even then had passed her zenith; the path she had entered, though blazing with a glory which had not attended on her dawn of life, was yet a path of decline, the resplendent, dazzling path of the setting sun. And now a second Attila, as Napoleon vaunted himself, has descended upon her. She has been desecrated, but she has never been dethroned. She could not, if she would, take the ring off her finger. No hand of man, however potent, can destroy that once consummated union, however the stranger and her traitor sons may abuse her from within.

It is to her own domain, embraced by her mutable yet eternally faithful ocean-lover, that we must still go to see the relics of her pomp. The old sternness has passed from her face, that compelling sovereignty which gave her rank among the greatest potentates of the Middle Ages; her features, portrayed by these latter days are mellowed; a veil of golden haze softens the bold outlines of that imperious countenance. We are sometimes tempted to forget that the cup held by the enchanter, Venice, was filled once with no dream-inducing liquor, but with a strong potion to fire the nerves of heroes. Viewing Venice in her greater days, it is impossible to make that separation between the artist and the man of action so deadly to action and to art. The portraits of the Venetian masters,

supreme among the portraits of the world, could only have been produced by men who beyond the divine perception of form and colour were endowed with a profound understanding and divination of human character. The pictures of Gentile Bellini, of Carpaccio, of Mansueti, are a gallery of portraits of stern, strong, capable, self-confident men; and Giovanni Bellini, who turned from secular themes to concentrate his energy on the portrayal of the Madonna and child, endowed her with a strength and solemn pathos which only Giotto could rival, combined with a luminous richness of colour in which perhaps he has no rival at all.

No mystics have sprung from Venice. Her sons have been artists of life, not dreamers, though the sea, that great weaver of dreams, has been ever around them. Or rather it is truer to say that the dreamers of Venice have also been men of action; strong, capable and intensely practical. They have not turned their back on the practice of life; they have loved it in all its forms. Even when they speak through the medium of allegory, of symbols, the art of Carpaccio and of Tintoretto is a supreme record of the interests of the greatest Venetians in the actions of everything living in this wonderful world, and in particular—they are not ashamed to own it, in their supremely wonderful city of Venice. There are dreamers among those crowds of Carpaccio, of Gentile Bellini; but their hands can grasp the weapons and the tools of earth; their heads and hearts can wrestle with the problems and passions of earth. Compare them with the dreamers of Perugino's school: you feel at once that a gulf lies between them; the fabric of their dream is of another substance. The great Venetians are giants; like the sea's, their embrace is vast and powerful, endowed also with the gentleness of strength. The history of Venetian greatness in art, in politics, in theology, is the history of men who have accepted life and strenuously devoted themselves to mastering its laws. They were not iconoclasts, because they were not idolaters: the faculties of temperance and restraint are apparent in their very enthusiasms. Venice did not fall because she loved life too well, but because she had lost the secret of living. Pride became to her more beautiful than truth, and finally more worshipful than beauty.

Much has, with truth, been said about the destruction of Venice. Even in those who have not known her as she was, who in presence of her wealth remaining are unconscious of the greatness of her loss, there constantly stirs indignant sorrow at the childish wantonness of her inhabitants, which loves to destroy and asks only a newer and brighter plaything. But much persists that is indestructible; and though Venice has become a spectacle for strangers, for those who are her lovers the old spirit lingers still near the form it once so gloriously inhabited, wakened into being, perchance, by a motion, an echo, a light upon the waters, and once wakened never again lost or out of mind. Does not the silent swiftness of the Ten still haunt the sandolo of the water police, as it steals in the darkness with unlighted lamp under the shadow of larger craft moored beside the fondamenta, visible only when it crosses the path of a light from house or garden? It is in her water that Venice eternally lives; it is thus that we think always of her image—elusive, unfathomable, though plumbed so often by no novice hand. It is the wonder of Venice within her waters which justifies the renewal of the old attempt to reconstruct certain aspects of a career which has been a challenge to the world, a mystery on which it has never grown weary of speculating. And as the light falling from a new angle on familiar features may reveal some grace hidden heretofore in shadow or unobserved, so, perchance, the vision of Venice may be renewed or kindled through the medium of a new personality.

Venice is inexhaustible, and it is from her waters that her mine of wealth is drawn. They give her wings; without them she would be fettered like other cities of the land. But Venice with her waters is never dead. The sun may fall with cruel blankness on calle, piazza and fondamenta, but nothing can kill the water; it is always mobile, always alive. Imagine the thoroughfare of an inland city on such a day as is portrayed in Manet's Grand Canal de Venise; heart and eye would curse the sunshine. But in the luminous truth of Manet's picture, as in Venice herself, the heat quivers and lives. Above ground, blue sky beating down on blue canal, on the sleepy midday

motion of the gondolas, on the brilliant blue of the striped gondola posts, which appear to stagger into the water; and under the surface, the secret of Venice, the region where reflections lurk, where the long wavering lines are carried on in the deep, cool, liquid life below. When Venice is weary, what should she do but dive into the water as all her children do? If we look down, when we can look up no longer, still she is there; a city more shadowy but not less real, her elements all dissolved that at our pleasure we may build them again:

> And so not build at all,
> And therefore build for ever.

And if in the middle day we realize this priceless dowry of Venice, it is in the twilight of morning or evening that her treasury is unlocked and she invites us to enter. Turner's *Approach to Venice* is a vision, a dream, but not more divinely lovely than the reality of Venice in these hours, even as she appears to duller eyes. Pass down the Grand Canal in the twilight of an August evening, the full moon already high and pouring a lustre from her pale green halo on the broad sweeping path of the Canal. The noble curves of the houses to west and south shut out the light; day is past, the reign of night has begun. Then cross to the Zattere: you pass into another day. A full tide flows from east to west, blue and swelling like the sea, dyed in the west a shining orange where the Euganean hills rise in clear soft outline against the afterglow, while to the east the moon has laid her silver bridle upon the dim waters. Cross to the Giudecca and pass along the narrow, crowded quay into the old palace, which in that deserted corner shows one dim lamp to the canal. The great hall opens at the further end on a bowery garden where a fountain drips in the darkness and the cicalas begin their piping. Mount the winding stair, past the kitchen and the great key-shaped reception-room, and look out over the city, across the whole sweep of the magnificent Giudecca Canal and the basin of San Marco. The orange glow is fading and the Euganean hills are dying into the night, while near at hand one great golden star is setting behind the Church of the Redentore, and the

moon shines with full brilliance upon the swaying waters, upon the Ducal Palace and the churches of the Zattere, with the Salute as their chief. The night of Venice has begun; she has put on her jewels and is blazing with light. At the back of the house, where the lagoons lie in the shimmering moonlight, is a silent waste of waters under the stars, broken only by the lights of the islands. This also is Venice, this mystery of moonlit water no less than the radiance of the city. And it is possible to come still nearer to the lagoon. Passing along a dark rio little changed from the past, we may cross a bridge into one of the wonderful gardens for which the Giudecca is famous. The families of the Silvi, Barbolini and Istoili, banished in the ninth century for stirring up tumult in the Republic, when at last they were recalled by intercession of Emperor Ludovico, inhabited this island of Spinalunga or Giudecca, and laid out gardens there. This one seems made for the night. The moonlight streams through the vine pergolas which cross it in every direction, lights the broad leaves of the banana tree and the dome of the Salute behind the dark cypress-spire, and stars the grass with shining petals. The night is full of the scent of haystacks built along the edge of the lagoon, beside the green terrace which runs the length of the water-wall. Then, as darkness deepens, we leave to the cicalas their moonlit paradise, and glide once more into the Grand Canal. It is at this hour, more than at any other, that, sweeping round the curves of that marvelous waterway, it possesses us as an idea, a presence that is not to be put by, so compelling, so vitally creative is its beauty. Truly Venice is poetry, and would create a poet out of the dullest clay.

Every one will remember that a few years ago an enterprising man of business attempted with sublime self-confidence to transfer Venice to London, to enclose her within the walls of a great exhibition. Many of us delighted in the miniature market of Rialto, in gliding through the narrow waterways, in the cry of the gondoliers, and the sound of violin and song across the water. But one gift in the portion of Venice was forgotten, a gift which she shares indeed with other cities, but which she alone can put out to interest and increase a thousandfold. The sky is the roof of all the world, but Venice

alone is paved with sky, and the streets of Venice with no sky above them are like the wings of a butterfly without the sun. Tintoret and Turner saw Venice as the offspring of sky and water; that is the spirit in which they have portrayed her; that is the essence of her life. It has penetrated everything she has created of enduring beauty. Go into San Marco and look down at what your feet are treading. Venice, whose streets are paved with sky, must in her church also have sky beneath her feet. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful pavement than the undulating marbles of San Marco; its rich and varied colors bound together with the rarest inspiration; Orient gems captured and imprisoned and constantly lit with new and vivid beauty from the domes above. The floor of San Marco is one of the glories of Venice—of the world; and it is surely peculiarly expressive of the inspiration which worked in Venice in the days of her creative life. San Marco, indeed, in its superb and dazzling harmonies of color, is almost the only living representative of the Venice of pomegranate and gold which created the Ca d'Oro, of the city of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, whose cornice-mouldings were interwoven with glittering golden thread, while every side canal gave back a glow of color from richly-tinted walls. The banners of the Lion in the Piazza no longer wave in solemn splendor of crimson and gold above a pavement of pale luminous red; in their place the tri-color of Italy flaunts over colorless uniformity. The gold is fading from the Palace of the Doges, and only in a few rare nooks, such as the Scuola of the Shoemakers in the Campo San Toma, do we find the original colors of an old relief linger in delicate gradation over window or door.

Day after day some intimate treasure is torn from the heart of Venice. Since Ruskin wrote, one leaf after another has been cut from the Missal which 'once lay open upon the waves,' miraculous, like St. Cuthbert's book a golden legend on countless leaves." Those leaves are numbered now. Year by year some familiar object disappears from bridge or doorway, to be labelled and hoarded in a distant museum among aliens and exiles like itself. And here, in Venice itself, a sentiment of distress, the fastidio of the Italians, comes over us as we

ponder upon the sculptured relics in the cortile of the Museo Civico. What meaning have they here? It is atmosphere that they need—the natural surroundings that would explain and vivify their forms. Many also of the Venetian churches are despoiled, and their paintings hung side by side with alien subjects in a light they were never intended to bear. The Austrian had less power to hurt Venice than she herself possesses. In those of her sons who understand her malady there flows an undercurrent of deep sadness, as if day by day they watched the ebbing of a life in which all their hope and all their love had root. They cannot sever themselves from Venice; they cannot save her. Venice pretending to share in the vulgar life of today, Venice recklessly discarding one glory after another for the poor exchange of coin, still has a power over us not wielded by the inland cities of Italy, happier in the untroubled beauty of their decay. For, as you are turning with sorrow from some fresh sign of pitiless destruction, of a sudden she will flash upon you a new facet of her magic stone, will draw you spellbound to her waters and weave once more that diaphanous web of radiant mystery:

Za per dirtelo,—o Catina,
La campagna me consola;
Ma Venezia e la sola
Che me possa contentar.

Each of us, face to face with Venice, has a new question to ask of her, and, as he alone framed the question, the answer will be given to him alone. Every stone has not yielded up its secret: in some there may still be a mark yet unperceived beneath the dust. Here and there in her manuscript there may lurk between the lines a word for the skilled or the fortunate. Venice is not yet dumb: every day and every night the sun and moon and stars make music in her that has not yet been heard; with patience and love we may redeem here and there a chord of those divine musicians, or at least a tone which shall make her harmony more full.

O Venezia benedetta,
No te vogio piu lassar.

—*Beryl de Sélincourt.*

ITALIAN LITERATURE

WHEN the Roman Empire was overthrown, and the Goths established their rule in Italy, Latin remained the language of Church and State. It survived the destruction of temples and monuments. Grammarians were employed to teach the Latin classics and Roman law in the courts of Gothic kings. When these hastily-erected kingdoms crumbled away, the people of Italy fell apart, socially and politically, so that their country came to resemble ancient Greece. Each city and district developed its own dialect and government. Petty rivalries wasted their energies. Only in the Church did the Roman instinct of unity and imperial rule manifest itself. The Church, dominating the religious life, rigidly adhered to the use of Latin for all purposes. When the first revival of learning led to the founding of the mediæval universities, the intellectual activity was shown altogether in that ancient tongue. In Northern Europe this movement stirred to higher employment of the various languages. But Italy, which showed little enthusiasm in the Crusades, was slow in the literary use of the vernacular.

Italian Literature before Dante might be likened to a twilight of faint and struggling rays, all suddenly eclipsed in the splendor of the risen sun, shining, indeed, amid storm-clouds. Dante must be hailed as the true father of Italian literature. And yet before Dante was possible it had been

necessary for both poets and prose-writers of Italy to throw off the spell of Roman tradition, and to cast off a second yoke of Provençal fashion. Dante himself at first dreamed of his great vision in Latin hexameters. Furthermore in the "Tesoretto" of his teacher, Brunetto Latini, Dante found the germ, in all probability, of his famous "Divina Commedia."

It is necessary to emphasize the tenacity with which the Latin tradition clung to life in the peninsula that had shared "the grandeur that was Rome." Italy, though the seat of the Popes, left theology to Paris, but became absorbed in the ancient Roman law. One would have expected that this very heritage of the Roman language and lore would have inspired Italy to be the first to rise and take her place as a leader and guide of the literary movement which sprang up among the peoples of Southwestern Europe with the consolidation of the new states. But in the possession of a literature she was preceded by both France and Spain, and when, at length, she did make a beginning, it was in the character of a humble follower of Provence. This anomaly may be explained partly by political conditions, which in Italy were less stable than in the sister countries—less propitious, therefore, to the cultivation of letters. For centuries the best Italian intellects were usurped by the effete and half-understood language of Rome. Literature became an affair of hieroglyphics. It was confined to a caste. The only recognized subjects were theology and jurisprudence. The remembrance of Roman greatness, of which a reflex was still visible in the Papacy, was almost a fatal bar to Italian progress. It drew men's minds backwards and made them cling to impossible ideals. The restoration of the Empire, not the unity of Italy, was the dream of impassioned patriots, and in the millennium, to which their hopes pointed, the universal tongue was to be Latin.

In an attempt to escape from the fetters of Latin, a band of poets in the north of Italy welcomed the invading influence of the Provençal language. From the close of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century—in all about eighty years—there flourished these new-style *trovatori*, modelled after the

Provençal troubadours. Of all these trovatori the most memorable is Sordello, who was born near Mantua about 1180 and died about 1255. He was attached to the household of the Count St. Bonifazio, one of the chiefs of the Guelf (or Papal) party, and afterwards to the court of Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Provence of the house of Barcelona. In popular tradition Sordello became a genuine hero of romance—a sort of Italian Blondel—and in our own day Robert Browning has made him the central figure of his most obscure poem, "Sordello," in which he not only gives a picture of the restless and troubled condition of Northern Italy in the thirteenth century, but also a history of the development of the troubadour's soul. Dante mentions Sordello eight times in his "Purgatorio." Sismondi declares that the real merit of the old minstrel consists in the harmony and sensibility of his verses. But the Italian began to assert itself, and a species of mixed (*miste*) French and Italian dialect began to be written. In this hybrid tongue were written romance-poems that tell of the wicked Macaire and the unfortunate Blanciflor, of Charlemagne's "Expedition to Spain," and the "Capture of Pampelune."

In the South the Sicilian school, the first nest of native Italian poets, had already burst into full song. Its origin may have been due to the fact that Sicily was the meeting-place of Normans and Saracens, two races which already had the gift of lyrical expression of feeling. The royal Apollo of this school was Frederick II. (1194–1250), grandson of the terrible Barbarossa and son of Henry VI. Contemporaries styled him "the Wonder of the World." Of unusual wisdom as a statesman, one of the few successful crusaders, a strenuous antagonist of the Pope, he was likewise a poet and musician. He not only wrote a number of Sicilian poems, but he gathered a gifted coterie around him. Among these were his own sons, Manfred and Enzo, King of Sardinia; Pier della Vigne, accredited with the fatherhood of the Sonnet; Mina, an Italian Sappho, famous for interchange of rhymes with Dante of Majano, less mighty at verse than his Florentine namesake; and Ciullo di Alcamo, whose dialogue between two lovers was long deemed to be the oldest specimen of Italian

verse, and is still the most typical example of the poetic "Disputes" (*Contrasti*) of this Sicilian school. Dante of Majano is said to have written sonnets "half fun, half satire," while Cecco Angiolieri of Siena has been styled "the oldest 'humorist' we know of—a far-off precursor of Rabelais."

Out of this Provençal court of poets arose Guido Guinicelli (died 1276), who founded the Bolognese school of poetry, which aimed at being learned and philosophical. He "harped on the metaphysics of love, analyzing and examining it in order to discover its latent properties." Dante deigned to borrow from him, styled him "father," and "best of those who ever used soft and lovely rhymes of love." Like Dante, Guinicelli became involved in the quarrels of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and was driven into exile. The date of his death is unknown. As for his poetic influence, that lived after him in Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's friend, who was dubbed by Lorenzo the Magnificent, "the Arch-Dialectician," and whose canzonet, "On the Nature of Love," was a treatise on amorous metaphysics. It was annotated later in a learned way by the most renowned Platonic philosophers of the fifteenth century, such as Marsilio Ficino. In his Ballate (ballads),* however, and in many of his sonnets Cavalcanti freed himself from the Bolognese dulness, and gave reins to his true fancy and spirit. His sonnet on his exile is full of pathos. He was banished in the year of Dante's priorate (1300), along with the party of the *Bianchi* (Whites), and took refuge at Sarzana. Another Platonic, although not exactly philosophical, love poet of this era was Cino Sinibaldi da Pistoia, who even survived Dante without betraying the influence of that master's genius.

Of perhaps greater interest than all of these other forerunners of Dante, though, is Ser Brunetto Latini (died 1294), honored as the "Schoolmaster of the Florentines." He was Dante's teacher of rhetoric. Latini was secretary of the Commune of Florence, and Boccaccio records that he was

* The *ballata* or ballad was originally a song suited to dancing, having a refrain or burthen after each stanza.

so proud of his profession of notary that rather than own to a mistake which he carelessly made he preferred to be sent into exile for suspected fraud. After his exile he wrote a work, "Li Tresors," in French. Latini's great work, however, was his "Tesoretto" in his mother tongue. In this composition Latini seized upon the familiar mediæval idea of the vision as a piece of literary machinery, and gave it a new vogue. Dante is supposed to have been prompted by it to the framework of his "mediæval miracle of song." In Latini's short poem, written in seven-syllabled verse, rhyming in couplets, the poet feigns to have been returning from an embassy to King Alfonso of Castile, when he met on the field of Roncesvalles a student of Bologna, who informs him of the expulsion from Florence of the Guelfs, or Papal party. Plunged in sorrow he loses his way in a wondrous forest, where he suddenly finds himself confronted by the august and gigantic figure of Nature. She relates to him the whole story of the creation of the world in a long scientific discourse. Latini then continues his wanderings under the banners of the Virtues, Vices, Philosophy, Fortune, Ovid and the God of Love. Upon emerging from the strange wood he confesses himself to the monks of Montpellier. Then he wanders back and finds himself seated upon Olympus, where he ends his interrupted treasure of poetry in discoursing of the elements with Ptolemy, "Master of astronomy and of philosophy." It was doubtless this "slight and almost invisible spark" that "served to kindle a vast conflagration."

Dante (1265–1321) originally belonged to the school of Cavalcanti and Brunetto, as is shown in his "Vita Nuova," which sets forth in mingled prose and poetry the new supersensual life into which his love for the child Beatrice, whom he had seen only at a distance, had elevated his soul. Later this wonderful genius plunged fiercely into bitter political struggles until he was banished from his beloved Florence. From city to city he wandered, filled with fantastic dreams of a new order of the world. Unable to secure its realization, the imaginative poet set forth in his great work, strangely called the *Divine Comedy*, his vision of the future life as the necessary counterpart of the present. He reveals the fearful

punishment of the wicked, the purification of the penitent, the transcendent bliss of the redeemed, the ineffable glory of God. Throughout the poem the allegorical spirit of the Middle Ages moulds the form of the narrative, but the realism of the poet's genius prevails over the abstractions of theory. Even in the regions of the dead he sees and calls forth to the gaze of others living men of all time. The Divine Comedy is the sublime embodiment of the mediæval conception of the Universe; amid an infinite series of spiritual beings, from the gloriously enthroned Creator to the inextricably imprisoned Satan, men achieve their eternal destiny. While this stupendous allegory towers sublime above all others in the world, Italian literature offers fewer works of this class than other European languages.

Petrarch (1304–1374), the next Italian poet, is the first lyric poet of the modern school. Attached to the Papal court, he was a diplomatist and classical scholar, but is known to the world as the lover of Laura. His contemporary, Boccaccio (1313–1375), was a writer of Latin treatises and of the first Italian romantic poem, "Teseide." Though this and others of his poems were widely circulated, their fame was eclipsed by his prose stories in the "Decamerone." In this work novel-writing assumed an artistic shape, and care was taken in delineating characters and describing passions. His imitators, Florentino and Sacchetti, were less successful.

Apart from the literary movement of the higher classes, there was a similar awakening among the common people. It may be ascribed to St. Francis of Assisi and his followers, who excited the religious spirit so that it found vent in vernacular hymns and poems, and afterwards furnished rude dialogues which were the origin of religious dramas. Here, as in other countries, this gift of tongues to the lower classes soon gave rise to satires and political songs. Tales in prose and verse and humorous poems followed; some of these prefigured in a humble way the romantic epics which won a foremost place in the sixteenth century.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THIS poetical dialogue in the Sicilian dialect is entirely in the style of the Provençal Troubadours. It is ascribed to Ciullo (or Vincenzo) D'Alcamo, and is supposed to have been written about 1175. It is one of the earliest Italian poems extant. The following translation is by D. G. Rossetti.

Knight. Thou sweetly smelling fresh red rose
That near thy summer art,
Of whom each damsel and each dame
Would fain be counterpart;
Oh! from this fire to draw me forth
Be it in thy good heart;
For night or day there is no rest with me,
Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

Lady. If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,
Thou hast done a foolish thing.
Yea, all the pine-wood of this world
Together might'st thou bring,
And make thee ships, and plough the sea
Therewith for corn-sowing,
Ere any way to win me could be found;
For I am going to shear my locks all round.

Knight. Lady, before thou shear thy locks
I hope I may be dead:
For I should lose such joy thereby
And gain such grief instead.
Merely to pass and look at thee,
Rose of the garden-bed,
Has comforted me much, once and again,
Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then!

Lady. Nay, though my heart were prone to love,
I would not grant it leave.
Hark! should my father or his kin
But find thee here this eve,
Thy loving body and lost breath
Our moat may well receive.
Whatever path to come here thou dost know,
By the same path I counsel thee to go.

The Knight continues to press his suit, declaring that he has traveled over Italy, and even to Babylon and Barbary, and has not found her equal. The lady threatens to enter a cloister, declares that many lovers have sought her in vain, and advises the persistent pleader to ask her parents that they may be married in church before Advent. But he insists on love without conditions or permission of others, saying he has loved her a year already. At last he begs for pity.

Knight. Woe's me! Perforce it must be said
No craft could then avail:
So that if thou be thus resolved,
I know my suit must fail.
Then have some pity, of thy grace!
Thou mayst, love, very well;
For though thou love not me, my love is such
That 'tis enough for both—yea, overmuch.

Lady. Is it even so? Learn then that I
Do love thee from my heart.
To-morrow, early in the day,
Come here, but now depart.
By thine obedience in this thing
I shall know what thou art,
And if thy love be real or nothing worth;
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

Knight. Nay, for such promise, my own life,
I will not stir a foot.
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away
My love even from its root,
I have a dagger at my side
Which thou mayst take to do 't;
But as for going hence, it will not be.
Oh, hate me not! my heart is burning me.

Lady. Think'st thou I know not that thy heart
Is hot and burns to death?
Of all that thou or I can say,
But one word succoreth.
Till thou upon the Holy Book
Give me thy bounden faith,
God is my witness that I will not yield:
For with thy sword 'twere better to be killed.

Knight. Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still
To read from and to pray
(I took it, fairest, in a church,
The priest being gone away),
I swear that my whole self shall be
Thine always from this day.
And now at once give joy for all my grief,
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

Lady. Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,
There is no need to speak:
My heart, that was so strong before,
Now feels itself grow weak.
If any of my words were harsh,
Thy pardon. I am meek
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.
It is best so, since so it was to be.

EMPEROR FREDERICK II.

FREDERICK II. (1194–1250) was one of the most striking figures of the Middle Ages. In infancy he was called King of the Romans. At the age of sixteen he became King of Germany. He was elected Holy Roman Emperor at twenty-three. Like his grandfather Barbarossa, a brave warrior; like his father Henry VI., a politic, far-sighted statesman; he was yet a lover of luxury and a sensualist. These qualities he may have inherited from his mother Constance, the heiress of the Norman kingdom of the Two Sicilies. His love of pleasure was fostered by his residence in Sicily, the meeting-place of Saracens and Normans as well as Greeks and Italians. He gave encouragement to the first lispings of Italian poetry, and himself aspired to be a poet. In his luxurious court at Palermo troubadours and artists found cordial welcome and munificent patronage.

THE CAPTIVE LADY.

FOR grief I am about to sing
Even as another would for joy;
Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy
Are scarce enough for sorrowing;
To speak of such a grievous thing
Also my tongue I must employ,

Saying: Woe's me, who am full of woes!
  Not while I live shall my sighs cease
  For her in whom my heart found peace;
I am become like unto those
  That cannot sleep for weariness,
Now I have lost my crimson rose.

And yet I will not call her lost;
  She is not gone out of the earth;
  She is but girded with a girth
Of hate, that clips her in like frost.
Thus says she every hour almost:—
  "When I was born, 'twas an ill birth!
Oh, that I never had been born,
  If I am still to fall asleep
  Weeping, and when I wake to weep;
If he whom I most loathe and scorn
  Is still to have me his, and keep
Smiling about me night and morn!

"O that I never had been born
  A woman! a poor, helpless fool,
  Who can but stoop beneath the rule
Of him she needs must loathe and scorn!
If ever I feel less forlorn,
  I stand all day in fear and dule,
Lest he discern it, and with rough
  Speech mock at me, or with his smile
  So hard you scarce could call it guile:
No man is there to say 'Enough.'
  Oh, but if God waits a long while,
Death cannot always stand aloof!

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this;
  Give me a little comfort then.
  Him who is worst among bad men
Smite thou for me. Those limbs of his
Once hidden where the sharp worm is,
  Perhaps I might see hope again.
Yet for a certain period
  Would I seem as one that saith
  Strange things for grief, and murmureth
With smitten palms and hair abroad:

Still whispering under my held breath,
'Shall I not praise Thy name, O God?'

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
It is a very weary thing
Thus to be always trembling;
And till the breath of his life cease,
The hate in him will but increase,
And with his hate my suffering.
Each morn I hear his voice bid them
That watch me, to be faithful spies
Lest I go forth and see the skies;
Each night to each he saith the same;—
And in my soul and in mine eyes
There is a burning heat like flame."

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear
This love of mine, whereof I spoke,
About her body for a cloak,
And for a garland in her hair,
Even yet: because I mean to prove,
Not to speak only, this my love.

SORDELLO.

THE fame of Sordello long rested on the high admiration expressed by Dante, who, meeting him at the entrance of Purgatory, likens him to a lion in majestic repose. Browning has revived his fame and endeavored to interpret his enigmatic career. But the facts of his life have been so overlaid by romantic fictions that it is impossible now to separate them. He was born near Mantua about 1180, and died after 1255. Although a Lombard, he adopted in his compositions the Provençal language. More than thirty of his poems have been preserved; about half of them are love-songs, some pure and delicate, others coarse and vulgar. He was among the first to use the form of the ballata, or song with a refrain after each stanza. We give the prose translation of a *Tenson* or Dispute between Sordello and Bertrand d'Alamanon.

Sordello. If it were necessary either to forego the delight of lady-love, and to renounce the friends whom you possess or may possess, or to sacrifice to the lady of your heart, the honor which you have acquired, and may acquire, by chivalry, which of the two would you choose?

Bertrand. The mistresses whom I have loved, have despised me so long, and so little have I gained by them, that I cannot compare them to chivalry. Yours may be the folly of love, the enjoyment of which is so frail. Still continue to chase the pleasures, which lose their value as soon as tasted. But I, in the career of arms, ever behold before me new conquests and new glories.

Sordello. What is glory without love? How can I abandon joy and gallantry for wounds and combats? Thirst and hunger, a burning sun or piercing frost, are these to be preferred to love? Ah! willingly do I resign to you these benefits, for the sovereign joys which my mistress bestows.

Bertrand. What! dare you then appear before your mistress, if you dare not draw your sword for the combat? Without valor, there is no real pleasure; it is valor which elevates man to the highest honors, but love is the degradation and the fall of those whom he seduces.

Sordello. Let me but be brave in the eyes of her I love, and I heed not the contempt of others. From her all my happiness flows; I seek for no other felicity. Go then, overthrow your castles and your walls, while I enjoy the sweet kisses of my mistress. You may gain the esteem of all noble Frenchmen; but, for my part, I prize more her innocent favors than all the achievements of the lance.

Bertrand. But Sordello, to love without valor, is to deceive her whom you love. I would not wish for the love of her I serve, did I not at the same time merit her esteem. A treasure so ill acquired would be my grief. Do you, then, be the protector of the follies of love, whilst the honor of arms is mine; since you are so deluded as to place false joys in the balance against real happiness.

KING ENZO.

ENZO was a natural son of Frederick II., and at an early age subdued the island of Sardinia, of which his father made him king. But at the age of twenty-five Enzo was captured by the Bolognese, by whom he was kept in prison twenty-three years, till his death. His captivity was somewhat alleviated by his wife's presence and care. His only recreation was music.

THE FITNESS OF SEASONS.

THERE is a time to mount; to humble thee
A time; a time to talk, and hold thy peace;
  A time to labor, and a time to cease;
A time to take thy measures patiently;
A time to watch what Time's next step may be;
  A time to make light count of menaces,
  And to think over them a time there is;
There is a time when to seem not to see.
Wherefore I hold him well-advised and sage
  Who evermore keeps prudence facing him,
    And lets his life slide with occasion,
And so comports himself, through youth to age,
  That never any man at any time
    Can say, Not thus, but thus thou shouldst have done.

POVERTY.

THIS jesting sonnet is the earliest example of a style which became common among the Italians in later years. It was written by Bartolomeo di Sant' Angelo about 1250 A.D.

I am so passing rich in poverty
That I could furnish forth Paris and Rome,
  Pisa and Padua and Byzantium,
Venice and Lucca, Florence and Forli;
For I possess, in actual specie,
  Of nihil and of nothing a great sum;
  And unto this my hoard whole shiploads come,
What between nought and zero, annually.
In gold and precious jewels I have got
  A hundred ciphers' worth, all roundly writ;
    And therewithal am free to feast my friend.
    Because I need not be afraid to spend,
  Nor doubt the safety of my wealth a whit:—
No thief will ever steal thereof, God wot.

GUINICELLI.

GUIDO GUINICELLI belonged to a noble family of Bologna, and died in 1276. Dante praised him highly and imitated some of his work. Most of it is metaphysical and obsolete, but the following sonnet shows his genius.

When Lucy draws her mantle round her face,
  So sweeter than all else she is to see,
  That hence unto the hills there lives not he
Whose whole soul would not love her for her grace.
Then seems she like a daughter of some race
  That holds high rule in France or Germany:
  And a snake's head stricken off suddenly
Throbs never as then throbs my heart to embrace
Her body in these arms, even were she loth;—
  To kiss her lips, to kiss her cheeks, to kiss
    The lids of her two eyes which are two flames.
    Yet what my heart so longs for, my heart blames:
  For surely sorrow might be bred from this
Where some man's patient love abides its growth.

DANTE.

DANTE, "that singular splendor of the Italian race," as Boccaccio calls him, was the typical poet of the Middle Ages, and one of the few poets of the first rank in universal literature. Many insignificant facts of his career are well known, while many of the most important are matters of conjecture. His poetry, lyrical and epic, is surcharged with the personal element; it depicts in singular detail the development of his intellectual, poetical and spiritual life, and yet leaves some of the simplest questions concerning him unanswered. The "Divine Comedy" names distinctly many eminent personages of his time, joins with them his friends and foes, often otherwise unknown, and consigns them to heaven or hell at his pleasure. Yet other characters prominent in the pages of history, as Pope Gregory VII., he passes without the slightest mention. Dante lived at the same moment in the real and in an ideal world, and in his lofty poetic visions he mingled the sights and thoughts of both. So complete was his mastery of his art that from these incongruous materials perfect works were formed which have commanded the admiration of all succeeding ages. His minor poems, fashioned according to the prevailing canons of the time, trained him for his greatest achievement, which towers like a mediæval cathedral above the petty structures of his contemporaries.

In the beautiful city of Florence in May, 1265, was born Durante Alighieri, who, like many other Italians, was to become known to the world by a pet abbreviation of his Christian name. His childhood was imbued with the mys-

tical spirit which pervaded the Church. His youth readily accepted the Platonic idealization of love which dominated the Provençal Troubadours. When but nine years of age, as he tells in his "Vita Nuova," he first beheld "the glorious lady of his heart," the child Beatrice, a few months younger. He never mentions her family name, but his biographers say it was de Portinari. Though he saw her often again for nine years, she never noticed him, while his heart and life were consecrated with her image. At last she graciously saluted him, and he was overwhelmed with the might of love. She married another, and scarcely spoke to her adorer, yet he worshiped her with unfaltering constancy. She died in her twenty-fourth year, and her death intensified his passion. Yet he soon after married Gemma Donati, whose family belonged to the Guelfs or Papal faction at Florence. There is no reason to believe that his relations with her were unhappy, except that after his exile in 1301 he never expressed a desire to see her again. Of the seven children who were the offspring of this marriage but little is known. With Dante, as with the whole tribe of the Troubadours, poetic love and prosaic marriage were wide as the poles asunder.

In the public affairs of his native city Dante took an active, vexatious and self-sacrificing part. In youth he bore arms in her battles; later he was enrolled in the guild of apothecaries as "poet." After holding some minor offices he was made one of the six priors of the city, whose term of office was but two months. The great struggle of Guelfs and Ghibellines had given place to a local strife between the Whites and Blacks. Dante was a White, but used his brief power to banish the extremists of both factions. In 1301 he was sent on an embassy to Rome, and meanwhile Charles of Valois, invited to heal the quarrel, entered Florence and took up the cause of the Blacks. After three days' bloody fighting in the streets, he vanquished all opponents. Dante with a crowd of others was banished, and afterwards sentenced to be burned to death if he dared to return. He never again saw fair Florence, though his heart remained true to her, to use his own figure, "as the needle to the pole." Believing that only the Emperor could restore peace to distracted Italy,

Dante was henceforth a pronounced Ghibelline. The exile wandered from city to city, blown to and fro "by the sharp wind that springs from sad poverty." He is said to have visited Paris, and hastened back when Henry of Luxemburg, being made Emperor, seemed likely to realize his sublime dreams. These hopes, set forth in Dante's Latin treatise, *De Monarchia*, as well as a remarkable letter to the Emperor, were frustrated by Henry's death in 1313. Dante resumed his wanderings, but found refuge chiefly in Ravenna, where he died on the 14th of September, 1321, wrapped in the cowl and mantle of a Franciscan friar. After his death he was habited as a poet, and his friend Guido Novello pronounced his eulogy. The city which had banished him relentlessly for twenty years endeavored after his death to make some amends for its cruelty to its greatest citizen and to show vain regard for his memory.

Dante was the first great writer of Italian in both prose and poetry. In his Latin treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquio*, he urged the claims of the people's speech to be used as a literary language, but it was only his great example and incontrovertible success that overcame the conservatism of learning and inaugurated the modern era. His *Vita Nuova* is a curious but charming record of his love-life, containing prose narrative with sonnets and canzoni; so again his *Convito* or Banquet, adds prose comments to certain poems. The *Canzoniere* is a collection of sonnets and canzoni, such as some of friends also composed. But the *Divina Commedia*, that vast treasure-house of the beliefs and feelings of the Middle Ages, elaborated with the consummate art of the greatest Catholic poet, stands forever unrivalled in the literature of the world. While its form is allegorical, according to the ideas then prevalent, the personages are real, though intermingled with a few abstract or collective ideas, as the Church, the Empire, and the Virtues. The characters are mostly persons recently deceased, whose names and reputations were still fresh among men. Their several fates might serve as examples of warning or encouragement to those still living. To redress the wrongs of the visible world the homeless exile wields a superhuman power and sets forth the realities of the spiritual and eternal world.

Notwithstanding many expressions of bitter hate, the reader's chief wonder is that the poet could so rise above the wrongs done to himself to the serenity of spirit necessary to reveal the joys of the blessed and the supreme glory of the Beatific Vision.

FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE.

(From the Vita Nuova. Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

NINE times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the self-same point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved towards the Eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi* (Here is a deity stronger than I; who, coming, shall rule over me). At that moment the animate spirit, which dwelleth in the lofty chamber whither all the senses carry their perceptions, was filled with wonder, and speaking more especially unto the spirits of the eyes, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra* (Your beatitude hath now been made manifest unto you). At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth there where our nourishment is administered,

began to weep, and in weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps* (Woe is me! for that often I shall be disturbed from this time forth!).

I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul; which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard. But seeing that were I to dwell overmuch on the passions and doings of such early youth, my words might be counted something fabulous, I will therefore put them aside; and passing many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the color of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this:

Ego dominus tuus (I am thy lord). In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping, covered only with a blood-colored cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salutation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, *Vide cor tuum* (Behold thy heart). But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her eat that thing which flamed in his hand; and she ate as one fearing. Then, having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up toward heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night.

Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this:

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
  And unto which these words may now be brought
  For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
Of those long hours wherein the stars above
  Wake and keep watch, the third was almost nought,
  When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
As may not carelessly be spoken of.
He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
  My heart within his hand, and on his arm
    My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
  To eat that heart: she ate, as fearing harm.
    Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

To this sonnet I received many answers, conveying many different opinions; of the which one was sent by him whom I now call the first among my friends, and it began thus, "Unto my

thinking thou beheld'st all worth."* And, indeed, it was when he learned that I was he who had sent those rhymes to him, that our friendship commenced. But the true meaning of that vision was not then perceived by any one, though it be now evident to the least skillful.

From that night forth, the natural functions of my body began to be vexed and impeded, for I was given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature: whereby in short space I became so weak and so reduced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions), by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me; and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

BEATRICE'S DEATH.

A LADY, young, compassionate, and fair,
Richly adorned with every human grace,
Watched o'er my couch, where oft I called on death;
And noticing the eyes with sorrow swollen,
And listening to the folly of my words,
Fear seized upon her, and she wept aloud.
Attracted by her moaning, other dames
Gave heed unto my pitiable state,
And from my view removed her.
They then approached to rouse me by their voice,
And one cried, "Sleep no more!"
And one, "Why thus discomfort thee?"
With that the strange, delirious fancy fled,
And, calling on my Lady's name, I awoke.
So indistinct and mournful was my voice,
By anguish interrupted so, and tears,
That I alone the name heard in my heart:

Then with a countenance abashed, through shame,
Which to my face had mounted visibly,
Prompted by Love, I turned towards my friends,
And features showed so pale and wan,
It made beholders turn their thoughts on death.
"Alas! our comfort he must have,"
Said every one, with kind humility.
Then oft they questioned me,
"What hast thou seen, that has unmanned thee thus?"
And when I was in part restored, I said,
"Ladies, to you the vision I'll relate.
Whilst I lay pondering on my ebbing life,
And saw how brief its tenure, and how frail,
Love wept within my heart, where he abides;
For my sad soul was wandering so, and lost,
That, sighing deeply at the thought, it said,
'Inevitable death attends Madonna too.'
Such consternation then my senses seized,
The eyes weighed down with fear were closed;
And scattered far and wide
The spirits fled, and each in error strayed;
And then imagination's powers,
Of recollection and of truth bereft,
Showed me the fleeting forms of wretched dames,
Who shouted, 'Death!' still crying, 'Thou shalt die!'
Many the doubtful things which next I saw,
Wandering in vain imagination's maze.
I seemed to be I know not in what place,
And ladies loosely robed saw fleet along,
Some weeping, and some uttering loud laments
Which darted burning griefs into the soul.
And then methought I saw a gradual veil
Obscure the sun; the star of Love appeared,
And sun and star seemed both to weep;
Birds flying through the dusky air dropped down;
Trembled the earth:
And then appeared a man, feeble and pale,
Who cried to me, 'What! here? Heard'st not the news?
Dead is thy Lady,—she who was so fair.'
I raised the eyes then, moistened with my tears,
And, softly as the shower of manna fell,
Angels I saw returning up to heaven:

Before them was a slender cloud extended,
And from behind I heard them shout, 'Hosanna!'
What more was sung I know not, or would tell.
Then Love thus spoke: 'Concealment here shall end;
Come now, and see our Lady who lies dead.'
Imagination's fallacy
Then led me where in death Madonna lay;
And after I had gazed upon her form,
Ladies I saw conceal it with a veil;
And such true meekness from its features beamed,
It seemed to say to me, 'I dwell in peace.'
So meek in my affliction I became,
Seeing such meekness on her brow expressed,
That I exclaimed, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet,
Noble and kind henceforth thou must be deemed,
Since thou hast been united to Madonna;
Piteous, not cruel, must thy nature be.
Behold desire so strong to be enrolled
Thy follower, my faith and thine seem one!
Come, for the heart solicits thee!'
I then departed, all sad rites complete;
And when I found myself alone,
With eyes upraised to the realms above I said,
'Blessed is he beholds thee, beauteous soul!'
That instant, through your kindness, I awoke."

Sonnet to Brunetto Latini.

(This sonnet was sent with a copy of the Vita Nuova.)

Master Brunetto, this my little maid
Is come to spend her Easter-tide with you;
Not that she reckons feasting as her due,—
Whose need is hardly to be fed, but read.
Not in a hurry can her sense be weigh'd,
Nor mid the jests of any noisy crew;
Ah! and she wants a little coaxing too
Before she'll get into another's head.
But if you do not find her meaning clear,
You've many Brother Alberts* hard at hand,

* Referring to Albertus Magnus (1193–1280), the eminent Dominican and scholastic philosopher.

Whose wisdom will respond to any call.
Consult with them and do not laugh at her;
And if she still is hard to understand,
Apply to Master Janus* last of all.

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

THE genesis of the Divine Comedy is found in Dante's life-long devotion to the ideal he saw in Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari. After the composition of the Vita Nuova, and the appearance of a heavenly vision which he records he was constrained to speak no more of the "Blessed One," until he could treat of her more worthily, and say of her what had never yet been said of woman. This was done at last in this great mystical, yet realistic poem, in which the Unseen World is described in exact detail as it appeared to the glorified imagination of the explorer.

Readers are puzzled to understand why this solemn poem should be called a comedy; but the explanation is that, to Dante, the essential notion of comedy was the "happy ending." The style also is characteristic of comedy, being lax, unpretending, and in the common tongue, in which women and children speak. The name "Comedy" was given by Dante himself; the epithet "Divine" was attached by later writers. The mystical numbers, three, nine, and ten, occur repeatedly. The whole poem contains one hundred cantos—ten tens. Each of the three divisions, the Inferno, or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, has thirty-three cantos. To Hell is prefixed an introductory one, completing the hundred. The number thirty-three alludes to the years of our Saviour's life. Hell is divided into nine circles, each occupied by a different class of sinners, and ends in the abyss where Satan is confined; Purgatory into seven, ending with the earthly Paradise; and Heaven again into nine spheres beyond which is the Throne of God. Dante tells us that the work is to be

* Perhaps referring to the Franciscan John of Parma, who popularized the mystical doctrines and predictions of Joachim, Abbot of Floris (1145–1202).

interpreted literally, allegorically, morally and spiritually. It is in the form of a vision, and thus permits not only a literal description of the invisible world, but also infinite shadowings of all kinds of truth.

The poet represents himself as conducted through the various realms of the unseen world in order to be saved from sin and error; through Hell, to which those who knew not or rejected Christ are condemned; through Purgatory, where sin not mortal may be purified; through Paradise, in which the righteous reap the fruit of earthly endeavor, and enjoy through all eternity the light and love of God. Human reason, as seen in Virgil, the poet's master, is sufficient to conduct him through Hell and Purgatory; but for Paradise, faith and grace divine are necessary; and these are ever displayed in Beatrice, who conducts him through the abodes of the blessed, till she at last resumes her seat in the glorious assembly. The poet finds a new guide in St. Bernard, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin, had made him the fittest to demonstrate the final absorption of the redeemed into the life and thought of God.

The work abounds with mystical and difficult allusions. For instance, the three beasts which barred Dante's progress, described in the opening canto of Hell, may represent sensuality, pride, and greed of gain; the Mount Delectable is the ideal polity for the salvation of his country, as well as the ideal righteousness for the salvation of his soul. The four stars are the cardinal virtues of Plato's ethics: the other three which make up the seven, are Faith, Hope and Love. Geryon is the type of fraud and counterfeit, while the centaurs represent the brute and spiritual forces in human life. But in the midst of these allegorical figures the traveler finds the great personages of the world's history and the men and women whom he had encountered in his stormy life. For their deeds they are assigned a fitting retribution whether of happiness or woe eternal. All, from popes and emperors to humble saints and reckless sinners, are judged as by Divine Wisdom and Justice. The poem ends triumphantly and gloriously with the Beatific Vision.

VIRGIL, THE POET'S GUIDE.

(From the Inferno, Canto I. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

THEN he made answer: "Man no more am I:
Man I was once; my parents Lombards were,
And both to Mantua traced their ancestry;
Sub Julio was I born, though late the year,
And lived at Rome beneath Augustus good,
While false and lying gods men worshiped there.
A poet I, and sang the righteous mood
Of great Anchises' son, who came from Troy,
When haughty Ilion was by fire subdued.
But thou, why turn'st thou back to such annoy?
Why climb'st thou not yon Mount Delectable,
Which is the source and spring of every joy?"
"What! art thou Virgil, thou that springing well
Which pours of clear full eloquence the tide?"
I answered him with looks that reverence tell.

"O of all other bards the light and pride,
Let the long study and the love avail
Which I to that thy volume have applied.
Thou art my Master, Guide that dost not fail,
And thou alone art he from whom I drew
The goodly style whence comes of praise full tale.
Thou see'st the beast that back my footsteps threw;
Give me thine aid against her, famous seer,
For she with fear doth vein and pulse imbue."
"'Tis meet thy steps to other course should veer,"
He answered when he saw me weeping sore,
"If thou wilt 'scape this region waste and drear;
For that fell beast, whose spite thou wailest o'er,
Lets no man onward pass along her way,
But so doth hinder that he lives no more,
And is of mood so evil, fierce to slay,
That never doth she sate her hunger dread,
But when full-gorged still hungers most for prey.
Many the creatures are that with her wed,
And will be more until the Greyhound come
Who with sharp agony shall smite her dead.
He shall not crave broad lands or pelf at home,
But wisdom, virtue, charity shall love,
And 'twixt two Feltros shall his subjects roam.
Of low Italia shall he saviour prove,
For which of old the maid Camilla died,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus strove.
He through each town shall chase her far and wide,
Until he drive her back to deepest Hell,
From whence at envy's primal hest she hied.
Wherefore for thee I think and judge 'tis well
That thou should'st follow, I thy leader be,
And guide thee hence to that eternal cell,
Where thou shalt hear sharp wails of misery,
Shalt see the ancient spirits in their pain,
For which, as being the second death, men cry:
Those thou shalt see who in the hope to gain,
When the hour comes, the blest ones' happier clime,
Can bear the torturing fire nor yet complain.
To these would'st thou with eager footsteps climb,
A soul shall guide thee worthier far than I:
With her I'll leave thee when to part 'tis time.

For that great Emperor who reigns on high,
Because I lived a rebel to his will,
Wills that through me none come His city nigh.
Through all the world He rules, yet there reigns still;
There is His city, there his lofty throne.
Thrice blest whom He doth choose those courts to fill!"
Then spake I, "By the God thou didst not own,
O Poet, I of thee a boon desire,
That I may 'scape this woe, or worse unknown,
That whither thou hast said thou lead me higher,
So that St. Peter's gate in sight I find,
And those thou tell'st of in their torments dire."
Then he moved onward and I trod behind.

Francesca da Rimini.

(From the Inferno, Canto V. Translated by C. B. Cayley.)

The second circle of Hell was the first place of torment, and to it were consigned those who had transgressed the law of marriage. Here winds buffeted the guilty souls forever, whirling them about and dashing them against each other. Among these Virgil pointed out Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, and others, but Dante sought to speak to a particular couple who whirled more quickly than the rest. These he found to be Paolo and Francesca, whose story he had heard in his

youth. Francesca was the daughter of the lord of Ravenna, and was married to Giovanni Malatesta, the lord of Rimini. But the husband was lame and morose, and Francesca preferred the company of his handsome brother Paolo, who had free access to the castle. The intrigue was brought to a crisis when the lovers were reading the story of Sir Galahad, who connived at the guilty love of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. Paolo and Francesca were slain by her husband and buried in the same grave.

Of ghosts a thousand more he showed and told,
Whom love had sundered from our living state.
Now, when the ladies and the knights of old
I heard my teacher name, almost my brain
Was 'wildered, ruth upon me took such hold.
And I began, "Poet, with yonder twain
I crave to speak, who move in company,
And seem so light upon the hurricane."
Then he replied, "Await, until they be
More nigh, and thou shalt pray them by the love
Which them controls, and they will come to thee."
As soon as toward us on the blast they move,
I lift my voice, "O spirits harassed,
Come and speak with us here, if none reprove."
As doves that, by affection called, with spread
And moveless wings to their sweet nest repair,
Through the air gliding, by volition sped;
Thus from the troop, which Dido holds, they fare,
Approaching us across the air malign,
So strong the loving call had reached them there.
"O thou quick spirit, gracious and benign,
That, seeking us, the tawny air dost pierce,
Even us, who did the ground encarnadine;
Had we the Monarch of the universe
Our friend, his peace for thee should be our quest,
As thou hast pity on our pain perverse.
Whatever thou to speak and hear may list,
We will give ear to, and will speak to thee,
So long as yet the blast remaineth whist.
The land where I was born is by the sea,
Upon the margin, where descendeth Po,
With all his followers, at peace to be.
Love, whom the gentle heart is quick to know,
Seized him by that fair person, which, it grieves

Me still to think, I was despoiled of so.
Love, who from loving none beloved reprieves,
  So kindled me to work his will again,
That still, thou seest, my side he never leaves.
Love led us to one death; the place of Cain
  Awaiteth him, by whom in life we bled."

These words proceeded to us from the twain.
When I the wounded spirits heard, my head
  I hung adown, and sometime kept it low,
Until, "What thinkest thou?" the poet said.
Then I began, when I made answer, "Oh,
  What dear desire, what many thoughts and sooth
Have led them both unto this bourne of woe?"
I turned to them and spoke myself, "In truth,
  Francesca," I began, "thine agonies
So pierce me, I can weep for woe and ruth;
But tell me, at the time of your sweet sighs,
  How love, and, by what token, did concede
That you the dubious passions might surprise?"
And she replied, "There is no pain indeed
  Like the remembering of happy state
In grief, nor will thy guide to learn it need;
But if such eagerness to penetrate
  The first root of our love thy mind incite,

As one that speaks and weeps I shall relate.
One day we had been reading for delight
  Of Lancelot, how love had him compelled;
We were alone together, dreadless quite.
This reading many a time our eyes had held
  Upon each other, and our cheeks made pale;
One only passage our endurance quelled;
For when the smile desired, in our tale,
  Was kissed by such a great and loving one,
This man, who never from my side can fail,
Kissed me, all quivering, my mouth upon.
  The book, the author, Pandar's trade was plying;
That evening we could read no further on."
As in that guise one spirit was replying,
  The other wept so sore, my senses fled
Through pity, as if I had been a-dying;
I dropped upon the ground as drop the dead.

COUNT UGOLINO.

(From the Inferno, Canto XXXII. Translated by **Dean Plumptre.**)

COUNT UGOLINO DELLA GHERARDESCA, by a series of treasons, made himself absolute master of Pisa. But afterwards his rivals, and especially, according to Dante, the Archbishop Ruggieri de' Ubaldini, by equally criminal methods, succeeded in overthrowing the tyrant. The count, with his four children, was committed to prison and left to perish by starvation. Dante declares that in the last circle of Hell those who have betrayed their native country are punished by being entombed in a sea of everlasting ice. When exploring this region, he beheld two heads above the surface, and shuddered to see one of them gnawing the skull of the other. Approaching, he recognized Count Ugolino, and inquired the cause of this cannibalism. The count then rehearsed his dreadful story.

ALREADY we had left him and withdrew,
When in one pit I saw two frozen thrust,
So that one head as hood to the other grew;
  And as a famished man devours a crust,
So there the topmost one his teeth set fast,
Where skull with neck the juncture doth adjust;
  Not otherwise did Tydeus make repast
Of Menalippus's skull in his disdain,
Than he on scalp and what it held broke fast.

"O thou whose hate in bestial sign is plain,
Thy hate for him whom thou dost thus devour,
Do thou, these terms agreed, the 'why' explain;
That if of right thy rage on him doth pour,
I, knowing who ye are and what his sin,
May pay thee when I reach the world once more,
Unless my tongue lie stiff my lips within."
His mouth that sinner from his fierce repast
Uplifted then, and wiped it on the hair
Of that same head that he behind laid waste,
And then began: "Anew thou biddest me bear
The desperate sorrows on my heart that weigh,
Even in thought while I from speech forbear;
But, if my words as seed their part shall play
To bear the fruit of shame to him I eat,
My tears and words shall mingled find their way.
I know not who thou art, nor how thy feet
Are led below, but, as thy speech I hear,
Thou seem'st to me a Florentine complete.
Know, then, thou see'st Count Ugolino here,
And this the Archbishop Ruggieri is;
Now list why such a neighbor I appear,
That I by work of evil thoughts of his,
Trusting to him was first a prisoner made,
And after killed—no need to tell thee this;
But what before thee cannot have been laid,
That is, how sharp and dread my death hath been,
Thou now shalt hear; then let my wrongs be weighed.
A little window, that hawk's cage within,
Which now through me as Hunger's Tower is known
(And others too its gates shall enter in),
Through its small aperture to me had shown
Full many a moon, when I dreamt ill dream true,
In which the future's veil aside was thrown.
I saw this lord and chief his prey pursue,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs on the hill
Which hideth Lucca from the Pisans' view,
With hungry hounds, well trained, of eager will;
Guarlandi and Lanfranchi and Sismond,
He had there set the foremost place to fill.
A little while and sire and sons were found,
So seemed it, wearied out; fangs sharp and dread

Upon their flanks made many a horrid wound.
When I awoke, ere yet the night had fled,
Still in their sleep I heard my children wail,
  Who there were with me, crying out for bread.
Full hard art thou, if grief shall not prevail
To touch thee, thinking what my heart did cry;
  When canst thou weep, if now to weep thou fail?
Already they had waked; the hour drew nigh
Till which they had been wont for food to wait,
  And each one's dream brought sore perplexity.
I heard the locking of the lower gate
Of that dread tower, and then awhile I stared
  In my sons' faces—speechless, desolate.
I wept not; all within as stone grew hard.
They wept, and then my Anselmuccio said,
  'What ails thee, father? Why this fixed regard?'
And still I shed no tear, nor answer made
All that long day, nor yet the following night,
  Till the next sun was o'er the world displayed;
And when there came a little ray of light
Into the dolorous prison, and I knew
  My own face by four faces' piteous plight,
Then both my hands in anguish I gnawed through.
And they, who deemed that hunger did constrain
  To eat, rose up with one accord to sue,
And said, 'O father, less will be our pain
If thou eat us; thou didst these frames array
  With this poor flesh, now strip it off again.'
I calmed me then, their anguish to allay;
That day, and then the next, we all were dumb;
  Hard earth, why opened not thy depths that day?
And when unto the fourth day we had come,
Gaddo lay stretched before my feet and cried,
  'Why, father, helpest thou not?' and there, in sum,
He died; and as thou see'st me, so I eyed
The three fall down, and perish one by one,
  The fifth day and the sixth, and then I tried,
Already blind, to grope o'er them alone,
And three days called them after they were dead;
  Then even grief by hunger was outdone."
Then with his eyes askance, as this he said,
On that poor skull he gripped his teeth full well,

Which, like a dog's, upon the bare bone fed.
Ah! Pisa, shame and blot of all that dwell
In that fair country where the Si* doth sound;
Since neighbor states work not their vengeance fell,
Let Caprai and Gorgona shift their ground,
And make a dam for Arno's issuing tide,
So that each living soul in thee be drowned!
For e'en if Ugolino rumor wide
Did charge with guilt of citadels betrayed,
Not by such torture should his sons have died.
Guiltless of crime their tender age them made,
(O thou new Thebes!) Brigat, Uguccion,
And those whose names my song above hath said.

BUONCONTE DA MONTEFELTRO.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto V. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

IN 1289 Dante, then a boy of fourteen, was an eye-witness of the notable battle of Campaldino between the Florentines and the people of Arezzo. The former were endeavoring to restore the Guelf faclion, recently expelled from that city. They were successful, and Buonconte da Montefeltro, an ardent Ghibelline, was supposed to be slain in the fight. But his body was not found, and Dante accounts for this disappearance by the heavy storm which followed the battle. The body was swept down stream into the Arno and there covered from view. Buonconte complains that his wife and other relatives were neglecting to secure his deliverance from the pains of Purgatory, and entreats the poet's aid.

NE'ER in my sight have fiery vapors sped
In early eve to cleave the blue serene,
Or clouds of August in the sunset red,
More quick than they anon to turn were seen,
And turning so, when they the others met,
They wheeled on us like squadron without rein.
"The folk that press us form a throng close set,"
The Poet said, "and they imploring come;
So still go onward, onward, listening yet."
"O soul that tak'st thy way to blessed home,
With limbs the same as those thy mother bore,"
Shouting they came, "stay here, and look if some
Among us thou hast ever seen before;

* The Italian word for "Yes."

That news of him to yon world thou may'st bear;
Ah! why dost go? Why haltest thou no more?
We all a death of violence did share,
And sinners were, e'en to our latest hour;
Then light from Heaven made our vision clear;
So by repentance and love's pardoning power
We passed from life as reconciled to God,
On whom to gaze strong yearnings us devour."
And I, "Though every face to me is showed,
Yet recognize I none; but if aught please
That I can do, O spirits born for good,
Tell me, and I will do it, by that peace,
Which makes me, following such a Guide as this,
Seek it from world to world and never cease."
And one began: "Each one full certain is
Of thy good-will, though oaths of thine were none,
Unless thy will through want of power shall miss,
Whence I, who speak before the rest alone,
Pray thee, if ever thou that land dost see
'Twixt Charles's kingdom and Romagna thrown,
That thou wouldst ask of thy great courtesy
That Fano's prayers may be on me bestowed,
That I may purge my grave iniquity.
Thence sprang I, but the deep wounds, whence there flowed
The blood wherein of old I dwelt secure,
Were given in land by Antenori trod,
There where I dreamed my safety was most sure:
'Twas he of Este had it done, whose spite
Went far beyond what justice could endure.
But had I towards Mira taken flight,
When I o'erta'en at Oriaco stood,
I still had breathed in yonder world of light.
I to the marshes ran, where reeds and mud
So tangled me that I fell there, and saw
Upon the ground a pool of mine own blood."
Then said another, "That which thee doth draw
Be thine, the wish to mount this lofty hill,
So thou help mine by love's all-pitying law!
Of Montefeltro once, Buonconte still:
Nor others, nor Giovanna, for me care.
Hence as I walk sad looks tell tale of ill."

And I to him: "What force or chance did bear
Thee so far off from Campaldino's plain,
That thou wast buried, no man knowing where?"
"At Casentino's foot," said he again
There flows a stream, as Archiano known,
Which from the Apennine convent seeks the main.
There, where it drops the name it once did own,
I came, my throat with many a wound pierced through,
On foot, and all the plain was blood-bestrown.
There my sight failed, and with it utterance too
Ceased with the name of Mary; and I fell,
And my corpse lifeless lay exposed to view.
Truth will I speak; do thou the living tell;
God's angel took me, and Hell's loudly cried,
'Why robb'st thou me, thou, who in Heaven dost dwell?
Thou bear'st the part that ever shall abide,
For one poor tear that cheats me of my prize;
The rest shall by another doom be tried.'
Thou knowest well how in the air doth rise
That humid vapor which in rain-drops breaks,
Soon as it mounts where cold pervades the skies.
Then came that Evil Will who evil seeks,
That only, with his mind, and with the power
His nature gives him, moves the windy reeks;
And so the valley at day's closing hour,
From Pratomagno to the mountain-chain,
He veiled with cloud, and made the heaven to lower,
So that the pregnant air condensed to rain.
The showers fell fast, and to the gullies came
So much of them as earth could not contain;
And as with torrents strong they one became,
Towards the kingly river on they passed
So quickly that no force their strength could tame.
My frozen body near its mouth at last
The raging Archian found and drove amain
I' the Arno, and set loose the cross which fast
I o'er my breast made when I bowed to pain:
It rolled me on its banks and in its bed;
Then girt and hid me with its stolen gain."

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto XXVIII. Translated by P. B. Shelley and Dean Plumptre.)

COMMENTATORS are not agreed who is meant by Matilda. She can hardly be the famous Countess of Tuscany, who befriended Pope Gregory VII. When the poet had passed through the seven circles of Purgatory, he reached the stream of Lethe (Forgetfulness), and on its farther bank saw this lady in flowery fields, which she explained to be the earthly Paradise. Here Virgil disappeared, but his place was taken by Beatrice, who was to conduct the poet through Heaven.

And, earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
  Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
  Against the air that, in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow soft stroke of a continuous sleep;
  In which the light leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.
  Yet were they not so shaken from their rest
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,
  With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,
  Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine-forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.
  My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,
  When lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left through grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly
  My going on. Water of purest hue
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.
I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
Pierced with my charméd eye, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms
Which starred that night; when (even as a thing
That suddenly, for blank astonishment,
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing)
I saw a solitary woman! and she went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.
"Bright lady, who if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Towards this bank! I prithee let me win
This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine in Enna's glen
Thou seemest to my fancy; singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear."

Then, as fair lady moving in the dance,
Turns with her soles just lifted from the ground,
And scarcely one foot forward doth advance,
She among red and golden flowers turned round
To me, and with no other look she went
Than downcast eyes of maid with meekness crowned.
And now she gave my prayers their full content,
So drawing near me, that her song's sweet tune
Came to me, and I gathered what it meant.
Soon as she came where o'er the bank had grown
Plants with the waves of that fair river wet,
By special boon her eyes on me were thrown.
I do not deem such glorious light was set
Beneath the lids of Venus, when her son
Transfixed her, as he never had done yet.
Erect, she smiled the other bank upon,
Those fair flowers culling with her hands' sweet art,
Which without seed that region high had won.
By just three paces did the stream us part,

But Hellespont, where Xerxes crossed its wave,
Still, even now, a curb for man's proud heart,
  Ne'er from Leander suffered hate more grave,
'Twixt Sestos and Abydos flowing strong,
Than that from me, because no ford it gave.
  "Ye are new come," so she began ere long,
"And maybe seeing I in this place smile,
Chosen as home to which man's race may throng,
  This wondering springs from some distrust awhile;
But the psalm '*Delectasti*' pours its ray
To free thy mind from clouds that thee beguile.
  And thou, who art in front, and me didst pray,
Speak if thou more would'st hear, for I came nigh
Ready for every question, doubt to stay."
  "This stream," I said, "and forest's melody,
Clash in my mind with that my new-born faith
In what I heard of this the contrary."
  Then "I will tell thee how is wrought," she saith,
"By its fit cause what doth thy wonder move,
And clear the cloud that thee embarrasseth.
  The Good Supreme, self-centred in its love,
Made man as good, and gave this place of bliss
As earnest of eternal peace above:
  On this side it descends, with power endued,
Which takes from men the memory of their sin,
On that, recalls to men each deed of good.
  So here it doth the name of Lethe win,
And Eunoe there, and till men both shall taste,
Will not to do its wondrous work begin,
  All other savors are by this surpassed.

. . . . . .

  Those who of old indulged in poet's theme
Of golden age and its high happiness,
Of this land had, perchance, Parnassian dream.
  Here innocence man's primal root did bless,
Here ever spring and every fruit abound;
The nectar this which they to know profess."
  And then I turned me, face and body round
Upon my Bards,* and saw that with a smile
They of those last words well had heard the sound;
  Then to that lady fair I turned awhile.

* Virgil and Statius.

BEATRICE LEAVES DANTE.

(From the Paradiso, Canto XXXI. Translated by J. W. Thomas.)

WITH what amazement must such scene sublime
And my great joy thereat have fill'd my mind!
Certes, my thoughts unbreathed with silence chime.
And as a pilgrim his content will find,
Looking around the temple of his vow,
And hopes one day to tell what's there enshrined,
So through the living light that bathed my brow,
Mine eyes glanced o'er the seats in each degree,
Now up, now down, and sweeping round them now.
Persuasive looks I saw, to charity,
Adorn'd with heavenly light and their own smile.
And gestures full of grace and dignity.
The general plan of Paradise, meanwhile,
My view already fully comprehended,
But fix'd on no part yet, so volatile;
And with new longing that my doubts were ended,
Of certain things I turn'd to ask my guide,
On which my judgment had remain'd suspended.
Another than the one I sought replied:
I look'd for Beatrice, but in her stead
Saw an old man robed like the glorified.
Over his eyes and in his aspect spread
Kindness and joy, by pious action shown,
As of a tender father, might be read.
And "Where is she?" I ask, with eager tone.
Then he: "Thy wishes fully to expound,
By Beatrice moved, I from my place have flown.
If thou wilt upward look to the third round
Of the chief grade, her form thou wilt descry
Upon the throne which her desert has found."
Raising my eyes above, without reply,
Her, circled with a crown, I saw with wonder,
Reflecting the eternal beams on high.
From the most lofty sphere whence rolls the thunder,
A mortal eye were not so distant, sure,
If in the ocean's lowest depth placed under,
As mine from Beatrice; yet there to view her

It hinder'd not: her image visible
To me descended through that medium pure.
"O Lady, who my hope hast prosper'd well,
And didst for my salvation enterprise
To leave the traces of thy feet in Hell,
By all the ways and all the modes most fit,
Both of thy power and generosity
The virtue and the grace I recognize:
Thou, of a slave, hast set me fully free.
By all the ways and all the modes most fit,
Which for that purpose were employ'd by thee,
Me let not thy munificence e'er quit,
So that my soul, which health from thee did gain,
Pleasing to thee may from the body flit."
Such was my prayer, and she, as it was plain,
Though so far distant, smiled, and look'd on me,
Then to the Eternal Fountain turn'd again.
And that old Saint said then, "To wait on thee
By prayer and holy love enjoin'd am I,
That thou thy way mayst finish perfectly:
Now let thine eyes around this garden fly;
Because the sight thy faculties will raise
To mount where shines the ray Divine on high.
And she, the Queen of Heaven, for whom I blaze
With love entire, will grant us every aid,
For me, her faithful Bernard,* still she sways."

GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI, born about 1250, was of a noble Florentine family and of high repute in his own day for learning and poetry. He was called by Dante his "first friend." Yet when the party strife of the Blacks and Whites vexed the city of Florence, Dante joined with the other magistrates in banishing Cavalcanti, as a leader of the Whites. The exile soon returned in ill health and died in 1301. His metaphysical poem, "On the Nature of Love," has been translated into English by C. T. Brooks. In the following sonnet he answers Dante's first sonnet in the "Vita Nuova." (See p. 235.)

* St. Bernard was noted especially for his devotion to the worship of the Blessed Virgin.

ANSWER TO DANTE.

Unto my thinking, thou beheld'st all worth,
  All joy, as much of good as man may know,
  If thou wert in his power who here below
Is honor's righteous lord throughout this earth.
Where evil dies, even there he has his birth,
  Whose justice out of pity's self doth grow.
  Softly to sleeping persons he will go,
And, with no pain to them, their hearts draw forth.
Thy heart he took, as knowing well, alas!
  That Death had claimed thy Lady for a prey:
    In fear whereof, he fed her with thy heart.
    But when he seemed in sorrow to depart,
  Sweet was thy dream; for by that sign, I say,
Surely the opposite shall come to pass.

CINO DA PISTOIA.

CINO DA PISTOIA is the name in literature of Guittoncino de' Sinibuldi (1270–1336). He belonged to the White faction, which arose in his native Pistoia. When banished, he went to Lombardy and afterwards to Rome. Returning to Pistoia in 1319, he abandoned political strife, and attained legal and literary fame. He was the friend of Dante in his later years and wrote a canzone to console him for the death of Beatrice. The following is his attempt to answer Dante's first sonnet.

Each lover's longing leads him naturally
  Unto his lady's heart his heart to show;
  And this it is that Love would have thee know
By the strange vision which he sent to thee.
With thy heart therefore, flaming outwardly,
  In humble guise he fed thy lady so,
  Who long had lain in slumber, from all woe
Folded within a mantle silently.
Also, in coming, Love might not repress
  His joy, to yield thee thy desire achieved,
    Whence heart should unto heart true service bring.
But understanding the great love-sickness
  Which in thy lady's bosom was conceived,
    He pitied her, and wept in vanishing.

CECCO ANGIOLIERI.

AMONG the poets who clustered around Dante the gambling scapegrace, Cecco Angiolieri of Siena, played the part of buffoon. His realistic cynical sonnets tell not only his love for Becchina, a shoemaker's daughter, but also his unnatural hatred of his father for opposing his marriage with her. Dante reproved Cecco for his folly and was repaid with railing.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, if Becchina's heart were diamond,
  And all the other parts of her were steel,
  As cold to love as snows when they congeal
In lands to which the sun may not get round;
And if her father were a giant crown'd,
  And not a donkey born to stitching shoes;
  Or I were but an ass myself;—to use
Such harshness, scarce could to her praise redound.
Yet if she'd only for a minute hear,
  And I could speak if only pretty well,
    I'd let her know that I'm her happiness;
That I'm her life should also be made clear,
  With other things that I've no need to tell;
    And then I feel quite sure she'll answer Yes.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

IF I were fire, I'd burn the world away;
  If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon;
  If I were water, I'd soon let it drown;
If I were God, I'd sink it from the day;
If I were Pope, I'd never feel quite gay
  Until there was no peace beneath the sun;
  If I were Emperor, what would I have done?—
I'd lop men's heads all round in my own way.
If I were Death, I'd look my father up;
  If I were Life, I'd run away from him,
    And treat my mother to like calls and runs.
If I were Cecco (and that's all my hope),
  I'd pick the nicest girls to suit my whim,
    And other folk should get the ugly ones.

APPENDIX

MARCO POLO.

In the Thirteenth Century, Marco Polo accompanied his father from Venice upon a tour throughout Asia. This has been made famous by the accounts left by Marco Polo in his Book of Travels.

Detached bits of information pertaining to trade and other industrial matters, together with such portions of the narrative as throw light upon conditions of travel, have here been selected. His journey fell into three general divisions: Western Asia as traversed by the caravan—sea routes—the Black Sea, Tigris-Euphrates valleys and the Persian Gulf; the wealthy manufacturing and mercantile cities of Eastern China; the rich islands of the Malay Archipelago and the coast of India.

There is no question but that Polo's book did much to stimulate men to travel and to interest them in lands beyond their own horizon.

MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.

The Plain of Formosa.

When you have ridden two days you come to the Ocean Sea, and on the shore you find a city with a harbor which is called Hormos.[1] Merchants come hither from India, with ships loaded with spicery and precious stones, pearls, cloths of

[1] Hormos—Mormuz, a harbor on the east coast, about where the Persian Gulf empties into the Indian Ocean. Kerman, a town in Persia directly north—some distance from this harbor. In this country of Persia there is a great supply of fine horses; and the people take them to India for sale, for they are horses of great price, a single one being worth as much of their money as is equal to 200 livres Tournois; some will be more, some less, according to the quality. Here also are the finest asses in the world, one of them being worth full 30 marks of silver, for they are very large and fast, and acquire a capital amble. Dealers carry them to Kisi and Curmosa, two cities on the shores of the Sea of India, and there they meet with merchants who take the horses on to India for sale.

In this country there are many cruel and murderous people, so that

silk and gold, elephants' teeth, and many other wares, which they sell to the merchants of Hormos, and which these in turn carry all over the world to dispose of again. In fact, 'tis a city of immense trade. It is a very sickly place, and the heat of the sun is tremendous. If any foreign merchant dies there, the King takes all his property.

The ships here are wretched affairs, and many of them get lost; for they have no iron fastenings and are only stitched together with twine made from the husk of the Indian nut. They beat this husk until it becomes like horse hair, and from that they spin twine, and with this stitch the planks of the ships together. It keeps well and is not corroded by the sea-water, but it will not stand well in a storm. The ships are not pitched, but are rubbed with fish-oil. They have one mast, one sail, and one rudder, and have no deck, but only a cover spread over the cargo when loaded. This cover consists of hides, and on top of these hides they put the horses which they take to India for sale. They have no iron to make nails of, and for this reason they use only wooden trenails in their shipbuilding, and then stitch the planks with twine, as I have told you. Hence 'tis a perilous business to go a voyage in one of those ships, and many of them are lost, for in that Sea of India the storms are terrible.

One must return to the earlier city of Kerman, for we cannot get to the countries to the north without going through that city.

BAUDAS.[a]

Baudas is a great city, which used to be the seat of the Calif of all the Saracens in the world, just as Rome is the seat

no day passes but there is some homicide among them. Were it not for the Government, which is that of the Tartars of the Levant, they would do great mischief to merchants; and indeed, maugre the Government, they often succeed in doing much mischief. Unless merchants be well armed they run the risk of being murdered, or at least robbed of everything; and it sometimes happens that a whole party perishes in this way when not on their guard. The people are all Saracens—followers of the Law of Mohammed.

In the cities there are traders and artisans who live by their labor and crafts, weaving cloths of gold, and silk stuffs of sundry kinds. They have plenty of cotton produced in the country; and abundance of wheat, barley, millet, panick, and wine, with fruits of all kinds.

[a] Baudas was on the Tigris, half way down to the Gulf; Bastra lay much nearer the Gulf.

of the Pope of all the Christians. A very great river flows through the city, and by this you can descend to the Sea of India. There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way; they descend some eighteen days from Baudas, and then come to a certain city called Kisi, where they enter the Sea of India. There is also on the river as you go from Baudas to Kisi,[3] a great city called Bastra, surrounded by woods, in which grow the best dates in the world.

In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and gold brocades, such as *nasich,*[4] and *nac,* and *cramoisy,*[5] and many other beautiful tissues richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds. It is the noblest and greatest city in these parts.

MAUSUL.[6]

All the cloths of gold and silk that are called *Mosolins* are made in this country; and those great merchants called Mosolins who carry for sale such quantities of spicery and pearls and cloths of silk and gold, are also from this kingdom. Near this province is another called Mus and Merdin, producing an immense quantity of cotton, from which they make a great deal of buckram [7] and other cloth. The people are craftsmen and traders, and all are subject to the Tartar king.

GEORGIANIA.[8]

In this province all the forests are of box-wood. There are numerous towns and villages, and silk is produced in great abundance. They also weave cloths of gold, and all

[3] Kisi was located on the Persian Gulf on the eastern side, two-thirds of the way down to the Indian Ocean.

[4] *Nasich* and *nac* were gold brocades; silk embroidered with gold.

[5] *Cramoisy* derived its name from the insect Kermes, originally crimson. Later name signified a certain stuff, of varying color. Brocades wrought with figures of animals still made at Benares, called by a name which means: hunting-grounds or beast-hunts.

[6] Mausul was located on the upper Tigris River, and Mus and Merdin were north of it, in the same river valley.

[7] Buckram was quite a different material in Mediaeval times than now. It appears to have been a fine fabric, often cotton, sometimes linen, often white.

[8] This province he calls Georgiania, and it embraced the district between the Black and Caspian Seas. The Sea referred to is the Caspian. Box-wood was an important article of Genoese trade; goshawks were birds—mountain falcons. The Caspian fisheries are still very valuable.

kinds of very fine silk stuffs. The country produces the best goshawks in the world. It has indeed no lack of anything, and the people live by trade and handicrafts.

That sea whereof I spoke as coming so near the mountains is called the Sea of Ghelan. It is twelve days' journey distant from any other sea, whilst it is surrounded with mountains. Of late the merchants of Genoa have begun to navigate this sea, carrying ships across and launching them thereupon. It is from the country on this sea also that the silk called *Ghelle* is brought. The said sea produces quantities of fish, especially sturgeon, salmon, and other big kinds of fish.

LAYAS.

Howbeit, they have a city upon the sea, which is called Layas,[9] at which there is a great trade. For you must know that all the spicery,[10] and the cloths of silk and gold, and the other valuable wares that come from the interior, are brought to that city. And the merchants of Venice and Genoa, and other countries, come thither to sell their goods, and to buy what they lack. And whatsoever persons would travel to the interior (of the East) they take their way by this city of Layas.

PAMIER.

You get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world. The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitation or any green thing, so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. This region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now if we go on with our journey towards the east northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing

[9] Layas, a city at the northeastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. By direct sea route from Antioch and by land, on the road to Damascus to the southeast.

[10] Spicery included much beside mere spices: drugs, dye-stuffs, wax, metals, cotton, etc., included in some lists.

over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolar. . . .

CAMBALUC.

You must know that the city of Cambaluc[11] hath such a multitude of houses, and such a vast population inside the walls and outside, that it seems quite past all possibility. There is a suburb outside each of the gates, which are twelve in number and these suburbs are so great that they contain more people than the city itself. In those suburbs lodge the foreign merchants and travelers, of whom there are always a great number who have come to bring presents to the Emperor, or to sell articles at Court, or because the city affords so good a mart to attract traders. There are in each of the suburbs, to a distance of a mile from the city, numerous fine hostelries[12] for the lodgment of merchants from different parts of the world, and a special hostelry is assigned to each description of people, as if we should say there is one for the Lombards, another for the Germans, and a third for the Frenchmen.

To this city also are brought articles of greater cost and rarity, and in greater abundance of all kinds, than to any other city in the world. For people of every description, and from every region, bring things—including all the costly wares of India, as well as the fine and precious goods of Cathay itself with its provinces—some for the sovereign, some for the court, some for the city which is great, some for the crowds of Barons and Knights, some for the great hosts of the Emperor which are quartered round about; and thus between court and city the quantity brought in is endless.

As a sample, I tell you, no day in the year passes that there do not enter the city 1,000 cart-loads of silk alone, from which are made quantities of cloth of silk and gold, and of other goods. And this is not to be wondered at, for in all the countries round about there is no flax, so that everything has to be made of silk. It is true, indeed, that in some parts

[11] Cambaluc—old city on the site of Peking.
[12] Hostelry, used in the sense of *factory,* as used in Greek colony.

of the country there is cotton and hemp, but not sufficient for their wants. This, however, is not of much consequence, because silk is so abundant, and cheap, and is a more valuable substance than either flax or cotton.

Round about this great city of Cambaluc there are some 200 cities at various distances, from which traders come to sell their goods and buy others for their lords, and all find means to make their sales and purchases, so that the traffic of the city is passing great.

When you leave the city of Cambaluc and have ridden ten miles, you come to a very large river which is called Pulisanghin,[13] and flows into the ocean, so that merchants with their merchandise ascend it from the sea. Over this river there is a very fine stone bridge, so fine indeed that it has very few equals. The fashion of it is this: It is 300 paces in length, and it must have a good eight paces of width, for ten mounted men can ride across it abreast. It has 24 arches and as many water-mills, and it is all of a very fine marble, well built and firmly founded. Along the top of the bridge there is on either side a parapet of marble slabs and columns, made in this way: At the beginning of the bridge there is a marble column, and under it a marble lion, so that the column stands upon the lion's loins, whilst on the top of the column there is a second marble lion, both being of great size and beautifully executed sculpture. At the distance of a pace from this column there is another precisely the same, also with its two lions, and the space between them is closed with slabs of gray marble to prevent people from falling over into the water. And thus the columns run from space to space along either side of the bridge, so that altogether it is a beautiful object.

When you leave the bridge, and ride towards the west, finding all the way excellent hostelries for travellers, with fine wine-yards, fields and gardens, and springs of water, you come after 30 miles to a fine large city called Juju,[14] where there are many abbeys of adolaters, and the people live by

[13] The name Polo gives the river—the Yellow River—means simply: "The stone bridge." He is leaving the city to the west. Later authorities decrease the number of arches in the bridge.

[14] Juju is Cho-chau—forty miles from Pekin.

trade and manufacture. They weave cloths of silk and gold, and very fine taffetas. Here, too, there are many hostelries for travellers.

After riding a mile beyond this city you find two roads, one of which goes west and the other southeast. The westerly road is that through Cathay, and the southeasterly one goes towards the province of Manzi.

Taking the westerly one through Cathay, and travelling by it for ten days, you find a constant succession of cities and boroughs, with numerous thriving villages, all abounding with trade and manufactures, besides the fine fields and vineyards and dwellings of civilized people.

After riding ten days from the city of Juju, you find yourself in a kingdom called Taianfu, and the city at which you arrive, which is the capital, is also called Taianfu, a very great and fine city.

Taianfu [15] is a place of great trade and great industry, for here they manufacture a large quantity of the most necessary equipments for the army of the Emperor. There grow here many excellent vines, supplying great plenty of wine; and in all Cathay this is the only place where wine is produced. It is carried hence all over the country. There is also a great deal of silk here, for the people have great quantities of mulberry trees, and silk-worms.

From this city of Taianfu you ride westward again for seven days, through fine districts with plenty of towns, and boroughs, all enjoying much trade and practicing various kinds of industry. Out of these districts go forth not a few great merchants, who travel to India and other foreign regions, buying and selling and getting gain. After those seven days' journey you arrive at a city called Pianfu, a large and important place, with a number of traders living by commerce and industry. It is a place too where silk is largely produced.

When you leave the city and travel about 20 miles westward, you come to a river called Caramoran, [16] so big that no

[15] Taianfu is T'ai-yaun Fu, capital of the province of Shan-si.

[16] Caramoran—Black River—a name applied to the Howang Ho, or Yellow, which he crosses again. Silk is no longer made in these vicinities, probably owing to a change of climate.

bridge can be thrown across it; for it is of immense width and depth, and reaches to the Great Ocean that encircles the Universe. On this river there are many cities and walled towns, and many merchants too therein, for much traffic takes place upon the river, there being a great deal of ginger and a great deal of silk produced in the country.

After passing the river and travelling two days westward you come to the noble city of Cachanfu. It is a city of great trade and of work in gold-tissues of many sorts, as well as other kinds of industry.

And when you leave the city of Cachanfu and travel eight days westward, you meet with cities and boroughs abounding in trade and industry, and quantities of beautiful trees, and gardens, and fine plains planted with mulberries, which are the trees on the leaves of which the silkworms feed. . . .

And when you have traveled those eight days you come to the great city called Kenjanfu.[17] It is a city of great trade and industry. They have great abundance of silk, from which they weave cloths of silk and gold of divers kinds, and they also manufacture all sorts of equipments for an army. They have every necessity of man's life very cheap.

INDIA.

And first let us speak of the ships in which merchants go to and fro amongst the Isles of India.

These ships, you must know, are of fir timber.[18] They have but one deck, though each of them contains some 50 or 60 cabins, wherein the merchants abide greatly at their ease, every man having one to himself. The ship hath but one rudder, but it hath four masts; and sometimes they have two additional masts, which they ship and unship at pleasure.

Moreover, the larger of their vessels have some 13 com-

[17] Kenjanfu is Sin-gan-Fu, capital of Shensi. The eight days' journey through richly cultivated plains run up the basin of the Wei River, most important agricultural region of Northwest China. The loess gives yellow tinge to the whole landscape. Here it is said, originated the word *huang* —yellow. It was the color of this soil that suggested the color for use of imperial majesty.

[18] Chief timber for shipbuilding in Canton is still pine. Ropes were attached to the sweeps to pull by, as the timber itself was too bulky to grasp.

Chinese sea-going vessels of those days larger than those used by Europeans.

partments or severances in the interior, made with planking strongly framed, in case mayhap the ship should spring a leak, either by running on a rock or by the blow of a hungry whale. In such case the water that enters the leak flows to the bilge, which is always kept clear; and the mariners having ascertained where the damage is, empty the cargo from that compartment into those adjoining, for the planking is so well fitted that the water cannot pass from one compartment to another. They then stop the leak and replace the lading.

The fastenings are all of good iron nails and the sides are double, one plank laid over the other, and caulked outside and in. The planks are not pitched, for those people do not have any pitch, but they daub the sides with another matter, deemed by them far better than pitch. It is this: You see they take some lime and some chopped hemp, and these they knead together with a certain wood-oil; and when the three are thoroughly amalgamated, they hold like any glue. And with this mixture they do paint their ships.

Each of their great ships requires at least 200 mariners—some of them 300. They are indeed of great size, for one ship shall carry 5,000 or 6,000 baskets of pepper. And aboard these ships when there is no wind they use sweeps, and these sweeps are so big that to pull them requires four mariners to each. Every great ship has certain tenders attached to it; these are large enough to carry 1,000 baskets of pepper, and carry 50 or 60 mariners apiece, and they are likewise moved by oars; they assist the great ship by towing her, at such times as the sweeps are in use—or even when she is under sail, if the wind be somewhat on the beam; not if the wind be astern, for then the sails of the big ship would take the wind out of those of the tenders and she would run them down. Each ship has two or three of these tenders, but one is bigger than the others. There are also some ten smaller boats for the service of each great ship, to lay out the anchors, catch fish, bring supplies on board, and the like.

When the ship is under sail she carries these boats slung to her sides. And the large tenders have their boats in like manner.

When the ship has been a year in work and they wish to repair her, they nail on a third plank over the first two, and

caulk and pay it well; and when another repair is wanted they nail on yet another plank, and so on year by year, as it is required. Howbeit they do this only for a certain number of years, and till there are six thicknesses of planking. Then they take her no more upon the seas, but make use of her for coasting as long as she will last and then they break her up. . . .

MALIBAR.

Malibar is a great kingdom lying towards the west.

From this kingdom there go forth every year more than 100 corsair vessels on cruize. These pirates take with them their wives and children, and stay out the whole summer. Their method is to join in fleets of 20 or 30 of these pirate vessels together, and then they form what they call a sea cordon; that is, they drop off till there is an interval of five or six miles between ship and ship, so that they can cover something like 100 miles of sea, and no merchant ship can escape them. When any corsair sights a vessel a signal is made by fire or smoke, and then the whole of them make for this, and seize the merchants and plunder them. After they have plundered them they let them go, saying: "Go along with you and get more gain, and that mayhap will fall to us also." But now the merchants are aware of this, and go so well manned and armed, and with such great ships, that they don't fear the corsairs. Still mishaps do befall them at times.

There is in this kingdom a great quantity of pepper, and ginger, and cinnamon, and of nuts of India. They also manufacture very delicate and beautiful buckrams. The ships that come from the east bring copper in ballast. They also bring hither cloths of gold and silk; also gold and silver, cloves and other fine spices for which there is demand here and exchange them for the products of this country.

Ships come hither from many quarters, but especially from the great province of Manzi. Coarse spices are exported hence to Manzi and to the west, and that which is carried by the merchants to Aden goes on to Alexandria, but the ships that go in the latter direction are not one to ten of those that go to the eastward.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS
IN PART V

St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.

Giotto was chosen to paint a series of scenes from the life of St. Francis, to adorn the church built as a memorial to him. Fortunately for the painter, the life of the godly man offered many dramatic situations, which he eagerly seized upon. One of these paintings represents St. Francis in the act of preaching his famous sermon to his "little sisters—the birds." Read in connection what is said of the incident in Part V., page 19.

Flight into Egypt—Giotto.

Giotto was the first great painter of the Renaissance. To be sure, Cimabue had broken away from the fetters of the Middle Ages, but it was left for Giotto "to restore expression to the human face." We look today upon this representation of the Flight into Egypt and see at once a donkey in an utterly impossible position, a tree here and there representing a forest and a couple of heights representing mountains, and the whole appears to be unnatural and strange. Only by comparison with the work of earlier painters can we appreciate the great lengths by which Giotto had already surpassed his predecessors.

Giotto's Campanile—Florence.

In his late years, Giotto was commissioned to construct a bell-tower for the great cathedral—the Duomo—of Florence. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture in the world. For a description of it, refer to Part V., page 394.

> "In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence blossoming in stone."

Upper and Lower Churches of Assisi.

Here we find the unusual circumstance of one church being erected practically above another. The Lower Church was built as a sort of crypt for the remains of the beloved St. Francis. The Upper Church was afterwards built almost above it. In both of these churches the student of early Renaissance art finds invaluable treasures. Many paintings of Cimabue, Giotto and other renowned painters can be seen here alone.

Fra Angelico.

The same sweetness of character so characteristic of St. Francis was also a part of Fra Angelico; but St. Francis was the man of action—Fra Angelico, the dreamer. He dreamed his beautiful visions and then painted his dreams of Paradise. His life and work is considered in Part V., page 395.

Madonna and Child—Filippo Lippi.

In absolute contrast to the life of Fra Angelico was the life of Fra Filippo Lippi. Placed in a monastery in childhood by those who wished to be free from care of him, Filippo Lippi found it impossible to abide by the vows he unwittingly had taken. At last he was allowed to go his way—it having been proved useless to attempt his reform. He found studies for his Madonnas among his friends and his holy children and angels were the children of the street. Yet his genius atoned for all his faults and he forms one of the important connecting links in the story of painting. Refer to Part V., page 397.

Mona Lisa—Leonardo.

This great art treasure is today in the Louvre. If only a few of the world's masterpieces in painting could be preserved, we would wish to keep this among them. For an account of the artist and this picture, see Part V., page 402. "He who shall finally understand that smile shall have solved the secret that lies at the heart of nature."

Allegory of Spring—Botticelli.

Botticelli has been restored to favor in recent years. This picture is something of an enigma. As Flora advances, flowers spring up at her feet. Zephyrus puts Boreas to flight, and the Graces dance around—emblems of perpetual youth. See Part V., page 400, for further consideration. The painting signifies various meanings to different beholders.

The Last Supper—Leonardo.

Leonardo's Last Supper will always remain *the* Last Supper in art. Unfortunately the picture has suffered greatly by time and man, and had not a copy been made of it long ago, it would be difficult for one today to gain a just conception of the painting. The masterpiece is described in Part V., page 401. However, it is interesting to identify the disciples as they are gathered around the table, and to note the particular expression given each by the great artist. Beginning at the left as one looks at the picture, Bartholomew has risen in consternation when he heard the words: "One of you shall betray me;" James reaches his arm over to Peter; Andrew throws up his hands in utter incredulity; Peter leans over to the beloved John, while in front of him Judas clutches the bag of silver. John waits in perfect confidence. The head of Christ is a wonderful study of simplicity and meekness. To the right, James has spread out his hands in dismay, while behind him, Thomas shows a disposition to be aggressive. Philip has risen in troubled doubt, while the young Matthew turns to the two near him in wonder. Thaddeus is struck with horror, and Simon is stern and forbidding.

St. Mark's—Venice.

In 828 the supposed body of St. Mark was surreptitiously brought into Venice, to the great joy of the citizens. They shortly set to work to build a cathedral worthy of him they forthwith made their patron saint. The cathedral as it stands today shows plainly the influence of Byzantine architecture—the domes resemble those of the East. Visitors love this substantial landmark of the Middle Ages and always go to feed the doves that flock around its many sheltering roofs. See Part V., page 377.

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR.

Raphael wished to immortalize the tenderness of a mother for her child. He was a prolific painter of Madonnas—some hundred or more being attributed to him. While in this picture the nimbus is placed around the head of Mary and the Child, and the cousin, John the Baptist—nevertheless in this particular painting it seems very probable that Raphael desired to bring out forcefully the mother love wherever found. The picture is a study in circles. Notice the round lines of arms and baby limbs, the halo which encircles each head, even the chair with its round lines. An Italian mother is shown here dressed after the fashion of her countrywomen, but the confidence of the little child, the protecting care of the mother, gives the whole a universal character.

HOLY NIGHT—CORREGGIO.

The beautiful story of the birth of Christ has never found fuller expression on canvas than in this well-loved painting. The mother pillows the babe's head upon her arm, as it lies in the soft hay. The light which emanates from the babe blinds the shepherds who stand by; behind the mother, one watches his feeding beast, and out beyond the stable, light breaks over the hills. The well-known hymn, "Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! the Prince of peace is born," seems to ring from the wonderful scene.